

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

ANISON NORTH



WARNING

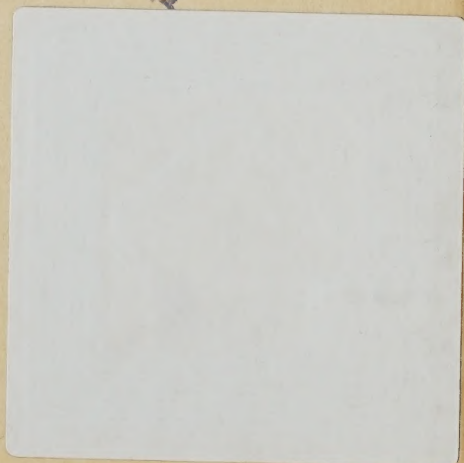
A person who wilfully or maliciously cuts, tears, defaces, disfigures or destroys a book, map, chart or picture deposited in a Public Library, Gallery or Museum, is punishable by a fine or imprisonment for a term not exceeding two months.

—Criminal Code, Section 539.

FORM NO. 7B 5M 1-48

SR 316788
c823
W75f
FOR REFERENCE

NOT TO BE TAKEN FROM THIS ROOM



VANCOUVER PUBLIC LIBRARY



3 1383 02376 4809

ABERDEEN SCHOOL

CANADIAN
LIBRARY

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

ANISON NORTH

"For there are two sides to almost every story."

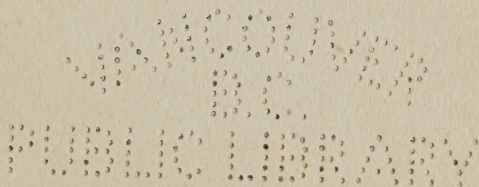
THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

A ROMANCE OF THE
UPPER CANADIAN REBELLION OF 1837

BY

ANISON NORTH

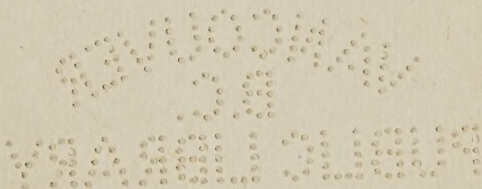
AUTHOR OF "CARMICHAEL," ETC.



MCCLELLAND AND STEWART
PUBLISHERS : : TORONTO

COPYRIGHT, 1920,
BY GEORGE H. DORAN COMPANY

SR
C823
W75F



PRINTED IN THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA

INTRODUCTION

The Forging of the Pikes is a romance based on old political struggles in Upper Canada over eighty years ago. In the first part of the story an attempt has been made to give the viewpoint of the Reformers—"the Rebels"—who precipitated The Rebellion in 1837; in the latter part the attempt has been equally honest to give that of their opponents, the "Tories"—or loyalists—of the day. But when all has been said it will probably be the love-story of Alan and Barry that will attract the greater number of readers.

In the construction of the story the author wishes to acknowledge with grateful thanks, not only the help given by a few "pioneers," who still remember early days in "the bush," but also that obtained from the following books: "The Rebellion in Upper Canada,"—Dent; "The Life of William Lyon Mackenzie,"—Lindsey; "The Family Compact,"—Wallace; "The Life of Sir John Beverley Robinson,"—Robinson; "Landmarks of Toronto,"—Robertson; "Toronto of Old,"—Dr. Scadding; and Mrs. Jameson's "Winter Studies and Summer Rambles," from which has been taken the little Indian song, "Ojibway Quaince."

316788

CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I ALAN'S "JOURNAL"	11
II A VISITOR	22
III A GOSSIP	27
IV OUR WAKE-ROBIN	32
V THE INDIANS	41
VI THE DOINGS IN THE MILL	51
VII THE SORE DAY	65
VIII THE HOUSE BUILDING	73
IX AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER	84
X TO A FAR COUNTRY	96
XI AN EXCITING NIGHT	108
XII FATEFUL WORDS	120
XIII AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON	132
XIV A DISAPPEARANCE	141
XV PREPARATIONS	149
XVI THE PATERAN!	156
XVII TORONTO	164
XVIII AT ST. JAMES'	172
XIX THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS	184
XX A DISTURBING APPEARANCE	197
XXI A REVELATION	201
XXII SELWYN	206
XXIII THE " <i>PATRIOTES</i> "	208
XXIV THE DISCOVERY	212
XXV MONTGOMERY'S	227

CHAPTER	PAGE
XXVI THE SKIRMISH	237
XXVII THE FUGITIVES	249
XXVIII AN INTERLUDE	261
XXIX BIG BILL'S REPENTANCE	268
XXX THE AFTERMATH	285
XXXI TO-MORROW?	291
XXXII A BLOT ON HIS SCUTCHEON	292
XXXIII A VISITOR IN THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODS . .	293
XXXIV STARTLING TIDINGS	299
XXXV THE JOURNEY	310
XXXVI THE HOME GOING	315

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

THE FORGING OF THE PIKES

CHAPTER I

ALAN'S "JOURNAL"

I WAS awakened very early this morning by the hammering of a woodpecker on the roof. There is a bit of tin up there, put on to stop a leak where the clap-boards meet the chimney, and the fellow seemed to have got his bill on that. Whether his keen ears had caught the grinding of a woodworm beneath the tin, or whether he was merely sharpening his jaw-bones for later action, I do not know, but he was making a most infernal rumpus.

"Hi, my fine fellow!" I said, "what are you doing, waking me up so early in the morning?"

And then I threw down the quilts and stretched a bit, and looked out of the window and was glad. I should have a while to lie abed and think, instead of jumping out and into my trousers before my eyes were opened, as usually happens when Dad calls up the ladder, "Ho there! Ho there, Alan! Time to get up! Ho there, Alan! Ho there!"—It's a song I know well.

The sky was still gray, with just the least brightening over the Golden-Winged Woods, and the trees looked black enough there on top of the hill. Strange how different a landscape looks at different times of the day—and the Golden-Winged Woods surely looked novel enough to me at this time of it.

So I lay there looking at the trees, and the slowly bright-

ening sky, and the "hill-field" on this side of the woods, where I had been plowing, and was much obliged to Mr. Woodpecker for a minute or two.

Then I began to wish that he'd put an end to his confounded hullabaloo, because it began to interfere somewhat with my thinking processes.

Of course, I wanted to think about Barry.

Whoever would have thought it?—that I, the "hard nut" as Hank always called me after he fell in love with Dimple over at the Corners, should be moonshining night and day over a bit of—I was going to say "frills and feathers," but that doesn't describe Barry. She's the only girl in these parts that doesn't wear crinoline, or ringlets, and I'm sure she never gets her mother to pull her stays together, as young Heck told Hank that Dimple does. Somehow when you see Barry you think of just Barry. You don't seem to notice her clothes much, and yet——

When she came to me in the Golden-Winged Woods yesterday she had on some sort of straight thing that made her look more like an Indian girl (a very lovely Indian girl!) than ever. It was a sort of buckskin color, and was tied at the waist by a scarf of bright red. Her arms were bare almost to the top, and about her head she had wound some vines of the squawberry, beneath which her hair fell, loose, long and straight and black as a crow's wing.

Yesterday was Sunday, but it was all because of Barry and because of wanting to think about her, that I did not write in my journal last night.

Of course, I was at the trysting place first, over there at the waterfall, and so I sat down to wait, mighty thankful that it was Sunday and no hurry over the hill-field. It was warm as June, the wild mint and rue by the edge of the water fairly seeming to shoot up with the urge of it, and the little fall seeming to murmur the sweetest music that ever it had sung to my ears. The birds, too, were all at it, singing with all their might, as why shouldn't they in a world so green, and happy, and beautiful? Whitethroats were whistling, and orioles, and the golden-wings were call-

ing everywhere their soft "Zee—zee—zee"; in a thicket near-by a veery was jangling away its "Ta-weel, a-weel, a-weel, a-weel!" and somewhere a hermit thrush was trilling its chant that makes one think, somehow, of soul-things. As I sat there the rejoicings of them were mingled with the thoughts of Barry, and then, presently, my dreamings were arrested by one song that seemed different from the others. It was that of a white-throat, but clearer, and more insistent.



—the notes were repeated over and over, at intervals of a moment or two, each time nearer, but as they approached a something peculiar struck me: My white-throat was coming, not from tree-top to tree-top, as is the wont of this bird, but closer to the ground, among the lower branches.

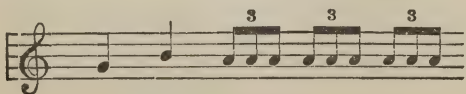
I stood up to see, peering through the saplings, but my doing so seemed to frighten the noisy traveler. It stopped whistling.

To start it again I imitated its song. Often I had compelled birds to reply to me, even come to me, in that way, but this time there was no response.



—again and again I whistled the measure. Other white-throats caught up the notes and replied directly to them, but not my bird; I should have recognized *it* at once.

At last, giving up, I was about to sit down again when the song burst upon me close by, from the very heart of the saplings through which I had been peering.



twice over in rapid succession and nearer to me by many rods than ever white-throat had come before.

I started in surprise, and the next moment there was a ripple of Barry's own laughter, and she herself came out, parting the branches and pressing them back with her strong bare arms.

"Aha, you rascal!" I exclaimed. "Was it you?" And I swear that at that moment I could have caught her as she stood there framed in by the young green leaves, with her black eyes sparkling, and her two cheeks glowing red on her tanned face, and her even teeth shining white in the mischief of her laughing at me. I wanted to touch her smooth bronzed arms, and to press my face to hers as I often do to my mother's. But there is a quality about Barry that will not let any man come too close.

She stepped out from the bushes, letting them fly together behind her, and threw herself on the moss at my feet, tossing her bonnet, which she carried by the ribbons, as far as she could throw it.

"I fooled you that time," she said.

"Ay, Barry," I replied. "You *fool* me many a time," but I doubt if she caught what I meant. How could she? How could she know what a fool I have become all because of her? And yet may not such foolishness sometimes be the very wisdom of a man?

My eyes might have told her had she looked into them at that moment; but she did not, but sat poking a little stick into the moss, with her back turned partly towards me, so that I caught only the round of her shoulder and the profile of her face. What a spirit of the woods she seemed, there by the waterfall, with her black hair all bound with the green squawberry and her red scarf gleaming! I tried to imagine her in Dimple's outfit, a pink-flowered skirt with a big crinoline spread over the bank so that it covered all the moss, a big poked bonnet on her head with pink ribbons behind, and two long curls hanging down each side of her face, maybe two long black lace half gloves on her hands; but the very thought of it made me laugh out.

"What are you laughing at?" she asked, throwing down the stick, and so I told her.

She laughed, too, and then, drawing her knees up she bound her arms about them and looked straight at me. (Ye gods, how I wish I could keep every look and gesture of her!)

"But Dimple is very sweet," she said.

"I know it," said I, a bit abashed. "See here, Barry, you don't think I'd be such a scoundrel as to laugh at a girl, do you? I was laughing at the idea of *you* like that. It wouldn't be you at all. I have no doubt it suits Dimple's pink-and-white prettiness very well. Indeed she always reminds me of the very fine flowered china-lady, with the very blue eyes, on our mantel. I know Hank thinks she—Dimple, I mean—the most beautiful creature in all the world. But I—I like you best, and just as you are now,—Pocahontas."

"'Pocahontas,'" she repeated, smiling. "You often call me that."

She dropped her eyes from mine, and stared at the green moss, but I knew she was not seeing it, and in the silence I became conscious again of the plashing of the waterfall and the singing of the birds. What a lucky dog I was, to have all that feast for eyes and ears, there in the Golden-Winged Woods!

In a few moments she looked back at me. "Alan," she said, "do you think anyone can be two people?"

"Two people?"

"Yes; one person one day and another the next."

"Why, I don't know," I said. "I've never thought about it. Judging from the people hereabouts I should say, no."

She smiled again, but it wasn't her merry smile. It had a sort of wistfulness or puzzledness or something in it.

"But, you must remember, it is very hard for us to *know* some of the people we meet even every day," she said. "Alan, somehow, I think things are rather—difficult—for people who are not always one person."

"It must be," I agreed, but I swear I understood little of what she was talking about.

"You think you know *me*, Alan," she went on, "but sometimes, I know, I'm an odd mixture. You think I am all of the woods. And so I am, usually. I love the trees," and here she looked up and up through the leaves until the radiance of them shone in her eyes, "I love them and feel them right in my heart. And sometimes I am just the wild Indian you think I am, and the smoke of a woods' fire goes into my head like wine, and I hold up my arms to the Sun God, and sing because of the free, wild life. But again—Alan, do you know what I was doing just before I came here?"

"What were you doing?"

"Why, lying on my back in the hay-mow, imagining myself just the sort of lady you have laughed at, only very much finer, a very fine lady indeed, in a great castle—'baronial castle' I suppose—walking over velvet carpets and seeing myself everywhere in gold-framed mirrors. And how do you suppose I saw myself?"

"How did you see yourself?"

She sprang to her feet and began walking up and down, gesturing to help make the picture clear.

"Why, not in this Indian fashion, but with a flowered gown like Dimple's, only of silk—and oh, *so* wide!—and a lace fichu about my shoulders, and my hair up in puffs behind with jeweled combs, and ringlets each side of my face, and a fan of feathers, broad like this——" She paused for breath, and the old laugh came back.

"I don't think I should like you so well," I said, ruefully, but she would have none of that.

"Oh yes, you would," she said. "Wouldn't I still be Barry?" And forthwith went off into a long, long picturing of England, until I could see the fine castles, and green fields with hedges all about, and the great parks and hunting-grounds with fine ladies and gentlemen a-riding at full gallop. And I could not but look down at my thick boots and wish they were better for her sake, and that I could

ride abroad with her, with spurs and gayly-buttoned blue riding-coat, a fair Knight to take care of so fair a lady.

But while I looked at her, too, I would not have her other than she was.

"Barry," I said, "we're in the Golden-Winged Woods today, and I want you to be Pocahontas."

At that she threw her hair back and drew herself up with great dignity, but laughing the while.

"No, no," she said, "today you must let me be—oh, Lady Catherine de Vincent. Will that do?"

And then, sitting down again upon the bank, and tearing a bit of the squawberry apart with her round little fingers, she went on, and I was glad to see that a more loving look came into her eyes—or perhaps I only imagined it so because I would have it that way: "But there are greenwoods folk in England, too, Alan. They are the Romany folk, you know, and they live in the groves and on the commons, in great, covered vans. And if you go to them in the evening they will ask you to sit by their bonfire, and if you cross their hands with silver they will tell your fortune. Oh, they're a free folk, Alan, observant, almost, as our Indians here! And they have two languages of their own, one of speech and another of signs. Have you ever heard of the 'pateran,' Alan?"

I had not, and said so. And so she set to breaking twigs and crossing them to form a little causeway into the woods.

"It's like this, Alan," she said. "When one Romany wants another to follow the way he has gone, he makes a 'pateran,' and so there is no need to question a gorgio along the way." (How easily the odd words slipped from her lips!)

And with that she became very merry. "So when you see my 'pateran,'" she laughed, "you will know that I want you and you must come, the way it indicates, see?"—and she placed one twig at the end to point like an index finger, and I saw that it might easily show the way by which I could follow Barry and find her, were she not too far off.

But where could that be? For would I not follow her to the ends of the earth?

"Where did you find out all this about England, Barry?" I asked, for it seemed to me that she had learned her story in much detail. And that gave her chance to tell about an old trunk of her mother's, filled with books and pictures, which had been handed over to her, so that now the spare hours that used to be so tedious, were being filled very pleasantly.

"I know something about all that," I said, "for we have some books that tell about Britain on our bookshelves. We have 'Pamela,' and Fanny Burney's 'Emma,' and Miss Austen's 'Pride and Prejudice,' which my mother likes very much; and 'The Scottish Chiefs' and 'Days of Bruce,' which I like very much better; and the diary of Samuel Pepys, which I like best of all. I should have thought of lending you these, Barry."

"Ye—es," she said, almost doubtfully (I wonder why). "But you haven't 'La Mode,'" she went on, gleefully, "and oh, they're so funny! They're all old, the ones I have, with such queer old pictures, gentlemen bowing, with their hands on their hearts, and ladies with awful headdresses and long stomachers and huge ruffs! I wonder what 'La Mode' is like now."

"Probably like Dimple," I said, to which she gave very ready assent, and with that, absent-mindedly, she began to brush away the pateran, but I laid my hand on hers and checked her.

"Leave it," I said, "until you make a fresh one in this place (for I wanted to come and look at it when she was not there). But wherever you leave it I will follow, and if I do not come you will know that I did not pass that way. . . . Another thing," I added, "when you whistle the bird-song as you did this afternoon, I will answer. They will be our signs—the white-throat call and the pateran."

The woods were glooming when I took Barry home, and on the way out to the road we saw no one, nor heard sound

of any voice, but only the "*ta-weel, aweel, aweel, aweel*" of the veeries in the thick cedar bushes, and the swooping of a nighthawk's wings, and the soft complaining of a whip-poorwill somewhere in the distance.

But as we came from the woods we met Mistress Jones, who bade us a polite "Good-evening," and, a little farther on, old Meg. She was coming from the tavern and was in rare good humor.

"Well, well," she chuckled, "I was young once myself, and I'm young enough yet to love to see a lad and a lass. Folks laugh at old Meg, but if ever she can do either of ye a good turn she'll do it. Neither of *you* has ever laughed at old Meg. No, no. And she never forgets them that's good to her! Good-night, young lovers. Good-night, Barbara. Good-night, Alan!" calling the words back as she went down the road, rattling the end of her walking-stick against the stones, and leaving me, at least, feeling somewhat foolish; for I felt it pity that such a one as old Meg should come into my sanctuary. But Barry only laughed.

"Silly old woman!" she said. "But she has a very good heart."

.

All this have I lived over again a hundred times this day, but most sweetly of all while lying in bed, after the wood-pecker's alarum, looking out at the tops of the Golden-Winged Woods, where all this happened, and which I watched as the sky above turned from gray into silver, and from silver to rose-pink, and from rose-pink to golden as the sun crept up and shot its brightness over the tree-tops, beneath whose lightening shade the little pateran of twigs was even yet lying.

Then came father's "Ho, Alan! Ho there, Alan! Time to get up!" and up I got, reluctantly enough, I do confess.

But when I went down the ladder and out into the crisp morning breeze, and washed myself at the basin on the maple block, I was glad once more, and threw back my shoulders, and inhaled my lungs full of the fragrant air, and was thankful to be alive.

When I came in my mother had the breakfast almost ready, and was frying meat on coals drawn out on the stone hearth in front of the big fire-place. The smell of it was very good to me. And then I sat down, and, for the very first time, looked all about the house and thought what a very good place is a home.

There was the table, covered with one of my mother's white cloths brought all the way from Dublin, for we never eat off bare boards as do some of our neighbors. And then I looked at the window, with its bit of white curtain knitted by my mother's own hands, and its fern growing in a hollow-log pot; and at the open cupboard near the fire with its rows of willow-pattern plates; and at the settle in the corner made by my father and myself, and covered with a blue-and-white quilt. Next my glance roved more lovingly at the bookshelves, where stand the books I had offered Barry. How well I know every one of them, and the others, too,—the poems of Burns and Wordsworth, Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations," over which my father so often pores; "Lives" of Napoleon and Wellington in extra thick calf-skin covers; Scott's "Lady of the Lake," and "Waverley"; White's "Natural History of Selborne," and, last but not least to me, a rare copy of hand-written notes on birds, copied from the works of Audubon and Wilson by my father's cousin John, who knew both the birdmen well indeed when he and they lived about Philadelphia. This seems to me a great library, for there are not many books hereabouts, but sometimes I fain would add to it, and will some day.

Last of all I looked long at my mother, as she turned the meat in the pan, kneeling on one knee, with the fire-light on her face. Very dainty and pretty is my mother, with her fair skin and dark hair, and the gray eyes which, she tells me, are "Dublin Irish." Always she wears a dark dress of blue over a crinoline, and a little white cap; and always she speaks in a soft, low voice, different from that of many of the women in these parts.

How strange that my mother should grow up in her

school in Dublin, and my father in his in Edinburgh, and that they should meet and come away out here to this new land, where schools are few and far between, and speech is sometimes uncouth, and manners rough! Yet, too, there are many who have brought with them the culture of the old countries, a leaven that may, in time, leaven the whole lump.

After breakfast I went back to my job on the hill-field. But all day the happiness of yesterday and the mood of this morning have been with me. Up and down the furrows I have gone, feeling the labor no more than Buck and Bright themselves, not even thinking of it. After all, what is there better than to be young, and strong, and to have those we love near us?

CHAPTER II

A VISITOR

THIS evening, not long before suppertime, I finished the hill-field, and was glad enough to be done with it, and to turn Buck and Bright out into the pasture for a long evening's rest. Glad enough they were, too, and when I had let down the bars, lost no time in getting through, and so straight ahead, knee-deep in the grass and dandelions, flicking their tails and deigning never a glance to Blucher and me,—I putting the bars in, Blucher with tail wagging, ears alert and eyes now on me, now on the oxen. For he dearly loves to give them a run, the rascal, and only waits a word to be off making their hoofs fly! Could he but exercise his zeal with moderation I would fain give him a try often enough when they are plowing.

As we turned to go to the house he began to yelp and made as though he would rush down to the road, and then I caught the sound of a horse approaching, and in a moment, against the background of "bush" across the road, could see a solitary horseman coming at a canter.

Evidently he was not one of the neighbors, for even at that distance I could have recognized any horse within ten miles or more. Moreover, there was something about the way he sat his saddle that proclaimed him no ordinary, untrained backwoods rider. It made me think of Napoleon's wars, and cavalymen as I picture they must ride.

On reaching our lane, without a halt in his cantering he turned in, and so straight on to the door when he drew up with a shortness that I know would have sent me over the horse's ears; and the next instant I saw my father come out in great haste, my mother following, the sun shin-

ing on her white cap. Evidently the stranger was very welcome, for they both went up close to the horse and appeared to be exchanging greetings.

With that Blucher and I set off for the house at a brisk rate, and by the time we reached the yard gate I could see that the visitor, who had now dismounted and was standing, hat in hand, wore clothes of no common homespun, but of fine material, the riding-coat dark with bright buttons, the breeches gray, topped off with a yellowish waistcoat and black necktie. He was a man of perhaps sixty years of age or more, much older than the most of the men in these parts, and when he turned so that I could see his face it drew me mightily. He was talking and smiling, and there was that in his manner which bespoke him for a gentleman. The words that came to me, too, while the English of the schools such as my father and mother speak (and I too, usually, by their watching and the grace of God!!!) had a difference, almost imperceptible, as though the speaker were not of this land, nor yet of the British Isles.

While I was still wondering, my father turned to me, and very pleased and smiling he looked. "Come, Alan," he said, "take the Colonel's horse," and then I was introduced and found that the stranger was none other than my father's old friend, Colonel Anthony Van Egmond, of whom I have heard as long as I can remember.

The three of them went into the house, and I went back towards the barn, leading the horse and pondering how strange a thing is this life. For here am I, my father's son, spending my days here in the "bush," plowing in the fields, and grubbing out stumps, and hauling in the grain, the greatest excitement here a bit of a wolf-chase; whereas, at little more than my age my father was over there in Europe marching along with the troops to Waterloo! How often I have heard him tell the story, and of how, afterwards, he fell in with this Colonel Van Egmond, who had been with Blucher in that same battle, and of how the two of them had rambled about on the Continent and in Eng-

land, coming at last to this new world in the self-same ship.

Perhaps it's a tame life this, for a young man with red blood in his veins. And yet—yes, it surely must be worth while to be in a new world at the very beginning, almost, of its making. Though sometimes, I swear, I do become weary of the monotony and wish for great doings, aye and imagine them too. But these things I keep to myself.

Truly, what a guest of importance this is whom we have under our roof this night!

When I came back to the house, after grooming and feeding the horse—and a very fine horse it is—my mother was hurrying to and fro, in and out from the milkhouse, carrying the best eatables we have, all flushed and fluttered, her pretty cheeks more pink than usual.

There was a ham lying on the high bench beside the door, and a jug of cream and heaven knows what not. "Hurry, Alan," she said, "and slice off some of that ham for me, nice, thin slices, you know. It's the smoked one, the best I think. And do you imagine you could find me some fresh eggs? I declare, I used the last up for dinner! Do you think he'd like the raspberry jam best? Or the wild strawberry? And what about the pie? There are some of dried pumpkin in the milkhouse, and some gooseberry jam tarts. Shall we have both?" Verily, I have not seen my mother so anxious over entertainment in a long time.

But it was the feast of talk that she and I enjoyed most this evening. Colonel Van Egmond was in great conversational mood. My father, quiet though he is, talks well when he is aroused to it, and this interesting visitor has set him going better than in a twelvemonth.

While we sat at supper the two of them went over old times, recalling things to each other, and laughing over old memories, speaking of places overseas as familiarly as we hereabouts speak of the tavern and the blacksmith shop, and making me realize how very much there is in this big world to see. I wondered if I should ever see it. . . . And then, somehow, in the very midst of their talk, I drifted off to thinking of Barry, and the flowered silk gown she had

pictured herself in, and could see her moving about in those towns and cities of which they had been speaking.

This it was that brought my confusion.

Suddenly turning to me, Colonel Van Egmond said, "Don't you think so, Alan?"

"Think what, sir?" I stumbled, the hot blood flying to my face, were it only because of my discourtesy, for then I realized that I had been looking straight at our visitor, but neither seeing him nor hearing him. It seemed to me, too, that he must discern that I had been thinking of Barry.

"Aha, my lad!" he said, laughing, "wool-gathering? Well, well, no harm done. I remember when such talk as we are having was enough to set myself dreaming. Alan, you don't know how many times I've been a General, leading my men in the wildest charge that ever was made, and the most victorious! You'll do worse than dream dreams, lad. After all, some man's dream is the beginning of everything that is accomplished."

And then I breathed freely again, for I became assured that he was no mind-reader.

When the dusk drew on my mother asked me to kindle a fire in the fire-place, for it had turned cool, and as we all sat before it the talk turned to more intimate things. The Colonel had just come from Toronto, and so he had much to tell, and my father much to ask about the doings at the Capital.

There is much dining and merry-making there, it appears, among the Family Compact folk, and much less attending to grievances than one might imagine after the agitations of the last year and more. But "Little Mac," he says, is still on the rampage, more furious than ever since he is out of Parliament and Thomson in his place in the House. That there is more sense than madness in Mackenzie's holdings forth and writings, however, he is quite willing to admit, and he has some idea that things may come to such a pass that the Government may be compelled to attend. For all too many are being set aside to make way for the favorites who cluster about the Executive like bees

battening on a clover field, and after over a year's trial it is now clear enough that the Lieutenant-Governor has gone hand in glove with the clique. Indeed this is not the first nor the tenth time that we have heard that this same Sir Francis Bond Head, who came to us as a tried Reformer, is but a false friend, and that less than ever, since his coming, is there consideration or justice for anyone outside of the Government circle, the chief concern of these people being to feather their own nests, as feather them they do right royally.

Until late in the evening we sat, and the old grievances of the Clergy Reserves and distribution of the Crown lands and all the rest of it were threshed out once more, with many a new side-light that makes the whole thing look uglier than ever.

At perhaps eleven of the clock my mother and I, deeming that the visitor might have communications of a private nature, took our leave for the night, and I came up the ladder reluctantly enough, for I do find this talk mightily interesting, albeit (or perhaps because of it, since I have some of the blood of the fighting Irish in my veins) it makes my blood boil to hear of this and that piece of injustice, all of which even as rehearsed in this night's talk, is too long to write down here at this time.

Besides, I sat up so late last night writing that I am powerful sleepy, and so I must to bed. I wonder what bug is in my brain that makes me so want to scribble and scribble here by candle light. It's a confounded habit that makes me a sore sleepy-head of mornings. And yet, there it is. I do decide often that I will write no more, and then at it I go again with right good will. I suppose it's because, as Mickey Feeley says, "If ye're wan way shure ye can't be another."

CHAPTER III

A GOSSIP

I WONDER if the Lord has not a special pardon for men who throttle some women!

When I came in to supper this evening whom should I find but Mistress Jones, seated in my mother's best rocker, her cap-strings flying and her knitting going in perpetual motion, as though she were there for the night.

And I swear she kept time to the knitting needles with the clack of her tongue.

While there was such pleasant talk going on here last night, there were high doings, it appears, at the tavern. She was telling about it in such detail as she could muster, and for a while I listened interestedly enough, as I scrubbed my face and combed my hair just outside of the back door. (There's a damnable weakness in men's brains as well as women's, I fear, that makes them turn an ear to catch a bit of gossip.)

The customary rookery was in at the tavern, it seems, drinking and chatting, and by and by the chatting turned to arguing, in the proper fashion. But Colonel Van Egmond, it appears, had dropped a copy of *The Constitution* when he stopped for a moment in the afternoon, and that had set them going worse than usual. In the midst of it Big Bill came in, good humored enough to begin with but ugly enough when he got a few drinks in, and by midnight the whole upset ended in a fisticuff row.

"I was goin' past about eleven o'clock," said Mistress Jones, "on my way home from Elviry's, where I'd been helpin' through with the new baby, an' it was bad enough then. I sneaked up quiet an' peeked through the window,

an' there was Big Bill up layin' down the law, an' darin' anyone who didn't like Sir Francis Bond Head to come up an' have it out with him. I knew there'd be trouble, soon, unless that old Nick Deveril stopped handin' out the licker, but there he was swillin' it out over the bar, jist as stupid an' sleepy lookin' as ever. Ye could hardly see the bar fer smoke, but I could see the place was packed with men, some o' them shakin' their fists an' spittin' an' some o' them jist leanin'. When I got up on my tiptoes I could see Jake Taylor lyin' on the floor dead drunk. 'Ye're the first o' them to topple', sez I to myself, 'but if I'm any judge ye'll be tramped on a bit before some o' these others keels over.' Queer, isn't it? how the drink does with men. Some gits jolly, an' some it raises the devil in, an' some jist topples. That's *my* man, an' I thank the Lord many a day that I've got jist a toppler."

Here she had to stop to take breath, but before you could say Jack Robinson she was at it again.

"I'd a' stayed longer," she went on, "but I was scared, fer Dick saw a bear in the back slash the other day, an' ye never can be sure when or where bears'll stray. So I jist satisfied meself that Dan wasn't there an' off I went. I do say, Mary" (it always makes me wince to hear her call my mother "Mary"), "I do say that Nick Deveril's the worst comer we've had in long enough, an' I hope he'll not keep the tavern long; but he will though, fer he's jist makin' money hand over fist. An' him so dull an' sleepy like, too! They say when things gets too hot he jist gits out at the back door, an' did last night, ner ever came in again until all was quiet and the most of 'em gone except them that was lyin' snorin' on the floor. Now, when Ned Daly was the keeper as soon as anyone got fightin' mad *he* had to git out, an' there was no more about it. *That* kept most o' them quiet enough."

Here I looked through the doorway, and saw my mother standing at the end of the table, which she was setting for supper, looking at Mistress Jones very seriously.

"They do say the carousings are worse there now," she

said, in her soft voice, beside which Mistress Jones's is like the rasping of a buck-saw. "But tell me, what do Mr. Deveril's wife and daughter do when such goings-on take place?" And with that she was voicing the very thought that was in my own heart.

"Oh, they keep out of it," said Mrs. Jones, "as they keep out o' everything else. Fer my part I've no use fer that Deveril woman, an' I believe sure enough she has a story behind her, as they say. Why else did she marry sich a slow one as Nick Deveril? As fer the girl——" Here she stopped and I hoped she would not begin again, lest I should bundle her bodily out of the house.

"I have seen her once or twice," said my mother. "She is very beautiful."

Mistress Jones gave her yarn a jerk so that the ball came rolling over the floor. "Oh, yes, in a wild Indian sort o' way," she agreed. "To my way o' thinkin' she can't compare with Dimple over at the Corners. *There's* modesty for you! But that Barbara Deveril! She's a bold one, flyin' around without stays ner crinoline, an' her hair down her back, an' her arms bare, an' her bold, black eyes——"

Here I strode in, and I fear made a great noise on the floor with my big boots. In front of her I stopped.

"May I say for my mother and myself that we do not care to hear such talk," I said, and with that my mother came and put her arm through mine. It was her assent to a reproof which her shyness and fear of offending had not let her put in words.

But my Dame Jones was not abashed at all.

"Why, good evenin', Alan," she said. "I fergot you're tender in that spot. I heven't seen ye since I met you an' Barbara comin' out o' the woods, Monday, hev' I?"

It was just here that I could have throttled her with a good conscience, and would have, had she been a man, for the blood was tearing to my brain, I think, and I could scarce see straight for anger.

"Will you be kind enough to go home?" however, was

all that I could find voice to say, and that thickly enough in all conscience, for my very teeth were clenched.

With that my mother pressed my arm, and I saw I was giving her distress.

"Oh Alan!" she said. "Please don't mind, Mistress Jones. Alan—is—is——"

But Mistress Jones only laughed, quite pleasantly. "Oh, he don't bother me," she said. "I've come fer tea, Mary, an' I'm goin' to stay. Why he needs to get mad because I met him an' Barbara comin' out of the bush I can't see."

With that I took a look at her, and the Lord knows I couldn't know what she meant, for she sat there rocking and smiling as cheerfully as though I had said "It's a fine day, Mrs. Jones."

"Tell your father to come to supper," said my mother, and with that I strode out again, making the rafters shake, I fear, with my going. And all the time, at supper, I was forced to sit opposite *that* woman!

But I did not speak a word, for the thing that was gnawing the heart out of me was that of my very anger I had, perhaps, reflected upon Barry. For why should it be anything but natural for me to go anywhere with Barry, even to the Golden-Winged Woods if it so pleased us?

For the first time, too, I was defining the reason for our meetings in secret, and my strong aversion to speaking of my girl, or letting anyone know about our companioning. I had never questioned it before. The beautiful thing between us was too high and pure, I daresay, to occasion a thought of accounting for it, and it irritated me to think that this gossip had made definition necessary, even to myself. However that might be, I now knew that the sole reason at the root of our—of my—secrecy was the sense of the holiness of our friendship. I did not want profane footfall in my sanctuary.

But my mother?—Ah, that troubled me a little. Once or twice I had suggested that she ask Barry to visit us, but she had put me off. Then I had thought nothing of it. Now I wondered. Did my mother's pride of family

hold back at the idea of inviting a tavern keeper's daughter into our home? Did she, too, shrink away from a girl who refused to wear stays and crinoline?—But my mother is dear and wise, I reflected. When she knows Barry she will understand how fine and sweet she is. And then the very thought that *she* should be refused our house and such as this Mistress Jones admitted to it made me smile, but not any too sweetly, I do aver.

Nevertheless, I do swear that I have spent a wretched evening, and that when I think of Mistress Jones——

But I am in too ill humor to write more, and so——

CHAPTER IV

OUR WAKE-ROBIN

WAS awakened this morning again by that infernal woodpecker on the roof,—still so angry with Mistress Jones that she popped into my head as soon as my eyes were opened, so that I think her jangle must have been in my mind even when I slept. Was not in good enough humor to linger in bed, as I usually do when my thoughts are pleasant, and so I got up and went down, much to the surprise of my father, who is always up with the dawn. He says he can't sleep, but of that one may have suspicion, since he goes to bed with the crows as well as gets up with them.

Colonel Van Egmond had left him a small bundle of papers, *The Constitution*, *The Toronto Patriot*, *The Correspondent and Advocate*, and others, and so he was deep in them, trying to make the best of his time at odd moments, of which the work at this time of year does not leave many.

Outside, the morning proved very fine, not a cloud in the sky, and the birds singing in great tune; and scarcely had my washing been ended when my father came out too.

"Fine day," he said, standing in the doorway, but I do not think he was much bent on the weather. Between what he had been reading and what Colonel Van Egmond had told him he was all with the doings in Lower Canada and at the Capital, the people in Lower Canada being now most rebellious, although not very openly as yet, and the dissatisfaction with the Executive in this Province so great that some think like trouble may come to a head here.

Of this did my father speak in his quick short way,

and with more readiness than is usual in him. Sometimes I wish I were more like him, a man of few words, but I fear I am more like Uncle Joe, who has all the Irish looseness of tongue, for when I am not talking with my mouth it seems I must come up here and divulge myself on paper.

My father had a copy of *The Constitution* in his hand, and tossed it to me, with the short laugh he gives when he is quietly amused.

"Little Mac's at it as usual," he said, "hammer and tongs!"

"It strikes me he's somewhat like the boy who called 'Wolf! Wolf!'" I replied.

He nodded, then stopped to fill his pipe and light it, removing it after a few draws to remark:

"He might accomplish more if he barged less,—aye. And yet one never can tell. The Colonel tells me he gets a better hearing every day, and that the people everywhere are muttering to themselves and anxious to hear how things are going in Lower Canada."

This was very interesting to me, but I had to bide my time, until he smoked slowly for a moment or two, his eyes fixed on the woods beyond the barn. After which, removing the pipe, he knocked the contents out of it, though tobacco is dear enough in all conscience, and he loves it as the air he breathes.

"People will stand just so much," he resumed, "and by all accounts Sir Francis Head is naught but a nincompoop, and letting some of them make a fine catspaw of him! There's just one thing that will save this country, Alan, and that is what Mackenzie is prating for, responsible government. You can't trust men when you give them too much power. They'll look to themselves,—aye."

"That's a hard saying, father," I said, teasing him, for I knew that my father was not hard but just.

"Well, there's Baldwin," he said, and I was well answered. He did not need to explain to me what he meant.

"And Van Egmond," I added.

To which he gave quick nod of assent. And I knew that he would say "aye" to many others.

How familiar to me are all those names, Baldwin, and Bidwell, and Rolph, and Morrison—and Robinson, and Hagerman, and Strachan, whom some call the Pope of this Province. -I wonder if, one day, I shall see the men themselves, and hear them speak, and so judge for myself. For it sometimes seems to me that one must not take any man's notion of another, even his father's, but must have his own vision and form his own opinions. One thing I know, my father and my Uncle Joe disagree mightily on these questions, and on their holding of this man and that. And I do think that is why Uncle Joe so seldom comes to see us, much as he loves my mother. For he and my father cannot but come to a word-fight and then my mother is distressed.

We might have gone on talking, but just then there came a hissing noise out of the door and I knew the porridge was boiling over on to the coals, and so rushed in.

My mother was just coming down from upstairs, and so I helped her get the breakfast ready, wondering why she should be so quiet.

When my father had gone out to his work afterwards, she stopped me from following him.

"Alan, dear," she said, "sit down for a little, won't you?" And so we sat down on the bench at the door, and I looked at her, thinking how pretty she was with the wind blowing the little curls about her face, and wondering why her eyes should be troubled.

"I didn't want to bother you last night, Alan," she went on, "but—but you know I'm—a little worried over you."

"Oh, it's all because of that confounded Mistress Jones!" I exclaimed. "Well, what is it?"

It seemed hard for her to proceed, but she did, presently.

"You know, Alan," she said, "that I have trusted you not to go to the tavern."

"And I have not gone," I replied, my face growing hot. "You know that, mother."

She took my face between her hands and looked me squarely in the eyes. "I know it, Alan," she said, then hesitated a little again.

"I just go to the edge of the yard with Barry, when I take her home of an evening," I added. "I have not been in the tavern in many a long month."

She plucked at her apron a little.

"It's—it's just that, Alan," she said, "I—I don't know about this girl, Alan,"—And that made me sit up very straight.

"Mother," I said, "you know I have wanted you to meet Barry. I have wanted you to ask her here, so that you could know her for yourself."

That made the pink flush all over her face, but she was game, my little mother, and square, as she always is.

"I know it," she confessed, "and I am to blame. Alan, I've been afraid of her because of her—associations."

I could not but see her point there, for that the tavern has been a rough enough place—and worse since Nick Deveril got it—I well know. And so I could but repeat:

"But you do not know Barry."

With that my mother sat very still for a long time, thinking, then she turned to me with the smile that I love.

"The other day," she said, "down in the black muck by the creek, I picked up a white wake-robin. It had been trodden upon, and the mud had splashed on it. When I held it in the water the mud all ran off and my lily was pure and white as ever. The mud was not *of* it.—Alan, can't you find time to go over and ask Barry to have supper with us this evening?"

Find time?—I just caught her in my arms and squeezed her until she cried out. "I'll go right away," I said, and kissed her, and then she patted my cheek. "Ah, but ye're the broth of a boy!" she said, dropping into the brogue in mischievous mood.

I had to walk, because Hank borrowed Billy the other day, saddle and all, but off I set on foot, cutting across the corner field and making such speed that I was astride the

log fence, getting over, before Blucher spied me, setting up a yelp to let me know he had been left behind.

Let him come? Of course I would, for why shouldn't he be happy as well as I? And so I whistled, and sat on the top log to await him, watching him leap through the long grass like a greyhound until he came up, mouth open, red tongue hanging, and the eyes shining in his black and tan head with the joy of catching up with me. After a spring into my face, he was over the fence first, and so we went on into the woods road, I noticing the gold-green of the leaves because of the morning sun shining through them on this fine May morning, and he making excursions into the "bush" on either hand, following smells, apparently, that do not exist for us coarser mortals.

And, indeed, I do wish that I might not miss any smells in such place, for those that I catch are so good, and even this morning, with all my hurry, I would fain have stopped to search once more for the sweet grass, which the Indians seem to find so easily whenever they want to make trinkets of it. It grows at one spot on this bush road, where the stream runs through the swale, and often enough have I tried to find it, especially on mornings such as this when the dew is on. "Follow your nose," say I, and I follow it, but behold when I come to the spot which, I think, is the place of the sweet grass, it is not there, but farther on, like a will-o'-the-wisp, and so I go right through the swale and to the border of the woods where there can be no sweet grass at all.

There is a sort of spice-bush, too, in this swale, which one can find at any time, and which gives off a very pleasant pungency when rubbed in the hand. And there are tall brackens everywhere, which come up in little brown coils in the spring, but are now very lush and green, and odorous after a fashion of their own, especially when crushed as one walks through.

All of this do I write because I would keep the whole of this day forever, forgetting no detail of it, its fair

sights and odors of springtime, my mother's dear yielding, my own happiness,—and Barry.

And yet they say Cromwell had a wart on his nose. So had my day its wart, and all because of that scamp Blucher.

When we reached the tavern it looked very quiet and peaceful, the big gray building harmonious enough against its background of woods, with its yard stretching to the road very clean and well kept. I turned in, mighty serious and dignified, as becomes a would-be suitor, but no sooner did Mister and Mistress Deveril appear, which they did at once, than Blucher began to bristle, growling and barking and running back and forth to bar my way to the house. I have seen him do that same before, at times unaccountably, and always when Indians or peddlers appear. Nor could I advance one yard until I had scolded him and made believe to drive him back with a stick, when he ran off yelping and then sat down on his haunches and barked defiance at me.

Then when I went forward to enter whom should I meet but Old Meg coming out with a fine, strong flavor to her breath, and merry over my predicament.

"There's trouble ahead," she said as she passed me, "when a dog bars the way. Watch out, Mister Alan,"—and so she went on laughing and muttering.

It was the first time I had had the chance of seeing Mistress Deveril at close range, and so I looked at her interestedly enough,—a sharp-looking, dark woman, but without a look of Barry that I could trace, nor a sign except, perhaps, in her manner of speaking. She looks bitter and restless, as one might imagine a caged animal, but I must say there is a presence about her, too, that justifies Mistress Jones's remark about the wonder of her marrying Nick Deveril.

"I daresay you want to see Barry," she said. "She's behind there," nodding towards the interior, so in I went, and not knowing just how to summon her, after a moment whistled the white-throat's song in the hall by the stairway.

At once she answered in like fashion from above, then

called over the banister, "In a moment, Alan," and so left me to my own devices.

A bit curiously I glanced into the bar, a quiet enough place so early in the morning, and then I turned into a room across from it, a sort of public room, very clean like all the rest of the place, with papers on the table and no end of Windsor chairs, of which we have one at home here, so that I know them.

There was a little nosegay of spring flowers on the table, white and bluish flowers of the liverleaf which is almost at its last for this year, and yellow adder's tongue with its brown blotched leaves, and in this I saw the touch of Barry.

Presently she came down, very demure in a dress of dark blue, her hair in thick braids about her head.

"I'm afraid I've interrupted you at your work, Barry," I said, for I know well how many tasks she has to do, "but I'll not keep you long. My mother sent me to ask you to have supper with us."

Never before have I seen Barry blush, but with that she stood still and stared at me, in a startled sort of way, the red creeping slowly all over her face.

"Your mother?—Me?" she faltered.

"Yes, you—why not?" I stammered, confused with her.

But quickly she collected herself. "Why, of course," she said. "How very kind of her. I'll be there, Alan," with the smile that sets her lips in the curve that I love.

There was little more then. She fastened one of the little white blossoms in my coat.

"Pure, like you, Barry," I said, though the words were my mother's rather than mine, for I was thinking of her white wake-robin. . . . Then presently I was off again back along the woods road, with Blucher slinking at my heels thoroughly ashamed of himself, for I had not deigned to give him a word of forgiveness.

About three of the afternoon I saw her coming down the road slowly enough, though because of her pink dress and

a bit of a pink parasol I could not have guessed it was she save for the slimmess of her skirts. That made me glad, for I liked to see Barry stand by her guns. Womenkind in general, I have noticed, seem to have no guns at all to stand by, but are blown about this way and that, as though the minds the Lord gave them were not to be used. Of this charge, however, I must acquit my mother, for mind enough of her own has she, though she uses it in so gentle a way that usually one is not conscious of it, but only afterwards comes to know that he has been doing her will.

Until it was time to go in for supper I wondered much how she and Barry were getting along, but it must have been easily enough, since when at last I was free I found them both chatting merrily, and Barry helping to carry the things from the cupboard to the table. The pink dress now proved to be a pink calico, and it pleased me to see that her hair was in thick braids about her head as in the morning, except that she had drawn it down at the sides more, to cover her ears. About her shoulders she had pinned a very soft white kerchief, and about her throat a very narrow bit of black ribbon from which hung a locket of dull gold.

Would that I might write all of the things that she said all evening, as we sat on chairs in front of the door, while the sky deepened into red in the West and then faded so that the stars came out, a whippoorwill all the while singing in the woods beyond the road.

But it is late in the night, and so I will add only this: that as she talked, with her pretty soft voice that has an appealing sort of plaintiveness in it, making a new music in the place, my father as he sat smoking watched her with a pleased twinkle in his eyes; my mother, too, talking and laughing more than her wont.

It was perhaps nine of the clock when our visitor said she must go home and donned her white bonnet, and put a thin shawl about her shoulders, and got her little pink parasol.

My mother kissed her and asked her to come again, my father seconding the word, and so we set off under the stars over the road that got blacker where it lay between the trees.

I was in mood to say little, and would have been content with the touch of her arm, but she chattered all the way like a veritable magpie, so that it was easy to see she was well pleased with her day, and with my mother, whom she praised much.

When I came back father had gone to bed, but mother was still up, stitching something by the candle light. But that was only a ruse, for when I came in she put it away. Then she came to me and put her arms about me.

"Alan," she said, "she is very sweet and good. She is my—our—wake-robin."

CHAPTER V

THE INDIANS

SUNDAY night again, and a very gentle rain pattering on the roof, which I do think is one of the most pleasant sounds in the universe. Moreover, it will make the young wheat grow, and the oats and peas, which are beginning to need it. Fairly can I see them sprouting up out there in the darkness, and almost I think I can hear the rain-drops gurgling through the soft earth to the roots. It's a whim of my mother's that all the growing things understand in some fashion of their own, and rejoice as they drink up the food that the rain brings to them. She thinks, too, that the flowers have souls, to which I tell her that they *are* souls, the souls of the plants. Sentient or not, it is true enough that the crops respond quickly to the caring hand, as every tiller of the soil well knows, and that they stunt and turn yellow at the roots for want of cultivation or rainfall. My father, remarking on this the other day, compared with them individuals and nations. Fed and encouraged in both body and mind the individual grows. Stinted in food for the body the body stunts, or in food for the mind and the mind stunts. So people, so nations, which are after all made up of the small units we call persons; and so the Government that looks only to its own profit, forgetting that the people must have their fair share in everything, in the end must find its own ruin. For in and through the people must any system stand or fall.

The rain began at about eight of the evening, and it is now well on to ten, so already great good will be done. All the rest of the day was fine, the trees waving with the kind of wind that comes before showers, the sky a very

light blue, with thin fleecy white clouds trailing over it, so it was little wonder that, having gone piously with father and mother to church in the morning, early in the afternoon I was enticed to the woods, intending to take a tramp therein and then be back to go with Hank and Dick Jones and some of the fellows from the Village to swim in the Deep Hole.

At this time the whole woods is carpeted with flowers, brought on apace by the warmth of the last few weeks. Everywhere one looks beneath the trees is white with wake-robins—the white wood lily which my mother thinks is the finest flower to be found in this new land, even finer than the cowslips and daffodils of Britain. Beside a stump covered with moss of a very bright emerald I found a clump of three of these lilies, each with a green band down the center of its three white petals—very rare in these woods, or anywhere so far as I know. There was also, near it, a great mass of Solomon's Seal, with the greenish bells forming beneath the stem, and promising so much gracefulness of beauty that I must return to see it within a short time. On pulling up one of the root-stalks and plucking out a stem, the little mark or coin-stamp from which the plant gets its name was very visible, as were also the scars of previous years' growths elsewhere along the root, which was very thick and sturdy, so that one could well imagine Champlain's starving garrison at Quebec, in those hazardous old days, glad to roam the forests for this plant. I have never cooked the root to test its palatability, but surely it would carry the romance of history and tang of the forest with it.

Truly there is a rich harvest for the "quiet eye" these May days. But how can one stop to tell of all of the many species now in full bloom?—the little white mitrewort with its flowers scattered like tiny snowflakes up the stalk; its cousin the foam-flower, very lovable; the white star-flower nestling on a mossy bed, with gold thread, much sought in these parts for babies' mouths; the bunch berry, promising a wealth of red fruit for jam-pots later in the season; white

snake-root; blue cohosh, which some call "pappoose root;" Jack-in-the-pulpits, which should be named more appropriately monk-in-a-cowl, shining glossy green and red brown in a forest of sturdy leaves; windflower and red columbines in the open spaces; and white, yellow and blue violets everywhere.

As I strode on, rich in the midst of all this wealth, the sudden call of a white-throat brought me to a standstill, for there was a peculiar timbre of Barry's call in it, but mingled with a pathetic intonation that left me uncertain.

Turning I walked towards the point from which the whistling had come, then stopped for further guidance.

In a moment it came again, farther away. I followed, the whistling preceding me, again and again. Soon I recognized that it was going off in the direction of the waterfall, and knew then that the whistler was Barry.

When at last I broke through the sapling thicket to the old spot she was there before me, sitting on the bank with her elbows on her knees and her chin in her hands, looking out at me like a woods-sprite, with a smile half mischievous, half appealing. She had donned her buckskin-colored gown with the red sash, and her hair was loose as before.

"Ah, it's the *wild* Barry today," I said, as I sat down beside her.

"Yes, and I'm wild today all the way through," she said, going away from me and seating herself, like a very naiad, on a boulder at the edge of the stream. "Alan, would your mother like the wild Barry—the one she did not see the other evening?"

"Now that she knows you," I said, "I am sure she would like you in any garb, and I am sure she is artist enough to appreciate you just as you are now, Barry, there with the waterfall behind you and the green above and about."

She smiled, a fleeting smile that passed almost ere it was formed.

"Do you think she approves of me?"

"Approves of you? She *loves* you, Barry. How could she help it?"

But Barry recked little of my admiring words. She was looking off into the woods with the droop of wistful discontent that sometimes comes over her face.

"Because, you know," she went on, "I don't approve of myself."

"Hard to suit," I reproved, smiling at her, then saw soon enough that she was in no mood for badinage.

"Alan, I hate it all!" she said, turning to me, and I knew what she meant. "I hate it, Alan! I hate it!"—ending with a brave choking back of a sob.

I wanted to go to her, to catch her in my arms and tell her that she and I would fly from it—away and away where nothing could ever trouble more. But what could I, a lad not of age until next month and with nothing yet but a great determination, do at this time? And so I could only mutter:

"I know, Barry. At the tavern, you mean."

"Things get worse and worse," she said. "It's all right in the day, but at night the men come in, and talk crops and pigs, and drink a bit. And presently it's politics, and all Family Compact and Clergy Reserves and Crown Lands and what not, and fur begins to fly. And after a while, if they drink enough, it's—*beastly*. I'm sick of it all! Alan, do you wonder I go off into the hay-mow with the old novels about England—and read, and dream, and then dream again?"

"But you will not always have to live in the tavern, Barry," I said, and God knows I'd have given ten years of my life just then if I could have said what was in my heart. But I do think it is a mean and selfish cur who will try to tie a maiden to him in over-long waiting.

"No?" she queried, smiling a trifle bitterly. "Alan, *can* one escape from these forests?"

I looked about at the glory of the green, light-flooded leaves, with the great gray tree-trunks rising as in God's own cathedral, and at the cool deep shadows, with the millions and millions of wake-robins gleaming white as snow on the floor of the woods, far as eye could reach.

"But it's a grand, free life in this new land, Barry!" I exclaimed, my heart surging with the love of it; whereupon she smiled again, and I felt at that moment as though she were years older than I. Indeed the thought was in her own mind, for when she answered she said:

"Alan, I think I am hundreds and hundreds of years older than you. It seems to me boys are so enthusiastic and so—so short-seeing. Don't you know, lad, that one's *mind* may be in prison even here——"

"Or in a palace, Barry," I interjected.

She nodded, and went on, "But one's *home* means so much," then caught herself up as though she had said too much.

That word was almost my undoing, for it made my tongue run away with me. "Barry," I said, "wait a little, just a little. Some day—and perhaps not so very far away—things will be right, for you, and for—me."

And then my speech froze, from the very boldness of me, and still more when she sprang up, with a ripple of a laugh, the wistfulness all gone from her face, herself but a saucy, merry, indifferent lass again, so that I could but marvel at the quickness of the change, and none too well pleased because of it.

"Well, 'care killed a cat,'" she said. "Let it go!—Do you know, Alan, some Indians are camped down near the ford. Really I whistled at you to ask you to come with me to visit them. Shall we?"

To which I gave ready enough answer, and so off we set through the woods, she leading, as unerring as an Indian maid. Over logs and down hills we went, following the stream, until at last, rounding the Bald Rock, we were assailed by the barking of a dog, which stopped quickly enough when Barry whistled at it.

"I knew these Indians away last winter, before we came here," she explained, "and even the old dog remembered me. See, there's Wabadick himself."

The Indian was sitting on a log smoking. He bade us good-day, scarcely turning to look at us, as is the way of

these people. But Barry was in no wise abashed by his taciturnity. Even he gave way before her onslaught of talk and questioning, and soon we three were all conversing affably enough. His camp had come here because of the unusual quantities of black ash along the creek and in the swamps beyond. The black ash was best for basket-making. The inside bark of it was used, soaked and scraped and made very pliable for weaving. And the colors were all obtained from roots and berries, the red usually from a plant that bled, and that I easily identified a "blood-root. . . ." Yes, the squaws and he would make many baskets and take them to Toronto to sell them. There were many things to be bought in Toronto—blankets, and tinware, and guns; and if one took the baskets to the houses one could often trade them for very good clothes such as he wore. . . . All this was brought out by dint of questioning.

As we talked little dusky children approached, then ran back laughing, then approached again, squatting down at discreet distance, like a covey of young partridges concealing themselves among the leaves. But one tall, slim youth, perhaps sixteen years of age and more bold than the others, came near and sat down. He was very much a young buck, and I could see that Barry was amused, as was I, to behold how he had decorated the sober "clothes," evidently recently procured in Toronto, with all the gaudiness he could contrive. For about his calves he had bound leggings very much shagged with fringe and bound with garters of red beaded with all the colors of the rainbow; and about his neck was a bandanna of flaming orange; while upon his felt hat was a gay border of red feathers of the little tanager, a full score of which, I doubt not, had been brought down by the unerring arrow to adorn this shy, yet gay young Beau Brummel of the forest. Never a glance to us vouchsafed he, but looked off as though his coming depended nothing at all upon our being there.

Barry, however, hailed across to him, calling him "Joe" and addressing him in strange words that were unintelligible to my ears. To that he replied, and so they talked across one

to the other, the short words hurtling like pebbles thrown to and fro. At last she vouchsafed to cast me a roguish glance.

"I did not know you could talk Indian, Barry," I said.

"Oh, you don't know plenty of things—about me," she laughed, and indeed the words were true enough.

Afterwards we went up to the camp, the little Indian children fluttering through the woods at either side of us, and safely ramparted by moss-grown logs. The camp was but a couple of wigwams, roughly enough put up in the usual way, of poles and birch bark, with some pieces of worn tarpaulin stretched about and held down by brush and saplings newly cut. Before the door the smoke arose from a smoldering fire, and near it the squaw sat, a little papoose beside her, securely strapped on its board but very placid and quiet.

Barry did most of the talking, and it seemed as though the discontent of the earlier day had all been forgotten but that she paused once to turn to me and say, in a low voice:

"One's mind is not in prison here, Alan."

"Not today," I acquiesced, to which she nodded smilingly.

"Do you notice what they call me?" she went on, in the same low voice.

"How can I," I said, "since in Indian one word is the same to me as another."

"What do you call me, Joe?" she called to the Indian lad.

He glanced at us to answer "*Oogenebahgooquay*," then looked away off beyond the river.

"*Oogenebahgooquay*" she repeated, "The wild rose woman.' Isn't it pretty?"

"It is pretty," I said. "It just suits you, Barry."

"Does it? I'm glad of that," she replied. "I don't know much about poetry, Alan, but I think the Indian talk is filled with it. Their names for things make me feel often as I do—oh—when I look at the moon just rising over the Golden-Winged Woods, or see the sun shining through the

ripples of the creek to the pebbly bottom, or hear the wind moaning through the pine trees. I can't tell you, Alan; I can just feel, without a word to tell what I feel."

Which I partly understood.

When at last we made way homewards, following nearly the way by which we had gone, the shadows were long, but they were very beautiful.

Barry was more confiding than usual.

"All my life," she said, "I have loved to run off to talk with the Indians. That is how I have picked up so many of their words. Once, when I was a little girl, I went away with them when they were moving, and stayed three days,"—and she laughed with the memory of it.

"How afraid your mother and father must have been!" I exclaimed.

To which her brow puckered. "My mother?—yes, perhaps," she assented, at which qualified agreement I could not but marvel.

And thereupon the wistful mood of the earlier day came upon her again.

"Let's sit and rest for a while," she begged, and there was weariness in the droop of her shoulders as she sank down upon a mossy place and drew her knees up, clasping her hands about them. Then she turned to me with eyes that looked far away.

"I don't know why it should be," she said, "but a little Indian song has been humming through my mind all day. Would you like to hear it?"

"I should indeed," I replied, for I had never heard her sing.

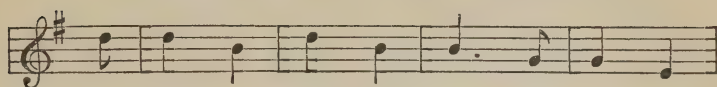
"Then sit across there," she commanded, motioning towards a spot a little away from her.

I obeyed, and she smiled, with a quick smile of approval.

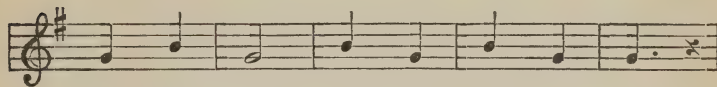
Then, swaying her body ever so little to and fro in time with the rhythm of the melody, she began to sing, in the sweetest, plaintivest, low voice that ever was heard, a cadenceful minor melody, so weird that it made one think of the sighing of the wind in the pine trees, and the moan-

ing of it about the eaves on an eerie night in winter; and these were the words that she sang:

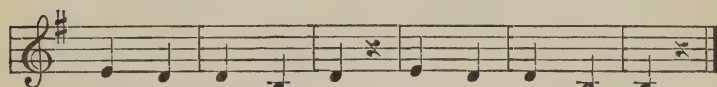
OJIBWAY QUAINCE (CHIPPEWA GIRL).



Aun dush ween, do we nain, Git - chee mo



Ko - maum Aince, Kah zah wah da mood



we yà, Yà hah hà, We yà yà hah hà.

More there was in this wise.

"But you do not applaud," she exclaimed, half playfully, as she concluded, "I have read that the hands flutter like leaves, in the great halls, clapping and clapping, when a great prima donna has ended her song."

"But we do not applaud, in the woods," I rejoined.

She gave a quick little gesture.

"You are right; we do not applaud. Sometimes I think that the silence of these great wildernesses gets into our very souls, so that we only brood and brood, like the great trees."

"And then, your song was so sad. I know nothing of the words, but the air made me want to weep."

"It is called 'The Ojibway Quince,'" she explained, "which, you know, means 'Chippewa Girl.' Hers is a weepful little story. It fits my mood today. It says: 'Hah! What has happened to the young Longknife (American)? He crosses the river with tears in his eyes. He sees the young Chippewa girl preparing to leave the place; he sobs for his sweetheart because she is going away, but he will not sigh for her long; as soon as he is out of her sight he will forget her.'"

"Where did you learn it, Barry?"

"Why from old Water-babbling-over-the-stones, long ago. It's a story that is very often true, Alan. And some of the Indian girls are so very, very beautiful!"

Much more in this wise did we talk, and then Barry sprang up with an attempt to be gay.

"Come, Nichi," she said, "If we do not hurry we'll be meeting Old Meg again, and Mistress Jones will be warning us that she'll cast an evil eye upon us!"

With that she laughed merrily, and the darkness was dispelled. . . . And so we reached the tavern, nor ever a sight of Mistress Jones nor Old Meg, for which I was truly thankful, for, as we neared the place, I was anxious enough.

. . . Then on home here, and I swear I was quite at the gate before ever a thought of Hank and the rest of the fellows at the Deep Hole popped into my head.

"I've been with Barry, mother," I said, not waiting for a question, "over at the ford to see some Indians. They didn't offer us any supper, and so I'm ravenous."

Closely as I watched her, as I made this explanation, I could see no wave of anxiety cross her dear face, but only a quiet smile.

"I am sure you had a delightful day, Alan," she said.

At eleven of the clock here I sit. The story of the day was ended some ten minutes ago, and my candle is burning low. Yet I have been seeing neither it nor the paper, for my mind has been all off a-wondering,—a-wondering over the mystery of Barry.

Who is she? How is it that she speaks as she does, and her mother, too,—the speech of my people and my father's visitors and books, instead of the crude language of this bush country? How account for the tavern? And for old Deveril? And why did Barry speak as she did this afternoon, so doubtingly, of her mother's affection?

Verily all these things are beyond my probing.

CHAPTER VI

THE DOINGS IN THE MILL

THIS is Tuesday night, the end of a fine day with the hay almost ready for the cutting and strawberries ripening everywhere in the grass. We got the first of them on Sunday, Hank and I. But I am anticipating.

That day, mother, father and I walked to church by the woods road, my mother very fine in her purple dress with white frills, very wide and outstanding, and her small green parasol. When we got to the Corners it was still early, and the usual crowd was gathered about the meeting-house door, chatting in the sunshine. We stood there too, and presently Hank's father came over and spoke in a low tone to my father. Hank himself came to me and said, also in a low tone:

"Do you know what's up?"

"No," said I, "what is it?"

But just then the bell began to clank (our meeting-house bell never "rings," not even so much as my mother's mold-board, with which she calls us to dinner), and so he had but time to say, "Tell you after church,"—which sent me in very much wondering.

There was no great pleasure in the service, for the regular minister was away, and our "local preacher" in the pulpit, who did his best, with the sweat streaming down his face worse than mine does in a logging-time, with Buck and Bright at their devilishest. So I tried to shut my ears, and looked out of the window at the trees, and watched a blue-bottle fly on the window, and presently took to gaping about at the people, familiar as they are to me.

There was Mistress Jones, sitting up very straight in what my mother calls her "black bombazine," but "keeking" out furtively at us from behind the huge fan that she waved to and fro, so that the cock feathers on her bonnet were kept a-going making one think of a cock-fight. And there was Tom Thomson already peacefully sleeping, with his mouth open. And there was old Macaleer, fervently ejaculating "Praise the Lord!" whether it fitted or not, and much to the disgust of my father, who hates these Methodist ways, but since our church is a union meeting-house has to put up with them. . . . Then over the rows of bonnets and between the dresses of homespun and calico, I could just see Dimple, very cool and charming in a white contraption with sprigs of blue, and blue cornflowers in her bonnet,—*"alone like God,"* as The Schoolmaster remarked very profanely one day, because of the width of her crinoline, which will let no one within a yard of her on either side. Looking at her made me think of Barry. Only once did Barry come to this meeting-house, and then she was in duller garb than she usually wears, and I remember that when I remarked on it she said, "But the other girls *have to* dress so plainly, Alan, all except Dimple."

Looking at Dimple made me also think of Hank, and I turned to see him in his corner; with his dear old tously fair head, which won't stay smooth, leaned back against the wall. He was very careless of Dimple or anything else present just then, for he was gazing off out of a window, with the wrinkles between his eyes that always come there when he is thinking deeply. I wondered what was in his mind and in the mind of The Schoolmaster, who was sitting beside him writing in a small black book, and whether it referred to whatever was "up."

It seemed that the service would never end, for Mister Walters was improving his opportunity to take us from Genesis to Revelation; but at last the closing hymn was given out and the voices arose like a benediction, my father joining heartily, in his fine bass, because it was one of the psalms of his beloved Scotland:

*"I to the hills will lift mine eyes,
From whence doth come mine aid."*

There is always something simple and sincere in the singing of our people that makes a fellow feel a bit solemn, and, I doubt not, in the music as much true worship as in the big cathedrals with their organs and what-not of which my mother sometimes tells.

When the service was over I got out as soon as possible, mighty thankful to get a smell of the breeze again, and in a moment Hank came out with The Schoolmaster, who was mopping his forehead before putting on his "chimney-pot."

"Morning, Alan," he said, cutting off his words even more than usual. "Managed to sit it out? The whole Cosmos, by jinks! and not in a nutshell either. Well, morning!" And then, dropping his voice, "See you tomorrow night."

But before I had time to answer he was off, bustling about among the people, shaking a hand here, and taking off his hat there. Right next to the minister he is, in all these civilities.

As we always do, Hank and I strolled off together, and Hank invited me to dinner, to which I gave very ready assent, for his home is an "unco" cheerful spot, with plenty of sunshine and laughing, and the children buzzing about like bees, so that it is no wonder it takes store and mill and all to keep them going.

"Well, what's up, Hank?" I asked, before we had gone many paces. "What's all the mystery? What about tomorrow night?"

"Why," he replied, for my ear alone, "there's to be a meeting tomorrow night, and William Lyon Mackenzie's to be here."

"What!" It was little wonder I exclaimed, so unexpected was this news.

"Yes, true as guns!" he said, and I knew how much the event meant to him, "hot-blooded young Radical" as my father calls him—even more than to me, more given, as I

am, to mooning about over flowers, and trees, and the good things of life.

"Where is it to be?" was my next question.

"In the mill."

"The—*mill*?"

"Yes,—don't speak so loud. The Schoolmaster has arranged it all, and it's to be—sort o' secret. You see there'd be danger of Big Bill and some of 'em coming to it and breaking it up if it was in a known place like the school or meeting-house. They say he's broken loose again, and kicked up a fine row at the tavern last night. If he knew there was to be a meeting with Mackenzie at it he'd be sure to come half-drunk, with a riff-raff from beyond the Village at his heels—that's his idea of fun. Then the fat would be in the fire."

"Are you sure it won't leak out?" I queried.

"Not unless some fool is too long in the tongue. Only the Reformers have been told about it, and every mother's son of 'em was warned to keep his mouth shut."

"In our old mill!" I exclaimed again. "If that doesn't beat the Dutch! Why 'twas only the other day I was grumbling that nothing ever happens around here."

"There may be enough happening before long," he said quickly. "We'll go down there after dinner if you like. It'll be a good way to get away from the fellows and have a talk."

"They'll all be at the Deep Hole," I remarked.

He nodded, then pulled off his hat and rumbled his hair.

"Yes. It's pretty hot."

Hot enough it surely was, yet not even the too ardent rays of the sun could drive away the new spice of interest that had come into the day, and as Hank and I set out early in the afternoon it seemed that the very path along the stream looked important, and that the big clap-boarded mill,—prosy enough on a week-day with the mill-wheel creaking—had become a spot of romance.

But on the way we could not but gather the wild strawberries, at the part where the path leads through the mea-

dow, and so we arrived laden with them, which we ate as we lay on the big floor, chatting and listening to the rushing of the dam-falls and the gurgling of the water in the mill-race below us.

"What time is the meeting to be?" I asked, after we had discussed all its local possibilities.

"It begins at ten o'clock," he replied, "and the men are to straggle along separately, some through the woods, and others by the path, and others along the creek, so as not to attract attention. It's pretty dark at ten, so there shouldn't be much difficulty."

"I'll meet you, then, at the flat rock," I said.

Hank was lying on his back, his hands behind his head, a bar of sunlight striking over his hair making it shine like gold.

"Do you know," he said, staring up at the ceiling, "I shouldn't be surprised if this thing ends in bloodshed yet."

To which I laughed. "Have you been reading buccaneering stories lately, Hank?"

"No. I'm serious, Alan."

"Does your father think so?—about the bloodshed, I mean."

"No, he pooh-poohs the idea; but The Schoolmaster does."

"Oh, he's a Radical," I remarked.

"Yes. There's lots of Radicals now, Alan. They say up York and Simcoe way's full of them."

"But one may be radical in politics without being on for letting blood over it," I objected.

Hank sat up, drawing his knees up and looking at me hopelessly.

"I don't believe you grasp the situation. There's a lot of the canny Scot in you, Alan," he said.

"Maybe," I assented, "and yet in most things I think I've my mother's Irish in me. But the Scotch way of trying to see both sides,—why that I suppose I have."

To which he was a bit testy.

"Look out for fear you sit down between two stools," he said.

"I don't intend to sit down between two stools," I replied, "but I want to be sure of sitting on the right one. Now, my father is all the way Reformer, he's as 'agin' the present government as the next one, but he thinks political pressure will bring the needed reforms all right."

"Of course, after another hundred years or more," agreed Hank, flicking a strawberry stem at me to show that his sarcasm was not unkindly meant. "And in the meantime the roads and settlements are kept back, and there's no one gets a show at all unless he's got influence. I tell you, Alan, it's the *people* who are making this country, not those few muckamucks who are sitting in high places and licking up all the cream there is. I tell you there's no justice nor won't be until they've been taught their lesson. Talk about Britons not being slaves! If things go on much longer the way they have been, every one of us will be wearing shackles and feeling them too."

Hank was very much in earnest, but somehow I only wanted to laugh, and so I answered flippantly "Whoop-hurroo! Mr. Stump-Speaker Hank——"

Whereupon he stopped me with his hand on my mouth and set upon me so that in fun we wrestled and rolled about over the floor, quite forgetting our Sunday clothes.

When at last we stopped, breathless, we thought of them quickly enough, for we were white with flour and dust.

"Holy smoke!" exclaimed Hank, looking down at himself, and then we set to at brushing ourselves and each other until our homespuns emerged again.

After that we sat down, and Hank once more became very much in earnest.

"Well you may laugh at me, Alan," he said, staring out of the door, with the sunshine again on his hair, so that with the light of it and the flush on his cheeks he looked like one of his own small brothers and as little like a fierce rebel as one can well imagine. "But, Alan, the whole thing's come very close to me somehow."

"I know," I said. "You're with The Schoolmaster so much."

He nodded.

"And I guess it's in me, too. I'd like some day to be—to be——" he paused a bit shamefacedly.

"Oh, I know," I said. "You'd like to be a Dr. John Rolph, or a Marshall Spring Bidwell, or somebody, speaking in the Assembly, and——"

His eyes shone. "Giving them the devil!" he finished. "Knocking the very gizzard out of 'em when they try the bull-doing business! Alan, I'd rather be an orator standing out for the people, than anything in this world."

"Go ahead, old chap," I said. "You're only twenty."

With that he turned on me. "Now, what do *you* want to be, Alan?"

"What do I want to be?" I repeated. "I want to be a farmer, Hank. There's no man in this country who is doing more for it than the farmers, the men who are cutting away the forest and making homes for the people—the people you spoke about a minute ago. But I want to be more than just a tiller of the soil. I want to be an all-round man besides—if I can manage it." What I did not say was that in all this dream Barry was mingling, Barry with her smile, Barry with her sweet soft voice, Barry with her little independent ways and all the frank sincerity of her,—Barry, my "Ooogenebahgooquay," my "Wild Rose Woman."

Hank smiled.

"A farmer, eh? Well, that's all right." Then, coming back to his foolery, "You'll make the country, I'll keep the wolves from fleecing you while you're doing it. Shake, old duffer."

And so we shook hands on it.

But he could not keep away from the idea that had taken possession of him, insisting on it that dark days are before us in this Province.

"It's always been the way," he argued, and as he talked it was not hard to see the orator that he might be. "Every

onward movement has been stamped with a red seal, Alan, and it's been the red seal of blood. . . ." Nothing short of that, he thought, could awaken those who are now sitting in the high places,—“Louis and Marie Antoinette,” he described them, “making merry at Versailles while the people cry for bread.” Hank, since his companioning with The Schoolmaster, has become enlightened about many things.

It was because of all this that at a quarter of ten last night I went to meet him at the flat rock, finding him there before me, sitting like a black stump in the shadow.

He sprang up instantly to meet me and we pushed through the bushes to the mill. It appeared all in darkness, for, as Hank explained, sacking had been hung over the windows.

Taking a look in we saw, by the light of a single lantern on the desk, a few men already gathered, sitting about talking, the shadows of them and of every outstanding thing in the place making long black streaks on the floor. Mackenzie had not yet arrived, and so we went out and for perhaps half an hour sat near among the cedar bushes, watching other black shadows slip out from the woods and disappear into the mill, and identifying the men, if the shadows defied us, by their voices as they exchanged “time o’ day” inside. Among the arrivals were my father and Hank’s.

Mackenzie, Hank surmised, was perhaps resting a bit. Riding alone he had arrived at The Schoolmaster’s at eight o’clock or later, having ridden for hours without resting, and having eaten nothing since noon. He is a real patriot, Hank says, caring nothing at all for his own rest or comfort, and burning up with zeal for the cause.

At last a rather high-pitched voice that does not belong to these parts, could be heard behind the cedar bushes, and steps sounded on the pebbly path. The words were indistinguishable, but we both sprang to our feet.

A moment later appeared the tall swinging form of The Schoolmaster, a shorter one, quite short indeed, at his

side,—and so it was in the train of William Lyon Mackenzie and The Schoolmaster that we entered the mill.

Instantly the buzz of talk stopped and all eyes were fixed on the little figure that advanced with springing step beside The Schoolmaster. Straight forward to the desk the two went, then turned facing the crowd so that the light of the lantern fell directly on them.

Mackenzie looked quickly over the men, as though estimating the numbers, and we saw him, a little fiery personality, with tense arresting face and piercing blue eyes—contrast enough to The Schoolmaster who stood beside him, tall and thin and pale, his long features more clear-cut still in the sharp light and shadow, with a wisp of his thick black hair hanging down to his eyes.

For a few moments he talked incessantly, to The Schoolmaster and one or two others who went up to be introduced, turning from side to side, as he addressed one and another, and taking from his pocket papers which he placed on the table.

Presently he sat down and it was time to begin. The Schoolmaster stood up and rapped on the table with his knuckles, so that the buzz of talk ceased and the men slid into the benches, Hank and I swinging ourselves up on top of a box at the back.

After a few words of preface The Schoolmaster sat down again, and Mackenzie stood up, his high, thin voice cutting over the heads of the men, so that we could hear it quite distinctly. He spoke very tensely and eagerly, moving his hands in nervous gesture, and I would that I could here write down all the things that he said.

Much of it was familiar to me because of my father's talk, and The Schoolmaster's, and from my companioning with Hank, who is eternally with The Schoolmaster and has all his arguments.

To some of the men, however, much of the story was like one first-told, for it was the first time they had heard clearly and in sequence the things which they had so long caught but in snatches, and the intentness of their faces

and rigidity of their bodies as they listened showed how keenly they followed.

But it was when he spoke of the land grievances, which touch us most closely here in the bush, that the tension gave way like the bursting of a dam, and bodies swayed and fists were clenched and low mutterings came which broke forth here and there in groans and sharp outcries against the Councils which hold the reins of government of this Province in their hands.

"Down with the Legislative Council!" roared a dozen voices, and then Red Jock sprang to his feet waving his arms and shouting:

"Pit them oot! Get rid o' the hale squirmin' nest o' the Family Compact!"

Even Hank sprang off the box, and I wondered what he was going to do, for his eyes were shining and his cheeks glowing, and his hair all rumpled with the running of his fingers through it, as he always does when he is excited.

But Mackenzie himself held up his hand to beseech order and the turmoil stopped, and Hank got on the box again.

Yet for all the evils Mackenzie spoke not once of the "fight" to which Hank seems to look forward. Pressure to secure a Parliament really responsible to the people was the strongest remedy he suggested.

When he had finished, touching last upon the disaffection now seething in the Lower Province and lauding the "Patriots" who are there standing forth for the people, The Schoolmaster and others spoke briefly, but I did not hear a word they said, for I was looking at the fiery, restless little man, who was now sitting wiping the perspiration from his brow, and I was recollecting the many things we have heard of him. Almost I could see the wrecking of his printing press, about ten years ago, by nine young bloods of the town, who were afterwards treated as heroes in the place, and their fine of £600 collected by one Colonel FitzGibbon.

Almost I could see, too, the scene of five years ago, when, at the election following Mackenzie's first expulsion from Parliament, he was brought into the town in triumphant de-

fiance. My father happened to be in Toronto at the time, and saw the long procession of sleighs, all placarded with inscriptions proclaiming "The People's Friend," that brought him in, first to the polling-place, the Red Lion tavern, and then down Yonge Street to the Parliament Buildings, with people cheering along the way and the little hero of the hour very proud and happy.

Since then he has been again and again expelled on the charge of libel, but has been again and again upheld, being made Alderman in York, and then when the name of the place was changed, first Mayor of Toronto. Two years ago he was again nominated to Parliament, but was defeated, a man named Thomson taking his place.

When all was over and we went out into the darkness, "Well," I said, "blood isn't spattering around on the programme yet, Hank."

To which the dear old bull-dog replied,

"But the year's not out yet."

On the way home I spoke to my father about Hank's and The Schoolmaster's notion.

"It'll hardly come to that," he said. "It would be a fool business. The Government's got the Militia, and the numbers—the towns are pretty much Tory—and they've got the power to put the cramps on harder than ever, and would likely do so if a rebellion were attempted. But if it *could* be done, successfully, the whole outfit damn well deserve it. Aye."

Mackenzie, they say, left at daybreak the next morning, having important meetings to attend immediately.

But now it is nigh twelve o'clock and I must go to bed.

Poor old Hank! Wonder if he is sound asleep by this time and dreaming that he is "giving them the devil."

Continued on the night of June the 14th.

Before I go to bed I think I will spend an hour in trying to write down the things I can remember of Mackenzie's speech.

He told first of the "persecution" of Robert Gourlay eighteen years ago, for daring to speak against the Government. But the words of Gourlay are as true today, he said, as when he wrote them, namely that "Corruption has reached such a height in this Province that it is thought no other part of the British Empire witnesses the like, and it is vain to look for improvement until a radical change has been effected."

Still juries are packed, on occasion, as at the trial of Gourlay. Still men are intimidated to vote in a certain way (as we know of last year in the election which came on after Sir Francis Head had dissolved the Parliament, at which gangs of rowdies were sent to the polls, in some places, to bully the voters). And still bribery is resorted to to a degree that is shameful, both lands and privileges being given to hold to the Government those that can be bought that way.

Particularly baneful are the land grievances, so much country having been given out in the Clergy Reserves, and permitted to the Canada Land Company and others for speculation, and granted to friends of the Family Compact, that there is no chance for this country to be settled as it should to make it a home for civilized people. Farms are far apart, and hence it is not possible to keep up the roads, which in winter usually become for weeks impassable, so that mails are stopped and there is very serious inconvenience and suffering in case supplies run out or a doctor is needed. . . . All this we here know only too well, although we are better off in some respects than some of the settlements, for we have a schoolhouse and a church. At the same time it must be said, the schoolhouse is so far from most of the homes that the small children cannot go at all, and the older ones only irregularly and but for a short time in the summer. I myself would have suffered much from this had it not been for the persistence of father and mother, who, since my babyhood, have tried to teach me all the things that they themselves know. In many of the homes, however, the older folk are themselves uneducated, and

own no books, so that, be they never so minded, they can in no wise teach their children, who are growing up in ignorance.

Of the burdensome taxation, too, Mackenzie spoke hotly, pointing to needless extravagances of the Government, who care for nobody's fortunes so long as they can amass wealth for themselves.

So far, he said, the methods taken to protest against all these things have been of little use. True, we have a House of Assembly, but, since the Bills passed there are thrown out as soon as they reach the Legislative Council, if the Powers see fit, it has never yet been able, even when it would have done so, to make itself an instrument of the people to ensure them good government. During the last eight years no fewer than three hundred and twenty-five Bills have been thus disposed of.

Nor do petitions fare better. In Sir John Colborne's time, when a deputation of nine hundred people called at Government House with a petition, Sir John dismissed the whole matter by saying, "Gentlemen, I have received the petition of the inhabitants." Now there is no better welcome. Sir Francis Bond Head—this man who was hailed as a "tried Reformer"—does not even appear with such courtesy, but continually flouts, even insults the deputations that come to him. And last year when the extreme step of stopping supplies was resorted to by the House of Assembly in order to force its will, he nullified the whole proceeding and defied the will of the people by refusing to sign his assent.

That was in April. In May the "British Constitutional Society" was formed in Toronto to oppose all efforts of the people for a government more responsible to them, and shortly afterwards a certain Tory Colonel (no doubt, Colonel FitzGibbon) began to train a number of young men in rifle-practice. That looked as though a screw were being made ready to use, on the people,—if necessary.

Then had come the election, in which Bidwell, Perry, Lount and Mackenzie himself had been defeated, only

Doctor John Rolph being left to look after the interests of the people and oppose the Family Compact. It had thus become clear that thenceforth it would be almost impossible for a Reformer to obtain justice, so that it was no wonder that many of them had moved away to the United States.

In that election the towns were placarded with inscriptions "Down With Republicanism!" "Down With Democracy!" But it is a poor Government that howls "Down With Democracy!" in a country filled with people who work for their bread. That whole election had been a disgrace, with bribery and corruption worse than ever before seen in this Province. The Tories had gone in on the "Loyalty" cry, with the Reformers branded everywhere as disloyal and ready to help in an invasion which was threatened from the United States. That invasion had never been thought of. It was nothing but a story trumped up for the election.

After that he spoke briefly but bitterly of himself and his expulsions from Parliament because he had dared to be the people's friend and expose the things that were being done, and towards the last he became very personal, lashing in especial the Lieutenant-Governor, the Chief Justice and the Attorney-General, and sparing not even the Archdeacon of the Church, whom he considers the evil genius of this Province, so far as its hindrance in getting a responsible government is concerned. All of which made me marvel that public men could so express themselves, even in a meeting as secret as this.

.

All this I have set down in my own way, and not at all as spoken by Mackenzie. Hank thinks he was quite wonderful; but for my own part I may say that I have been swayed more, often and often, by The Schoolmaster, when he has been carried away by eloquence, in his own house; and yet Mackenzie is not lacking in a sort of eloquence, and he has much knowledge of facts and conditions.

CHAPTER VII

THE SORE DAY

I HAVE had a sore day.

To begin with, it was hot enough to roast the devil, and I awoke in the morning with the air in my room so close that I could scarcely breathe.

But there was no dawdling, for the hay was to be faced, and that in the worst end of the hay-field, in the part where the stumps are not yet cleared away, behind which we shot at the wolves last winter, so that at last they slunk off without more ado.

Since the hay has been in cocks long enough it was now ready for hauling, so I lost no time in putting the yoke on Buck and Bright and fixing them to the wagon, after which my father and I rode to the field. I do wish we were rich enough to buy a mate for Billy, for this hauling of hay and grain with the oxen is a mighty slow job. In the meantime Billy, the lad, has altogether too fine a time, and grows sleeker every day, and almost too fat, so that I think I shall have to ride him more for exercise. This day, however, he had run enough!

All morning we worked in the broiling sun, and were at it as soon as we could in the afternoon, for such sultry weather as this often brews a storm and the hay must be stacked. But at about three o'clock there came a break, for which that rascal Blucher well deserves a thrashing. And yet perhaps not altogether, for the oxen were in devil's mood all day. The flies were at them, and it may be that made them more awake than usual and more anxious to lunge off from side to side whenever a clump of green grass was to be seen among the hay stubble.

I was in no best humor, nor was my father, who said

little as he was building the loads, but mopped his face and got rid of his discomfort by an occasional growl at the weather—aye! Then, at about three, as I have said, the climax came. There is a wasp's nest in the end of a log where the raspberry bushes grow, which I have been intending to set fire to, but have neglected, and nowhere would do Blucher but nosing about in that part of the field. Twice or thrice I whistled him and he came back, but finally I forgot him and he got into the wasp's nest.

With that he didn't forget me, on my word, for he came to me on the mad run, making such a howling and hulla-baloo that the oxen were frightened and tossed up their heads as far as their yokes would allow, and switched their tails. After that the wasps must have got on them as they did on me, and my father too, for the next moment they were off across the field on the gallop, with Blucher at their heels, barking like mad—whether out of a sense of devilment or duty I do not know—and the wagon bumping over the hummocks, and lurching, and knocking into the stumps.

After one glimpse of my father wildly waving the top of a haycock about his head to defend himself, I after the oxen, but all my running did not catch me up with them, nor yet did it rid me of the wasps, for they stung me on the neck and on the lip, so that it swelled up in fine style.

At last at the pine stump fence the brutes came to a stop, with the wagon almost on its side over a log so that the tongue was broken and the irons twisted.

This was a fix, with no time to waste, so I loosed the oxen, and my father came up and together we examined the damage.

"There's no tying it up to 'do, Alan," he said. "You'll have to take the irons up to the blacksmith shop to have them straightened. I'll get another tongue ready. Where's Billy?"

It took some time to free the irons, but Billy came quickly enough at my whistle, and so I on his back and off down the road on the gallop, hoping that, as I passed the tavern,

Barry would not be in sight, because of my lip. Indeed for a minute I hesitated whether I should not go to the shop at the Corners instead, so as to go in the opposite direction, but that seemed too foolish, in the middle of haying-time, since the distance is so much farther.

Good luck was with me, for when Billy and I passed at a canter there wasn't the sign of a skirt; but evidently some travelers had arrived, for in the yard a man strange to me was rubbing down two of the finest riding horses that I have seen in long enough, so that had it not been for my lip I would have stopped to get a better look at them. Black, one of them was, black as midnight, and sorrel the other, very fine and slender,—with alert heads, and extra fine trappings, stamping and pawing as though they knew themselves of fine horse clay.

When I got to the blacksmith shop, which I love because it is altogether in the bush though at the side of the high road, Red Jock was standing in the door, with the sweat streaming down his face, and no wonder, for the fire was going full blast in the forge.

"Hallo, Alan," he said, as I dismounted and tied Billy to the post, "what's wrang wi' yer lip? Hae ye been in a scrap wi' auld Deveril?"—which from some men might have made me mad, for I might have connected it with Barry, but which I could take from Red Jock with good grace since I knew it was but a bit of pleasantry directed against the tavern-keeper, with whose meekness he has but little patience.

So I answered him civilly enough and soon had him laughing over our adventure with the wasps, and the vision of my father performing with the top of the haycock.

"Sit doon i' the door," he said, when I had finished, "an' Ah'll get ye a bit weed that'll tak' doon the swellin'," and so I sat down on the step while he went through the back door, returning presently with some leaves.

"Here, clap that on't," he said, "while Ah luik at the airns. Fegs, but they got a fine twist! It'll tak' a bit time tae get the kinks oot, Ah doot."

With that he took them into the shop and set to work with them, while I sat on the step between the two doors, holding the leaves to my lip, and glad enough of the draft which gave a little comfort, even though, from time to time, a hot blast came from the forge.

"Did ye see onyane ye didna' ken when ye passed the tavern?" he called.

"Two strange horses and someone grooming them," I answered. "I didn't stop."

"Ye didna'?" with a twinkle in his eye. "Weel that's odd! What fer no?"

Which I parried by saying, "Because I'm not so thirsty as you and Big Bill and some of 'em, I suppose."

"Nae doot, nae doot," he assented, cheerfully, "but hae a care, Alan! Gin ye couple me mair wi' Big Bill Ah'll—Ah'll tak' the bit leaves awa' frae ye an' ye'll no be able tae drap in on the way back!"

"Don't!" I begged. "Say, they're the right stuff, Jock; they're taking the pain right out. But what about the strangers at the tavern. Did you see them?"

"Aye, did Ah no!" with evident admiration, "an' fixed a shoe on ane o' the horses, the finest beast Ah've shod sin' the Governor gaed through three years syne. But no a horse but for a gentleman—ower slim i' the legs, an' ower mettly i' the brain, prancin' about so that I'd a de'il o' a kittle pittin' the shoe."

Red Jock fixes folk first by the horses they ride, and afterwards by themselves, so that one usually has to question him to get any satisfaction further than about the animals.

"Who are they?" I asked.

"'Belzebub' wis the black, 'Bub' fer short, an' a richt gude handle, thinkin' o' the color an' the fire in his een. Ah'll be blowed, Alan, if the beast didna try tae paw me! But Ah'd nae grudge fer that. . . . The ither ane, they ca'd 'Fistiloferus,' or summat. Noo I haud, Alan, that the name o' a horse s'ud be short an' shairp, sae the puir beastie'll ken whan he's ca'd,—'Pete,' say, or 'Andy.' But 'Fistiloferus'!" in disgust.

"Was it Mephistopheles?" I suggested.

"Noo, Ah doot that wis juist it," he assented.

"But you haven't told me about the men," I urged.

"The men? Oh, ane o' them wis a great buck, gin Ah ken the breed, sae Ah thocht it maun be the Governor himsel' an' saluted. Kind o' haughty, ye ken, but laffin' an' vera gay, he wis. The ither, wha sat the sorrel, Ah doot wis a servin' man. It wad be him ye saw i' the yaird."

I tried not to be curious, but the arrival of strangers in these parts is an event, and so I asked,

"Where are they going, Jock?"

"Deil if Ah ken," said Jock, "Ah didna' speir. But Ah ken it'll be yer nose oot o' joint, Alan,—an' nae harm intended—gin they hang aboot the tavern ower lang, for that ane is a gey fine gentleman."

In fun I threw a clod at Red Jock, but his chaffing did not alarm me, for what could a passing stranger mean to Barry?

"Perhaps it *was* the Governor," I hazarded.

Jock did not think that. "He's no Sir Francis," he said. "*He* wadna' daur gang aboot sae lanesome like wi' the love that's in the kintra fer him! He'd fear he'd get a cloot on the heid some fine nicht. But 'twas a gey fine gentleman, some young buck wi' siller, Ah doot, an' a speerit o' adventure. That Belzebub wad cost mair pouns, Ah doot, than any ten horses i' these pairts—or twenty. . . . Noo Ye'll hae to haud your gab fer a while, Alan, or Ah'll no hae the airns dune by sundoon."

With that he set to work, heating the irons and hammering, while I sat there, holding the weeds to my lip and changing them, the swelling going down all the while.

When at last he had finished I judged it quite gone, and began to wonder whether I might look in at Barry.

"How did you know about this weed, Jock?" I asked.

"Frae yon Joe Wabadick, the Indian lad doon ayont the Ford," he replied. "Thae Indians cam' there frae the Reserve a month or mair syne. He's a braw smart laddie! It wud be tellin' mony o' the lads aboot here summat gin they took a leaf oot o' his buik—Present company excepted,

Alan. Ah wis thinkin' o' that rapscaillon Dick Jones an' thae fule laddies he gangs about wi'."

"Well, poor old Dick isn't so bad," said I, "considering the chance he has."

"Noo ye've said it!" he agreed, putting a few final thumps to the iron, "fer of a' the clashin' female bodies, yon mither o' his! Weel, laddie, gin ye *wull* tie yersel' to a petticoat Ah'm no sorry it's Barry ye've pickit on. She's the finest lassie i' these pairts gin she *is* the dochter o' yon sheep Deveril. Got some of her mither's spunk, Ah doot. . . . Noo, laddie, here's yer bit airns, an' aff wi' ye."

He was slinging them together with a bit of rope and handed them up to me as I sat on the horse. "Billy's luikin' braw," he remarked, patting his neck, then, leaning towards me and dropping his voice to a whisper, although there was no one about, nor a sound except from a katydid scraping in the grass at the side of the road and a chipmunk chattering in a big beech tree, "Hae ye heard aught o' the meetin' at Lloydtown?"

"Nothing," I replied, "except that Mackenzie left The Schoolmaster's post haste to be there in time for it."

Jock stuck his hands in his pockets and paused to eject a quid of tobacco on the road, looking from right to left as though fearful of someone's sudden appearing. "The news has come frae ane tae anither," he said, "that there wis strong speakin', an' some talk o' resortin' tae airms gin all else fails."

Almost I started, for I had not taken Hank's prophecies seriously.

"My father thinks there will be no need of that," I said.

"Dis he the noo? Weel, ye're faither's ay a canny mon, Alan, an' a richt sensible. But we'll see, we'll see."

He waved his hand and turned back to the shop, while I went on, wondering what ferment is getting into the brain of everyone of late.

I did not intend to turn in at the tavern, but opposite it, my lip being now to itself again, I could not for the life of me pass by, the more so that the strange horses had disap-

peared, and the yard was quite empty, basking in the sun. "Just for a minute," thought I. "It'll be neither here nor there with the hay," and so I got off Billy and tied him to the post near the pump.

There was no one in the hall, but there were voices in the room to the right, and so I tapped at the side of the door, and without more ado stepped in, when I swear I was never so abashed in my life, for there was Barry sitting at one side of the table, leaning her elbow on it and staring across at the "very fine gentleman," evidently, who was talking to her.

Before I had time to collect my wits and betake my way out, she gave me just a nod and turned back to him, her gaze fixed on him, and as unconscious of me as though I had not been there at all, which cut me to the quick.

Just time had I to notice that he was the handsomest man I have ever seen, and perhaps thirty years of age, with a blue coat, all silver-buttoned, and gray riding-breeches, and yellow riding boots as bright as though just out of the shop, when my wits and my manners came to me and I took myself out of the house. But that was not the last, for when I was untying Billy the rope had become tightened so that it took some minutes to loose it, and before the job was ended I heard them coming from the hallway.

For an instant they stood on the step and I heard Barry's laugh, then her voice, to which *he* laughed, and glancing up I saw the two of them gazing into each other's eyes and smiling.

That made me bend over the knot again, and by the time I had it out there were footsteps coming over the gravel and the "fine gentleman" was beside me, with Barry still standing at the door.

"My dear fellow!" said he, "Have you seen my man?"

"I have seen no one," I replied, bristling at being called "dear fellow," and preparing to mount.

The stranger, however, laid his hand on my shoulder, looking about the while as though searching for his "man."

"Heaven knows where he's gone," he said. "And my

horses haven't had half enough water. They were too hot to be given much." Then, turning to me, "Will you be good enough to pump me a trough full?"

"When I have become your lackey, which I am not at present," I said, hot to the crown of my head and flinging myself on Billy with all despatch, and giving him the touch of my heel that he well knows means top-speed. Nor did I look back nor slacken until home was reached, and I saw my father standing in the hay-field, with his rake in his hand, looking to the road at me and doubtless well pleased with my hurry to be back at the hay.

This evening at dusk Dick Jones dropped in for a chat, but I was not in much mood for talk. However, he told me—and I have no doubt but that the news came straight enough, through Mistress Jones,—that the stranger's name is Howard Selwyn and his man's Matt Downs, and that the "fine gentleman" is about this country amusing himself, as Red Jock surmised.

It is full two weeks since I last wrote in my journal, for it has been early to rise and late to bed because of the hurry of the work, but so upset was I this night that I was possessed to write the restlessness off.

I know I am one fool to care that Barry's smile and look were all for that other one today, and yet I do fervently hope that he and his Beelzebub and Mephisto may be soon enough off to the regions to which they belong.

Au revoir, Journal. May I be in better and more Christian mood when next I come to you.

CHAPTER VIII

THE HOUSE BUILDING

TODAY is Sunday again, and I have been wandering about all day not very well satisfied. Would have gone over to the tavern to take Barry for a walk, except that I am yet a bit stiff in the neck over her neglect of me, and in good twist to let my lady come around when she pleases. I fear, however, that that is but cutting off my nose to spite my face, for "I doot," as Red Jock says, that I am the only one that is troubling at all about the matter.

The event of the week has been that Jimmy Scott has had a house building.

It's queer how falling in love takes a man, if he can get on with it,—for what did Jimmy have to do when it caught him but get married, right in the middle of the haying, and without a decent roof to put over his bride at that.

I met them when they were driving down the road to the Corners for the ceremony—him and Hannah, and no one else—in the wagon, sitting on a bunch of hay, with the oxen poking along as slow as molasses in January. But time didn't exist for those two! He had his arm about her, and was looking under the scoop of her bonnet, smiling all over his broad, red, good-natured face, and neither of them saw or heard me until I was alongside, much amused, and somewhat enlightened, to see that Jimmy was in his best homespun, with a wonderful plug hat that looked as if it had seen service before, and that Hannah was very resplendent, but as never Solomon was in all his glory, in a bonnet which for size beats anything in these parts and is all loaded down fore and aft with pink ribbon.

"Hold on there! Hold on there!" I called, just for fun;

and fun enough it was to see how they sprang apart, and how Hannah giggled and hung her head, so that I could not see even the tip of her nose.

"Alan, ye beggar! Is't you?" exclaimed Jimmy,—
"Whoa, ye divils! Where are ye goin'?"—pothering much with the oxen, to cover his confusion.

"Where are *you* two going?" I returned, "in the very middle of the haying, too!" At which reproach Jimmy grinned broadly and looked two or three ways.

"Goin' to be married," he explained, when he had collected himself. "The minister's to be at the Corners to-day. "Yes," looking off to the tree-tops with an air of unconcern, "Hannah an' me jist thought we'd do it up and be done with it. The hay kin stand."

"Of course," said I. "What's hay to Hannah!" which set her giggling again, and dabbing her handkerchief into the depths of her bonnet.

"Well, I'm sure I wish you both very much joy," I went on, trying to recollect what was proper to say under such circumstances. "Let me see how pretty you look, Hannah. Turn around here!"

"Yes, turn around, Hannah," assisted Jim. "Let Alan see ye."

So with that she turned her face to me, and I saw her two cheeks, that are always red enough, redder than any apples that ever grew, which puzzled me somewhat, for Hannah is a saucy lass, and not given to blushing.

"Why, you're—blooming, Hannah," I exclaimed. "Why those blushes?"

But I was not long to be left in wonder, for Hannah is not chary with her chatter, and was just waiting for the preliminary modesties to be over to get in her word.

"It's only mulleins," she said.

"*Mulleins?*"

"Yes. I rubbed the leaves on an' I guess I put 'em on too hard, fer good Lord but my cheeks is stingin' yet! They stung so back there that I asked Jim to blow *them*."

I burst out laughing.

"And did he?" I asked.

"Why he did, until—until——"

"Shut up, Hannah!" commanded Jim, and so Hannah did, by going off into another spasm of the giggles.

"Well, Hannah," I laughed, "you shouldn't tempt a fellow like that, you know, especially when you look so fine."

"That's it," chimed Jim, ecstatically, giving his trousers a thwack for emphasis. "Isn't she a bird o' Paradise, though! Isn't she a snorter! Made it all herself, too, bonnet an' all! Oh, I guess Jim Scott knows what *he's* doin'! No dependin' on mammy when it comes to Hannah!"

"You *are* a lucky dog, Jim," I said. "It isn't every fellow that finds just the girl for him, and gets her, too. Stand up, Hannah, and let me see the whole outfit."

"Yes, stand up, Hannah," seconded Jim again. "Whoa, ye devils! Don't upset her. Never mind that grass! Ye've had yer dinner!"

With a laugh Hannah stood up and gave me a saucy curtsy, and Jimmy and I gazed at her, I fear with varying emotions. Hannah is pretty enough, in her way, though a bit too buxom for beauty; she has merry blue eyes, and just a few freckles on her nose; but she has not, somehow, what Barry calls "the gift of clothes." I fear I get into deep water when it comes to describing ladies' dresses, but as far as I could make out this one was a very gay purple, with green frills on it, over a crinoline so wide that when she stood up it quite obliterated Jimmy.

"I done it all in a week," she explained, "an' there's forty yards o' ruchin', too. Lord, it took a lot o' work! Aunt got the stuff at Laurie's in Toronto, when she was up ten days ago, an' *didn't* I hev' to hurry! Jim wouldn't wait a week longer. He's the hurryin'est man I ever seen. There, look at 'im now,—tryin' to put the sun on!"

Jim had taken out his big silver watch, and was beginning to look restless.

"Jim's all right," I said, "but the oxen are altogether too slow for a wedding. He should have got our Billy and put you up behind, Hannah."

"Now, that's talkin'!" he agreed, enthusiastically. "I thought o' that, Alan, but I couldn't think nohow what could be done with them hoops o' hers on horseback, so I calculated it 'ud be as safe all round to keep to the oxen. Well, we must be goin', Hannah. The Minister'll be wait-in'. G'wan, Spot! G'wan, Star! Well, a good-day, Alan."

After much thumping the oxen went on again, and as the wagon bumped along Jim called back to me,

"I fergot, Alan, but we're goin' to hev' a little house raisin' soon. Will ye come?"

"Depend on me for that," I said.

"We're goin' to live in the wee shanty until it's up," he shouted, still more stentoriously.

Now we happened to be just at the Echo Spot on the road, and as our voices arose the echoes began to come back.

"That's fine," I called. "*That's—fine,*" came back, in lower tone, from the hills beyond.

"Better do it too!" shouted Jimmy. "*Do it—too!*" came the echo, and I swear that, of a sudden, so forlorn felt I that it seemed to me as though it were mocking me.

The last I saw of Jimmy and Hannah there was a suspicious black streak across the purple, and Jimmy's queer old chimney-pot and Hannah's big straw bonnet were merged into a yellow and black blur.

Well, the "raising" came yesterday, spliced in not too badly between the haying and the harvest, which was a good thing, for besides the time required to put up the house it took some time to go to the spot, Jimmy's farm being "beyond the Block," that is beyond the big block of forest land still held here by the Canada Land Company. Past his place the land has been "taken," but the settlers have not yet come to it, so that between one thing and another there is little traffic in that direction and the road is very bad, partly rough corduroy which has sunk here and there into the mud, while farther on there is no corduroy at all, but sticky clay which turns into a slough in wet weather and is passable only because of slash thrown across it.

Everything considered, one cannot envy poor Jimmy his location, and must think that it will take all his cheery heart—and Hannah's—to carry them through. Such as this, however, has to be borne with in places all over the country, with much vexation to the settlers, and is one of the reasons why people are so willing to listen to Mackenzie's speechifying. Since early in June, we hear, he has been holding "Union Meetings" in various places, and particularly in North York and Simcoe, very openly and above board, and not in secret as was the meeting held here in the mill. That, I think, was altogether the doing of The Schoolmaster, who has an odd streak in him; but maybe there was some truth in the menace of Big Bill.

Jimmy was not the first on his land. Two or three years ago it was taken up by a fellow who hacked out a little round hole in the bush, burned the logs, built a little barn and a very small shanty, and then became weary of the loneliness and decamped.

Since their marriage, Jimmy and Hannah have been living, as they had said they would, in the shanty, which was but a poor thing in the first place and is not worth fixing up.

Like two birds building a nest, however, they have been over the new house, and Jimmy has been putting two days' work into one, of late, to have everything ready for the building.

Very cheerfully, too. I saw him one day down at the Corners, sitting on a load of new boards from the sawmill.

"Hello, Jimmy," I said. "How are you getting along?"

"Oh, tip-top, tip-top," he replied, smiling from ear to ear. "I've got the logs fer the house nearly all hewed now. Jist came in fer the floorin', an' some nails an' the window glass an' sich like."

"How's the road?"

He took off his straw hat and scratched his head.

"Well, that's the worst of it. It takes a month o' Sundays to get out an' in with the oxen, an' it's hell on wagons. I'll have a divil of a time gettin' in with this load. I car-

ried the last meal an' stuff home on my back rather'n be bothered with the brutes. But——" cheerfully again—"Oh, it might be worse, it might be worse."

"And how is Hannah?"

"Oh, she's happy as a canary-bird, singin' all the time. Hannah's not one o' them kind that's afraid of the bush, or minds bein' alone now an' again. She's took hold back there like as she'd been there all her life, an' never a bit run out o' the gab, either. She's a *great* woman, Hannah is!"

Jimmy didn't come out again until it was time to do the "astin'," and then he asked everybody in the settlement, finishing up by buying a great load of stuff for the supper.

Hank told me afterwards that it was rare fun to see him poring over Hannah's list, and trying to make out the words, so that between his perplexity and Hannah's spelling, Hank had a sore time to keep a straight face.

"S-u-g-e-r," he spelled out, pushing his hat back and scratching his head, with his face all screwed up with the effort, "S-u-g—deuce take it, what does that spell, Hank? . . . Oh, yes, 'sugar.' Why didn't she put an 'h' in? . . . 'S-h-u-g-e-r' spells sugar if I know anything. But mebbe Hannah has the new fashion of it. . . . An' what in the Sam Hill is this?" going down the page with his finger, "M-u-s-k-i-v-a-d-e-r—now what do ye make o' that?"

"Maybe its 'Muscovado,'" said Hank, "Muscovado sugar, you know," whereupon Jimmy thumped his breeches ecstatically. "I'll be blowed! *Sure* that's it! Now who'd have thought Hannah could have spelled 'muskivader?' . . . 'F-l-o-w-e-r.' That's plain. Gimme 50 pounds of it, Hank. But what in the divil is this? 'I-n-g-i-n-m-e-l-e.' Kin ye make that, Hank?"

"Perhaps it's two words, 'Indian Meal,'" suggested Hank, and Jimmy spat on the floor with glee.

"Of course it is, an' I'm one great thickhead! . . . Now here's 'p-a-r-e'—'p-a'—'*pair*,'" with great decision. "Oh yes; Hannah told me to ast if yer mother 'ud loan her a pair of bakin' pans until after the raisin'."

So on through a long list, until finally, all loaded up, Jimmy set out, proud as Punch, remarking that he'd "jist git a few bottles an' some tobaccky to top it off."

When he reached our place he was whistling with all his might, and waved his hand at me to come down to the road.

"It's awkward turnin' in with a load," he said, excusing himself.

"Why, you *have* a load, Jimmy," I said. "What are you going to do with all that stuff?"

"Oh, there'll be none too much," he replied, in a very off-hand manner. "Seein' as Hannah an' me didn't have a weddin' we want to have a sort o' blow-out now, sort of a weddin' supper an' house warmin' at onst, ye know; an' the vittles'll be jist as good as they'd ha' been at the saremony. There's to be a hoe-down after. Ye'll be sure to come, Alan?"

"I'll be there."

"Hank's comin', an' I've ast The Schoolmaster,"—with conscious pride,—"I've ast 'em all, in fact."

And so he had.

When I got to the "clearin'" on Friday, almost at the turn of the afternoon, there was a big crowd, fellows chaffing and laughing and tugging the timbers about, and the place fairly fluttering with women and girls in their best calicoes and winceys, with Hannah going in and out everywhere, laughing and joking, and very gay in her wedding gown of purple and green.

At first opportunity I looked about to see if Barry was there. She was not, and I was disappointed in spite of my pique, but not surprised, for it is seldom that she attends the gatherings in the settlement, and so brings down some criticism of her. Neither was Dimple there, having sent word with Hank that she feared the bush road might be too much for her.

Since there were so many on hand to do the work, the logs were shot up in no time, with Big Bill "Yo-heaving" so you could have heard him at the cross-roads, and Dick Jones and two or three more running about on top and

knocking the corners into shape. Afterwards it took but short space to put on the roof and to hammer down the floor. Jimmy hadn't tried to get clapboards, because of the long hauling, and so the roof is a "trough" one of basswood logs hollowed out, with the grooves interlocking to catch the drip, as is the fashion in the farther back bush houses. A very good and strong covering it is, too, if not so fine as when made of the clapboards.

As for me, I did very little but sit on the grass with some of the other fellows, for so many of us were there that there was nothing for the most of us to do.

"That's *all* right," Jimmy said, when someone apologized. "We jist ast ye fer the eatin' an' the dance."

It was when the last nails were being driven that The Schoolmaster arrived, and I heard Jimmy welcoming him very respectfully:

"Indeed it's proud I am to see this day,"—to which the Master replied "Tut! Tut!" Afterwards I heard him offering to help Jimmy plaster up the chinks and put the finishing to the fire-place. "I'm *more'n* obliged, sir," said Jimmy, quite overpowered.

All this time the women had been spreading tables on the ground, running in and out of the shanty and carrying cakes and pies, so that there was presently a great array, which soon enough began to disappear when we all set to; and a pretty enough sight it was, with the sky all pink above from the sunset, and the great forest all ringed about the little clearing, which is round as an apple.

Before it was quite dark Ned Burns began tuning up his fiddle, and that was a signal for the girls to come running with lanterns to hang on the wall, while the boys stamped about on the new floor testing it for the dancing. Then Big Bill took his place in the doorway and in a moment they were all at it, Bill beating time with his foot and calling off the changes at the top of his voice.

"Ladies, chain!"

"Swing yer partner roun' an' roun', an' hoe it down in the cor—ner!"

"Do see do!"

"Alaman left an' away ye go!" The words, in a long singsong, came out to The Schoolmaster and Hank and me as we stood outdoors, a little way from the house, while the edge of a big, red harvest moon was appearing above the quiet trees to the southeast.

"Where the deuce did those words come from—'do see do' and 'alaman left'?" Hank asked The Schoolmaster.

"Why '*dos à dos*' and '*à la main* left,'" said he. "They puzzled me, too, at my first bush dance in this country. Then I watched what the dancers did and discovered that the movements had kept on better than the words, which, I suppose, are a survival of past elegancies in the Old Country. . . . Come on, boys. There's Ned scraping up for a quadrille. Get your partners, and I'll take Hannah."

We had a turn at the quadrille and then an eight-hand reel and a schottische and polka, too, which were somewhat difficult because of the newness of the floor. But some zest was taken out of the frolicking for Hank and me because our lady-loves were not there.

As the night wore on the married folk began to leave, so that lanterns were taken down from the wall and went off down the road into the bush, twinkling like fireflies. In the house the light grew dimmer and dimmer, but the dancing went on merrily as ever, and no doubt right into the day-break, though Hank and The Schoolmaster and I left at about two of the clock.

As we went out, following the dark road with its walls of trees, stepping over the poles and logs and avoiding as well as we could the holes and mud where water from the swampy places had run across, the Master spoke of the loneliness of the little bush home we had left.

"They'd need stout hearts, Jim and Hannah," he said. "It's well enough now, but wait until the fall and winter set in. If only Jimmy had waited a while and gone somewhere else!"

"But you know he was in love," suggested Hank.

"Oh yes. It's the way with you young fellows," returned

The Schoolmaster. "And Hannah wouldn't go too far from the Aunt." Then he stood still and looked into the bush, raising his lantern so that the light flashed on the nearest tree-trunks and upon a thicket of swamp brush and weeds that grew over dark water.

"It's a downright shame," he said, "that they couldn't have had a bit of land off this Block, out near the front where they'd have been in some sort of civilization."

That gave him an opening to rail at the whole system of land distribution in this country and other grievances of which I have before written, dilating much upon the Family Compact and the Clergy Reserves.

The Schoolmaster subscribes to no church nor creed, and calls himself a Free Thinker, but these things trouble him mightily.

P.S. Almost I have forgotten to say that the news is now here of the death of His Majesty King William IV, and the coming to the throne of the Princess Victoria, daughter of the Duke of Kent, who was the fourth son of King George III. The young Queen is but eighteen years of age, and, report says, very small and very beautiful.

Her coronation was celebrated in Toronto with great doings, flag-wavings and speeches, and they tell that in the cellar of one house down near the bay an ox was roasted whole and then taken on a wagon to the market place for a free feast to all who wished to partake. . . . They say, too, that the celebration did not stop with the roast beef of Old England, but was made an excuse for so much roistering that the whole place bade fair to be drunk, and that the contagion has spread so that the taverns all over the country are even yet busy with the overflow of loyalty, which I will believe.

Even my father has been touched with it, and the other night solemnly drank, with Hank's father, a bumper to the health and long life of her pretty Majesty,—which amused

me very much, for, strangely enough, he hates the stuff and so do I.

Truly enough it has been said "The King is dead. Long live the King!"

Yet it seems to me that so responsible a place at the head of a great Empire must be all too much for a girl not as old as Barry. And yet this young Queen may be sheltered and guarded in everything, and not so much open to perils as such girls as Barry, who, with all her daring, is sometimes a worry to me.

I think I must bury my pride and see her soon.

CHAPTER IX

AN UNEXPECTED ENCOUNTER

SUNDAY night again, and have just returned from Hank's, where I went after church. Very warm weather. Hank and I did not stroll off as usual, for there was staying at his home over the day a man from Toronto who talked much about how things are going at the Capital—to which Hank and I were very keen to listen.

As we know, Mackenzie has been much more outspoken, of late, in his *Constitution*, and this man says that talk and dissatisfaction increase daily; that Elliott's tavern on Yonge Street has become a favorite rendezvous of the more radical among the Reformers; and that it is rumored that more secret caucuses are held from time to time at Doel's brewery, which is somewhere in the heart of the place, but which I do not remember.

In reply to a question from my father, who was there too, as to whether there has been any talk about armed resistance, as we have heard mooted, he said that he understands that such is mentioned more and more frequently, but that the thing is not taken seriously except by a few of the more hot-headed, which is what my father always argues must be the case.

And now I must record how once again I have had an encounter which was altogether unexpected, and which I do not even yet know was, on the whole, pleasant or otherwise.

Yesterday evening, the work for the day being fairly over, I went down to the Corners to get the mail, it being time for the weekly visit from the "stage."

As soon as I got there I ran first of all into Hank, who said there was a fellow at Mistress Burns's who wanted to be taken up the river right away.

"I can't go," said Hank, "so maybe you'll do the job."

"How far does he want to go?" I asked.

"As far as the Gulch. It's a pretty stiff pull, considering the rapids, but he's to meet somebody there tonight and wants to get through."

"I'm his man," said I, for if there is one thing more than another that I like it is a river trip of a summer's evening.

"You'll find my canoe around the bend," said Hank. "I'll drop in and tell him to go down to the landing and meet you."

"All serene," I agreed, giving Hank a poke. "I'll take good care of 'Dimple.'" One day I had discovered that name traced in very small letters on the bow, and had made it an excuse for teasing.

"See that you do," he laughed. "By the way, the fellow seems to be an artist or something. He spent all day sketching bits about the river, with a crowd of the youngsters at his heels. Talks like an Englishman."

"All right," I said. "I'll manage him."

"Be careful at the rapids," he warned. "The rain has swollen the river a bit and it isn't so easy to see the stones."

"I'll be careful," I said.

So off he went one way and I another.

Hank's canoe is a beauty. The Schoolmaster helped him build it, and an Indian from up the river. It is light and strong, graceful as a swallow, and buoyant as an autumn leaf on the water. Almost I coveted it as I ran it down off the bank.

In ten minutes I was at the little landing waiting for my passenger. It was nearly dark, but a very clear evening, and very still, so that the swoop of a nighthawk's wings in the woods beyond could be clearly heard; and for a quarter of an hour I sat there very happily, pushing the canoe out a little from time to time to keep it from grating on the landing, and looking about,—at the farms on the slopes

dimly limned in gray against the black forest, and at the houses of the Corners snuggled down near the river, and at the great dome of sky above, intense with almost the blue of midnight, only a faint aurora of gold arising from the far West to show where the sun had gone down.

No one was in sight, for the houses do not come very close to the landing. "It is," I was thinking, "the peacefulness that Barry says 'is almost pain,'" and then I heard the crunching of shoes on the gravel path above the bank, and presently could descry my passenger. Even in the half light there was something about his manner of walking which revealed him no yokel in his movements as are we here in the bush, not so much, I think, because of our work as because of our carelessness.

A few paces nearer he whistled, and I whistled back.

"Oh, there you are," he called, "Now will you steady that confounded American boat of yours about so I can get in?"

Instantly I recognized the voice. It was that of Howard Selwyn, and I swear it gave me a peculiar sort of start, though why I do not know.

Answering nothing I swung the canoe about and prepared to steady it with extra caution, but then had reason to know that Selwyn spoke only in jest, for scarce had he reached the water's edge than he landed in the canoe, fair in the middle and as lightly and surely as any Indian.

"There!" he said. "That wasn't so badly done! Now, I can manage your infernal roads, and I can dream sweet dreams in your log cabins, and eat your pigeon breasts and maple sugar with good relish; I can even stomach your feather beds and your accent. But when it comes to your brand of river-craft it's hit or miss."

"You managed very nicely that time," I said, as icily as I could muster, to which he took no notice.

"Oh, that was a hit," he said, seating himself, and proceeding to make himself comfortable with a pack of something at his back. "Half the time I miss. Would you believe it? I've upset a canoe twelve times this season. I'm

rather superstitious about the thirteenth, so keep it off, like a good fellow."

"Perhaps you'd prefer someone with a better accent," I said, "to take you up."

At which he looked up quickly.

"Oh come, come," he said. "Can't you take a joke? Push out. My man will be waiting for me by this time, with a pan of partridge roasted, and half starved, poor devil, for he never *will* eat a bite until I come."

All this time he had been arranging himself, and was at last comfortable, with his long shapely legs extended down the canoe.

"Not by any means bush-fashion," he observed, "but by George it's solid luxury. A canoe in Ontario! A gondola in Venice is nothing to it."

He had taken off his hat, and the faint light from the West shone full upon him, so that I could see his rather long and fair hair blowing back from a forehead as white as ever was, though the lower part of his face was somewhat browned from the sun and wind. Yes, this Selwyn was handsome; with a thrilling personality, too, for one could not but be sharply conscious of him. Yet my heart, for some reason, did not go out to him, and for that I felt demeaned of myself. For surely the little incident at the tavern had not been worth this grudge.

"A regular lily," he observed, patting the side of the canoe as we swung out a little towards the deeper water of the stream.

"Not that I couldn't have taken her up the river myself," he went on, "if I had been put to it. I've learned to handle a paddle, and could manage finely if it weren't for the accursed stones in the bottom. But, you see, there had to be someone to bring back the canoe."

With that he promptly forgot all about me for a time, but looked out to the darkening shore, and, once or twice, took a note-book from his pocket and scribbled something, though he could not have seen what he was writing. And

so we went on to the woods, where the water becomes very smooth, the ground being level.

As we plunged into it, the way which lay before us appeared like a channel of darkness, with inky water below, and looming black ramparts at either side, whose serrated tops pierced a darkly luminous sky. So still was everything that nothing was to be heard but the dipping of the paddle, and perhaps it was the silence that recalled Selwyn.

"Ugh! Talk about the Styx!" he said. "Boy, it seems to me that you are Charon, so I must be the duffer that's being paddled across. For heaven's sake, do something to break this death!"—but there was a lilt of levity in his tone.

"What can I do, sir?" I said.

"Nothing," he replied, gayly, "except keep the canoe off the confounded stones."

"It's safe enough here," I said. "Beyond, at the rapids, we'll have to be more careful, but it will be lighter there."

"So there's nothing to be afraid of here but the dark," he laughed.

Then presently he began to sing, very softly and in a voice richer than any I have ever heard, the "Canadian Boat Song," following it through to the end, and keeping the rhythm with my paddle, which was here, in almost still water, dipping slowly:

*"Faintly as tolls the evening chime,
Our voices keep tune and our oars keep time,
Soon as the woods on the shore look dim,
We'll sing at Sainte Anne's our parting hymn,
Row, brothers, row, the stream runs fast,
The rapids are near, and the daylight's past."*

"Do you know that song?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "It was written on the Ottawa. Sometimes I wish Moore had written one for the cahoe, too."

"So do I," he assented. "Just another time when the poet

forgot to grab the golden opportunity. How do you like the alliteration there? But hold! Do you know this? It's appropriate in this place of echoing gloom, or glooming echo. I know not which,"—reciting, then:

*"How sweet the answer Echo makes to music at night,
When, roused by lute or horn, she wakes,
And far away, o'er lawns and lakes,
Goes answering light.*

*"Yet Love hath echoes truer far,
And far more sweet,
Than e'er beneath the moonlight's star,
Of horn, or lute, or soft guitar,
The songs repeat.*

*"'Tis when the sigh is quite sincere—
And only then——
The sigh that's breathed for one to hear
Is by that one, that only dear,
Breathed back again."*

When he had ended I said nothing, for there was a quality of soul-music in his rendering, and a timbre in his voice, that affected me strangely.

"Do you know that?" he repeated.

"We have Moore's Poems at home, sir," I replied. (And I confess that at this moment, as I write, I have the book before me, having taken it down so that I might copy the poem.)

"Were you ever in love?" he asked, then, very lightly.

"If I had been," I replied, "I would not likely discuss it with a passing stranger."

At that he laughed, making me feel uncomfortable, and very foolish, and very young, although this man could not be so very many years older than I.

"I see, boy," he said. "You are in the serious stage yet. After a while you'll get over that, unless this dark forest gets too far into your marrow. Don't take life too seriously,

boy. It doesn't pay. Take all the good things that come your way; don't look at the unpleasant ones. Gather the roses and pass by the rue. That's my philosophy."

"But how would the world go on," I queried, "if that were everyone's philosophy?"

He waited, for a moment, while only the dip, dip of the paddle broke the silence.

"You were saying?" he resumed after a little time, as though he had been thinking of something else. "Oh, yes. Well, take those folk who are always trying to push the Universe,—what do they accomplish, after all, except to get themselves and other people into an infernal muddle? Take those asses, the proletariat, in the French Revolution, for instance. Do you know about the French Revolution, boy?"

"I have heard of it," said I, with some sarcasm, to which he seemed quite deaf.

"What a hell-pot they churned up," he continued, yawning as though the whole question were scarcely worth considering. "And who thanked them for it? Even the poets went back on them in the end and sang their disappointment."

"But such outbreaks may help the next generation," I said.

"Next generation be——" he began, then ended in a laugh. "Oh, I see you've got it, boy,—the blood and sacrifice theory—the soul of the Wycliffes and Riddleys and Luthers and Cobdens and Brights, half of whom you may not have heard of. Perhaps most men get it, for a while, if they haven't been brought up on too much luxury—or have had just taste enough of it to tantalize."

In the darkness I could hear him yawn again, then he went on, almost sleepily. "Take my word for it, boy, you'll fare as well in the end, and perhaps other people, too, if you go ahead, mind your own affairs—and pluck all the roses you come to. It's the infernal meddling with other people's business that makes all the trouble in the world."

To that there seemed some reason.

"But when other people meddle with *your* business?" I propounded, on second thought.

"Why, shoot 'em and be done with it," he replied, flipantly. "Look after your own affairs, but don't shoulder all the troubles of the world. Let it look after its own. It won't thank you."

"But——" I began.

"For heaven's sake this is too solemn," he interrupted. "I'm afraid I wasn't born with the soul of a martyr, boy, and so problems don't interest me greatly. Teach the world to look only on beauty and it will forget the rest."

"That depends on what one considers beauty, perhaps," I ventured.

But he laughed me away from further argument.

"Come, come," he said, "let's not spoil the night. Let's talk of love, and music, and poetry. Ever heard this?—

*"I love thee so, that, maugre all thy pride,
Nor wit, nor reason, can my passion hide.
Do not extort thy reasons from this clause,
For that I woo, thou therefore hast no cause;
But, rather, reason thus with reason fetter,—
Love sought is good, but given unsought is better?"*

But I knew he was no longer addressing me, nor expecting me to answer, and so I sank into silence, nor did he show interest again until we had entered the rapids, when he sat up and watched me, never for a moment afraid, but only keen to watch the game with the water and the stones, which I could by no means have played had I not been so familiar with the spot.

I meanwhile, in spite of myself, contrasting this man and his philosophy of life with such as The Schoolmaster, and Mackenzie—of those that I have seen. With his creed of not meddling in other folk's affairs I could give full agreement, but the question remained as to what one must do if one's rights, or one's neighbor's, were set upon, and the old story came to me of someone who once said "Am I

my brother's keeper?" . . . Yet I had to admit a fascination about the man, in his voice and manner, and the very grace of him, as he sat there in the darkness. Aye, and in a certain generosity of him, too, for when we had come out of the rapids and I was gaining my breath after the hard paddling, having been compelled at last to resort to the pole, for recent rains have swollen the stream somewhat, he leaned towards me and said:

"By Jove, boy, I'd give ten years of my life to have such muscle and wind as yours!"

"Perhaps you haven't practiced so much, sir," said I.

"But the length of you! And the breadth of your shoulders!" he said. "How tall are you?"

"Six feet one in my socks," said I.

"And how much do you weigh?"

"About thirteen stone."

"Yet you are only a lad," he said. "The 'bush,' as you call it, has given you a good deal, hasn't it?"

"A great deal, sir," I said.

"And you will settle down and become a part of it," he went on, so that I scarcely knew what he meant. "You will marry and live in a little gray house among the trees. Now, what about that little tavern girl on the road beyond there? Barbara, is it, that they call her? What about her?"

"I have nothing to say about her," I replied, shortly. "We have come to the Gulch. Where will you go?"

"Oh, the Gulch, is it?" he said. "An infernal looking spot, too, to which you have brought me, at the end of the Styx. Looks like some of the Plutonian shades to which Dante and Virgil descended. You saw to it that you paddled me far enough from the fair Beatrice, didn't you? But, Boy, I've no grudge against you. After all 'twas my own doing, or rather that of that clown, Downs. . . . What ho, there, Downs! What ho!" and, looking over his shoulder, he gave a shrill whistle which was answered from a little distance.

"Well," he said, turning back to me, all his air of jaunty levity returned to him. "So you have nothing to say about

the little girl over at the tavern? Think that over, lad. She's a little posy—no, by Jove, a regular Pocahontas! Think it over, lad. Pluck the roses while you may; that's my advice."

Now I confess that at this my choler arose, albeit without any very definite reason. I could not bear the name of Barry on this man's lips, and yet less the light air with which he spoke. But I kept my thought to myself, and, a moment later, perceiving the gleam of a fire between the trees and on the water, made for it and drew up the canoe to the shore.

Selwyn sprang out as lightly as he had come in, then taking a coin from his pocket tossed it into the canoe. "There," he said, "I'm much obliged to you."

Now I have no compunction about taking money for honest work, when I have bargained with a man, but the thought of being paid by Howard Selwyn, with whom I had not bargained at all, and in such fashion, must have stuck in my crop. At all events, no sooner had the coin struck the bottom than I felt the hot blood in my face, and the next second the bit of metal was jingling on the slab of rock at his feet.

"I do not take money from you, Howard Selwyn," I said, and raised my paddle to push out.

But he was quicker than I, and before I could collect myself had gripped the canoe and was holding it to the shore as though in a vise of iron.

"By George!" he said, peering at me through the darkness. "Now I know you're the young callant who refused to water my horse some weeks ago. I've been trying to place you all the way up."

"I'll be thankful to you if you will let me go," I said.

But he did not release the canoe. Instead he gave a low whistle, and then laughed.

"It's all right, old chap," he said, and somehow I knew that he thought me jealous over Barry, and was glad of the darkness that covered the guilty reddening of my face,

for it shamed me to know that I could be jealous over such trifling excuse as he had given me.

"See here," he said, "You hate me, don't you?"

"No, sir."

"Well—you don't like me, to say the least."

"Perhaps."

He laughed again, and drew the canoe along until he was very close to me.

"Now," he said, "have you any reason for hating me?"

To which I could only reply that I had not, except that I was not accustomed to being ordered to do things by strangers, nor to having money thrown me like a bone to a dog.

"I know," he said, when I had finished. "I should not have done that. But, on my oath I did it of habit. In the length and breadth of this bush I have received hospitality and had my pay refused, but I have not yet found a youth—and you are only a lad—who spurned a gold piece even though tossed to him. I meant well. But, honestly, boy, I knew you of finer clay. If I had not, how could I have talked with you as I did on the way up? How could I have recited to you *'The Echo'*? How could I speak to you as I am now? Now, lad, make it up with me, won't you?"

Never have I heard a voice so persuasive. Even as he spoke he drew me, and so I laid my hand upon the one which he extended to me and did not realize my grip until he exclaimed with the pain of it, then laughed.

"'Hold off, Macduff!'" he cried. "Now you see that's how I gather some of my roses. I make friends of enemies. Will you come up and have a smoke? No?—Then good-night, and thank you, and remember me to pretty Barbara. She will tell you I stayed at the tavern last night."

As I pushed out into the stream I heard his "man," evidently, approaching, for Selwyn's voice sounded over the water:

"Hello, there, Downs! Got the horses fixed all right?"

To which came a less musical note: "Ay, sir. They're

hall shod han' ready, sir. Han' the camp's hall ready, too, sir, so you can myke yourself at 'ome roight awy, sir."

So now I have given the grip of confidence to Howard Selwyn, though why I did so I cannot tell, for I swear I do not like him—yet like him in the same breath, I must confess.

One thing, however, I have learned: Since I have experienced it myself I have less cause to be displeased with little Barry's fascination by him.

And so he stayed at the tavern last night.

Well, I have given him the grip of confidence.

CHAPTER X

TO A FAR COUNTRY

ON Thursday morning our neighborhood was startled by the news that Mrs. Deveril had died suddenly. Big Bill, who was going up to the Village in his wagon, carried the news, telling anyone he met on the road and shouting it to the men in the fields and the women in the yards as he passed.

At our place he called it over the fence to me, and I went in to tell my mother.

She was plaiting hats for us, of the tough new straw, the long coils of the braid lying about her feet, but she arose at once and began to roll it up.

"I must go to Barry at once," she said. "Perhaps I can do something."

We are not prodigal with caresses in our house—the understanding affection among us is too deep to require much demonstration,—but at that moment I drew my mother into my arms and kissed her. I think she feels, as I do, that such occasional outburst means more than continual expressions that come to mean comparatively little, were it only for frequency, and usually when I show my feeling to her thus she looks up at me with all the mother-love in her gray eyes and makes believe to scold me for my boyishness; but this time she neither looked nor smiled, for which I loved her, for I knew that her thought was all of Barry.

My father drove her over in the wagon, and at nightfall she returned, finding me already washed and dressed to go to my girl.

"Yes," she said, "I think Barry may be glad to have you.

I came away because the house was filling. I suppose there'll be a wake."

At which the heart of me turned resentful.

"I hate wakes," I said.

"So do I," returned my mother, "but it is the custom."

"And I suppose there'll be pipes—and drinking," I said, bitterly enough. "Mother, will Barry have to face that rabble?"

"I don't think so," she replied. "Mistress Jones has taken charge——"

"Of course," I interrupted, for this news pleased me none too well.

"She's very capable," said my mother.

"Well, for one thing Barry may be thankful—she'll entertain the crowd."

But at that my mother raised a checking finger to me.

"Come, come," she said. "You are over hard on Mistress Jones. Here, let me brush you." And with that she made much ado to broom off a coat from which I had already knocked every mote of dust. Often she does that, but I permit her, out of lovingness to her lovingness.

The evening was very still. As I walked along the bush path, through the Golden-Winged Woods, it seemed to me that all the air held an unusual silence. And then I realized that it was the brooding of Death that had settled upon me and thrown its quiet mantle over the trees; for there had been other times, when, going through to meet Barry, the whole of the dim shades had seemed to be full of light and song, and when I had returned to earth suddenly, to find that all the light and all the song were in my own soul.

That night, however, I walked along, half awed and thinking about Death, which is not common enough yet, in this new country, to be easily dismissed. What is It? What does It mean? Why are we placed here for so short time when we must needs spend so much of life in the struggle to be fed and clothed? Why cannot life last for one thousand years so that people might go on to really great ac-

complishment before being snuffed out like a candle? Of all this did I ponder as I walked along, more slowly than usual, in the growing darkness, winding in and out among the great boles of the trees. And then I remembered a sermon that the minister had preached about Heaven, a city as broad as long, and as high as broad, with streets of gold, and walls of precious stones, and gates of pearl, and the spirits of the dead walking about in white robes, playing on harps forever and ever.

On the way home The Schoolmaster and Hank and I walked together.

"Well, what did you think of *that*?" asked Hank, in his direct way.

"Bosh! All bosh!" exclaimed The Schoolmaster. "A sort of celestial Bastile, by George! A holy cubicle just big enough for the elect,—with need of a hades big enough to catch all the left-overs—including all the radical and unorthodox, of course. Bosh! All bosh!"

At that we laughed, and I was glad that my dear mother was not by, for she always feels that one should be very solemn and filled with awe when sacred subjects are mentioned, and might not have understood that we laughed only at The Schoolmaster's interpretation of the minister's sermon, and a little at the sermon itself, but not in the least at anything truly sacred or holy.

After that we asked The Schoolmaster what he really thought about Heaven.

"Now, you know," he said, "I've only my own idea about it. But that is that things'll not be different enough to be strange. We're *Persons*, boys. Each one of us is a *Person*. What would be the sense of making us one sort of personality, with one set of likings and aspirations and desires, and then changing us in the wink of an eye when Death comes, to something altogether different? Phut! The economy of the Universe wouldn't stand for such a waste of energy. Put Red Jock there at twanging a harp and walking about in white skirts! Phut! Bosh and nonsense!"

At that Hank and I shouted with laughter, as we looked at Red Jock striding ahead of us, gnarly and rugged, with hairy arms of brawn and big hands knuckly from use of the blacksmith's hammer.

"I'll bet he'd prefer a forge in the other place," ventured Hank. "Let's see what he thinks about it. Hallo, Jock!"

Red Jock turned about and waited for us.

"Well, Jock, and what did *you* think of the sermon?" asked The Schoolmaster.

Jock took off his big straw hat and scratched his head.

"Weel," he said, "Ah've juist been thinkin' aboot it an' tryin' tae reckon it oot, but the 'rithmetic o't 's got me beat. . . . Noo, Dominie, hoo far d'ye tell me is a furlong?"

"By our measure an eighth of a mile," said The Schoolmaster.

"An' the City wis twal thousan' furlongs ilka way. That wad be——?"

"About fifteen hundred miles," replied The Schoolmaster.

Red Jock pondered for a minute. "It's a braw big place," he said. "A lot o' fowk cud be packed in't, specially them spirit buddies that, Ah doot, cud squeeze up fine gin the croodin' wis ower muckle. . . . But the height o't 's the same as the length an' breadth o't?"

"So it is said," replied The Schoolmaster.

"That wad be sort o' square ilka way, like the bit boxies the tea comes in."

The Schoolmaster nodded, his lips twitching in endeavor to keep a straight face.

This gave Red Jock long pause, as he strode along beside us. Then he turned to us with a twinkle in his eye.

"Ah'm dootin' " he said, "'at the puir bodies maun be unco' keen tae get oot whan they had tae mak' sic a wa' tae haud them in."

When The Schoolmaster could get in a word for our laughing, "But the wall was only one hundred and forty and four cubits," he said.

"Aye? An' hoo lang d'ye say is a cubit?"

"My dictionary says as long as from a man's elbow to the end of his middle finger," replied The Schoolmaster.

Whereupon Jock extended his great arm in its homespun sleeve, and calculated.

"Juist a hunner and forty-fower o' them!" he exclaimed presently. "Hoots, mon! The buddies 'ud be ower that an' awa' afore ye cud say 'Jock Robinson'!"

Even yet I can see the Master standing still in the middle of the road and bending double with his laughter over this sally, while Hank and I were good seconds to him, and Red Jock looked on with a grim smile.

"Of course you know, Jock," remarked The Schoolmaster when he could, "I'm not an authority on ancient measurements. . . ." Then he became very serious.

"I've an idea," he said, "that all that talk about the City is figurative. It's very beautiful, too. Don't you think its being as long as broad, and as high also, might mean, Jock, that it's a sort of four-square place—all-round fair and square, with a square deal for everybody?"

Jock looked at the Master quickly, staring for a moment, his bushy brows raised. Then the light of understanding came into his blue eyes.

"Noo ye're sayin' it!" he agreed.

"And I've an idea," went on The Schoolmaster, "that things'll seem natural enough, and that the Dead come back to see the folk at home when they want. Where Heaven is I don't know, nor what spirit bodies are like, but I guess they'll have powers far beyond what these possess. Sometimes I look up at the stars and wonder if, some day, we shall not pass from one to another with less trouble than it now takes to go up to the Village. There must be great things ahead of us, my lads, and I guess doing the best we can here will give us a good push ahead over there."

Red Jock had hung on every word, and, indeed, so had Hank and I also.

"Then ye'll no be thinkin'," he queried, "'at we'll hae tae be tinklin' on wee harpies a' the time?"

This, following on the heels of our previous remarks,

gave the Master a sore time again to keep from smiling, but, seeing that Jock was quite serious, he quickly gained control of himself.

"I'm thinking," he said, "that there'll be plenty of useful work for everyone,—everyone to his interest, you know."

"An' there'll no be trampin' about on hard gowd walks 'at 's like tae mak' corns on yer taes?" persisted Jock.

The Master's face twitched, while Hank and I, out of discretion, dropped a pace or two behind.

"It's my belief," replied he, "that there'll be trees, and grass, and flowers, as well as friends,—and sunrises and sunsets, too."

"An' maybe a wee burnie wimplin' amang the rashes?"

"Why not?"

"An' sweeps o' heather ower the braes?"

"Why not?"

Red Jock turned to The Schoolmaster right-about. "Noo, ye'll no be thinkin' there might be a bit smiddie at the edge o' the bush, gin ye wanted it?" he asked.

The Schoolmaster nodded, smiling.

"An' bit nags tae come trottin' in, whinnerin' at ane anither, wi' their feet tae be tended till?"

"If the smithy was there there'd need to be the horses, Jock. I've never just seen why animals that people have loved should not persist, too. My little dog, Blazer, could give lessons in honor and fidelity to a good many people."

Jock strode on again, looking straight ahead, thinking.

Then presently he brought his big hand down with a thud on the side of his breeches.

"It's a braw conception o't," he said. "Accordin' tae that Ah'd think na mair o' deein' than o' gangin' across tae Tam Tamson's slashin' bee!"

"No," returned The Schoolmaster. "Death must be a natural thing, after all, Jock."

"An' no a curse at a', as we've been telled."

"Perhaps an open door, rather. The good God is a God of Love, so it is said, in plain words. There can be nothing figurative about that."

Again Red Jock strode on, leading us, and presently, to keep him thinking, the Master asked:

"What do you think about hell, Jock?"

Jock rubbed his chin. Then he parried the question adroitly.

"Ye'll be dootin' " he queried, glancing sidewise at the Master, "'at it's maybe no sae het as they mak oot?"

The Schoolmaster laughed.

"I'm afraid the thought of it isn't bothering me as much as some think it should," he said. "I'm too busy trying to walk straight myself, as I see it, to have much time left to think of the punishment if I don't."

"But the—the hell-fire an' brimstane business," persisted Jock. "It'll be what ye dub figgerative talk, as weel?"

"As I see it, just that," said The Schoolmaster.

Jock nodded, with decision.

"Ah've mony a time thocht o't whan Ah've been blawin' at the forge," he went on, "an' Ah've figgered oot either 'at the fire maun be cooler than the meenisters say, or else 'at the puir spirit buddies maun be no sae sensitive. . . . Noo ye'll be meanin', Ah doot, 'at thae rampin' an' roarin' fires is juist fires o' tribulation."

The Schoolmaster glanced at him, a bit surprised, I thought.

"Aye, Jock. And of purification, above all things."

"Noo ye've said it!" exclaimed Jock. "Why cudna Ah hae worrit that oot fer masel? Why Ah've cast a bit airn intil the fire all grimed wi' mud an' dirt, an' it's cam' oot clean as a whustle. . . . Ye'll be sayin' it's that way wi' oorsels, ony the fires 'll be in oor ain herts juist, an' no burnin' aff oor bit fingers an' taes, an' scorchin' aff the hairs o' oor scalpies."

Whereupon The Schoolmaster gave him a slap on the back.

"Ye've strayed far frae the auld kirk, Ah doot, Jock," he laughed.

But at that Jock bristled. "No sae far as some o' them

thocht," he said. "For Ah doot we're a' strivin' tae gang the ane road, an' it's ony oor bit nags 'at 's deeferent."

Every word of this dialogue came back to me now (although I fear I have made poor hand at writing down the brogue of Red Jock), as I walked towards the very presence of Death,—and especially did The Schoolmaster's little sermon come to me, I wondering much about Mrs. Deveril.

And then I began to wonder about the history of the woman, of which never a word had been spoken to anyone in the settlement, to my knowledge. Reticent and cynical, she had gone her own way, and now she had slipped off into the Unknown, with sealed lips.

In the little that I myself had seen of her, she had appeared a woman of some education, who had bequeathed to Barry the tongue which she spoke, and yet I had tried to close my eyes to some little commonnesses in her that put her out of the same standing as my mother. To my Journal I may confess that I had never liked Mrs. Deveril, nor quite forgiven her for marrying Old Nick. And yet Barry had been the outcome of that union.

Coming out from the wood I could see lanterns twinkling about the tavern yard, and when I reached the door saw the place filled with people. But my heart was softer now, and I knew that the most of them had come in kindness of heart. For in this bush country, after all, we stand shoulder to shoulder.

There was quiet talking, but no roughness anywhere, although there were men on the benches outside and in groups about the yard. Looking among the women in the house I could not discover Barry, but Mistress Jones came to me.

"Would ye like to see the corp?" she asked, but I shook my head and asked for Barry.

"She's disappeared," she whispered, "clean an' clever,—never a sight of her since six o'clock. An' everybody askin' how she's takin' it, too! But Nick's in there with Big Bill

an' some of 'em. He thought mebbe the bar ought to be open, free-handed like, but I put my foot on that. 'Never a drop,' said I, 'but mebbe a wee jug onst an hour or so. Throw that bar open, Nick Deveril,' sez I, 'an' you know what'll happen. It 'ud be a disgrace,' sez I. 'An' no meanness in you not to let it, either. This isn't no loggin', this isn't.'"

With that I saw someone beckoning to me from the back door, and when I reached her was surprised to find Old Meg, whom I did not know for the reason that her head was uncovered, and her shawl and stick lacking. Not so old did she look at all, for her hair is quite black and wavy, when one can see it, and her eyes good enough, keen and dark and maybe a bit solemn.

When she spoke, too, there was a different quality in her tone that made me look sharply; but yes, truly enough it was Old Meg, with the brown skin and sharp features, who weaves homespun for her neighbors but has little else to do with them, and goes hobbling about our roads with her stick.

"Come out," she whispered. "I'll take you to Barry. You don't want to see the 'corp,' as Sally Jones calls it."

There was something in the flippancy with which she spoke that made me shudder, and yet I perceived that what levity there was was directed against Mistress Jones.

I followed her out across the back yard and down a little path that led to the beginning of the trees, she keeping ahead of me, like something of thicker darkness than the night, and saying never a word at all.

Where the trees began again, she stopped and called gently:

"Barry! Bar—ry!"

There was a rustling among the grass quite near us, and Barry stood up.

"What is it, Meg?" she asked. "Do—do they want me?"

"Never a want, my dear," said Meg. "And if they did I'm the last one to tell them where to find you. It's just a young gentleman here, that you'll maybe like to see."

Then I spoke to my girl, and she came to me very quickly and put her two hands in mine. So we stood, and when we turned about again Meg was nowhere to be seen.

"It was good of you to come, Alan," said Barry. "Sit down here. I—I don't want to go where there are—people."

We sat down on the dry, brown grass, and I did not know what to say at all.

In the interval a cricket chirped and chirped, and a wagon rattled down the road; then Barry broke the long tension.

"It was good of you to come, Alan," she repeated, speaking in a low, hurried voice. "I needed someone, but not those people in there. They're kind, everyone—but—Alan, I think I know now why a wild animal goes off by itself when it's wounded."

"You've been wounded," I said, closing my hand over hers, and she let it remain so.

"Over something more than just—mother," she said. "I—Alan, I've been wondering, and wondering if I have failed all along in—what—I should have been to her."

"But no, Barry," I said. "You've been—wonderful."

She would not hear of that. "I've helped with the work," she said, "but I owed that for my living and the freedom she gave me. It isn't that, Alan. Alan, my mother never loved me much. Perhaps I've been to blame."

"Surely she loved you," I argued. "Some people don't show their feelings, you know. She may have been one of them."

Barry withdrew her hand, and in the darkness I saw her bring her knees up and clasp her hands about them in the pensive attitude that I knew.

"She did not love me much," she repeated, sadly. "She did well by me. She gave me clothes and taught me to read, and to speak in the language of the—educated. My mother was an educated woman, Alan. I never could understand——"

She hesitated, and I knew that her thought was mine.

"But your father——" I began.

"Yes, my father, too," she said. "Yet I cannot understand. My mother never told me the story of their lives. I know nothing. Tonight I feel like a little leaf blown out on a big gray sky with no anchorage anywhere. If I knew anything of my mother's people—*anything*. But I do not."

"If you asked Mr. Deveril?" I suggested.

"He knows no more than I," she said, quickly. "He does not care."

Again she sat silent for a long time, and the cricket chirped.

"This morning," she began, presently, "I took the key to lock the drawers of mother's bureau. One never knows, you know, what may happen when the house is open. Not that anyone would take anything,—but there might be meddlers. I can't tell you why I did it, but I drew open one of the drawers. There was a little packet there, with my name written upon it. I have it here, Alan, hidden. If you will get a lantern I'll show it to you."

"You wish me to see it?" I asked, to make sure.

"I wish you to see it."

And so I hurried to the stables and came back with a lantern, being careful to keep the tin side turned towards the tavern, so that no one might see.

Barry arose as the light of it flashed upon her. "Come," she said, and I followed her into the thick of the trees.

At the end of a hollow log she sat down, and drew from it the little parcel of yellowed paper. So I sat down beside her and turned the light so that it would fall on her small brown hands.

Untying the string, she thrust the packet before me. I drew back the cover and there lay before me two tiny moccasins, all worked with porcupine quills, such as Indian children wear. I took them up and turned them over and over, but there was neither word nor mark.

"Evidently my mother, in her younger days, had my liking for the Indians," said Barry, smiling a little, and taking

them from me. "I wonder if ever I wore those," she went on. "Perhaps they left me my Indian moods. Now, look at this," and she drew from the paper something wrapped in birchbark, which she unfolded. I raised the lantern to see, and perceived the silhouette of a man's head and face, mapped in solid black on thick light paper,—a fine head, with clear-cut features and hair that seemed to wave backward from a broad, high brow.

"There is no name," she said, "not a syllable. I wonder who he was. Some relative, surely, or this would not have been placed in a parcel addressed to me."

"Evidently," I said. "Keep this, Barry. Some day there may be a clue."

There was more talk, she going back to her fears that she had not been a more loving daughter else she had been more loved. "There always was a distance between us," she said. "Yet she was kind to me—very kind to me. The fault has been mine."

And then she began to brush away the tears that fell, and so we sat for a long time, and after a little I told her all of The Schoolmaster's sermon, to which she listened with interest, seeming to gain some comfort.

"Come," she said, afterwards. "I must go in. There'll be the wake, but I'm going to bed. There will be things to do tomorrow."

At the door we said good-bye, Old Meg there meeting her, and then I slipped away in the darkness and through the woods home.

Ever since I have been planning how I can take care of her if she will come to me. Soon I must ask her, for I cannot long bear this waiting.

CHAPTER XI

AN EXCITING NIGHT

YESTERDAY evening, shortly before nightfall, there came up such a storm as we have not had this summer, blowing straight from the west, with a driving rain, so that it has wrought some havoc with the harvest. For a long time my father and I sat sheltered in the barn, looking out at it, and unable to get to the house without being wet to the skin. In great sheets, wave after wave, the rain came, and in the intervals between we could see the tops of the trees in the Golden-Winged Woods lashing against the sky, while, nearer, a field of grain not yet harvested bent flat and shining before the hurricane. All of the barnyard was filled with pools, and the hens had taken shelter under the wagon and anywhere else that promised refuge, while the path to the house was turned into a small bright river that caught what light there was left in the sky.

At last the storm ceased long enough for us to go in, and when I went up to my room at about ten of the clock, it was fairly well over. After blowing out my candle I stood for a moment looking out of the window. The rain had stopped, and the wind also, although it appeared to be still blowing in the upper air, for the sky was filled with jagged black clouds that hurried across the face of the moon, causing alternate light and darkness. "It would be bad traveling in the bush tonight," I thought, and thanked my stars that I did not chance to be out in it.

About an hour later, when we were all sleeping soundly, we were aroused by a thumping at the door.

"Go down, Alan," called my mother, "and see who is there."

And so, while still little more than half awakened, I tumbled into my trousers and went down.

When I opened the door who should be there but Barry, bareheaded and with a black shawl about her.

"For heaven's sake! Barry!" I exclaimed, wide enough awake now in all conscience. "Is it you? Come in. What's the matter?"

"No," she said, all out of breath, "I mustn't stop." But she stepped inside and sat upon a chair beside the door.

"You must get Billy at once," she said, "and go for the Doctor. It's Jim's Hannah. She fell on a sickle and cut her arm."

By this time I had lighted a candle from some coals still in the fire-place, and my father and mother were coming down the ladder.

"Barry, dear child!" exclaimed my mother, and then Barry had to tell her story over again while she sat there, with her shawl thrown back, and the water dripping from it and from her long black hair into little pools on the floor.

"Dear, dear! Hurry, Alan! Hurry!" said my mother, but I was already lacing my boots, which I had left by the fire to dry.

"Jim got as far as our place," explained Barry, when she could get breath again, while my mother fanned her with a paper, for she was much flushed with running, "so I told him to go back to Hannah, and that I would run over here and send Alan. He had tied up her arm as well as he could."

"Dear, dear!" exclaimed my mother again, in real distress. "Father, can't I go with you?" for my father was preparing for the journey and lighting the lantern.

"No," he said. "I'll get Mistress Jones. She's stronger than you."

And with that Barry stood up and drew her wet shawl about her.

"I'm going," she said, "and, if you don't mind, I'll run on ahead. I'm used to running," nor would she listen to

my mother's entreaties that she would wait for dry stockings, submitting only to having the shawl changed.

As she went out again into the wild night, I was with her.

"Hurry, Oh hurry, Alan!" she said. "I'm afraid it's serious. Don't bother about me."

"Well," I said, "go on, Barry. But don't kill yourself running; you'll make better time in the end."

And with that she set off towards the road and I towards the stable, making over the ground at full speed. Just one moment did I pause, as Blucher came bounding to me, to point towards the way she had gone.

"Go with Barry, good dog! Stay with her!"

But an instant he hesitated, looking at me, with ears raised, as though to gather my meaning, and then he was off like a little streak of black, yelping to tell that he was on the way. He has no scruples about following Barry, for usually he has been with us on our strolls, and he knows her and loves her well.

A few moments later Billy and I were galloping through the open gateway at the road, and I could just see Barry, hurrying along, but not now running, with Blucher performing circles about her.

As Billy and I turned the opposite way, heading for the Village, the pools along the road shone like silver; the next moment I could not see them at all, for the clouds had gone over the moon, and the muddy water was splashing up to my saddle. Billy was doing his best in such spot, but I urged him the harder, for the vision of Hannah, perhaps bleeding to death, and the distress of good, big-hearted Jimmy, went before me in the darkness. She should be saved if Barry, and Billy, and the Doctor and I could save her.

Only once before we got out of the bush road, Billy stumbled, then in the more open farming tract the light was better and the road smoother, and so, he being now warmed up to his task, I put him to it, and he stretched

out his neck and legs in response, making ahead as though he knew how much depended upon him.

As we clattered through the Corners there was never a light in any of the houses, but heads were thrust out of windows to see what manner of wild riding was this so close upon the midnight. Once or twice, too, there was a halloo after me, but I neither drew up nor spoke, but kept on at the same pace up to the Village highway, praying that the moon would stay out, for the sake of our return journey up the long dark road to Jimmy's, and for the sake of little Barry who must now be toiling up it. She would not be afraid, I knew, for the bush was home to her more than to most girls, and often had I heard her say that the wild animals were not to be feared if one forbore to tamper with them; and I remembered how she laughed when telling me about how once she had met a bear, the two of them looking at each other in astonishment, and of how it had made away with all speed when she took off her shawl and shook it at it. All of which daring is justified, at least at this season when food is plentiful. In winter when the wolves are more likely to come about, it is a different matter.

The bits of gaping causeway and the bogs along The Block, were more to be feared on such a night as this, and I was glad to know that Blucher was with Barry for company, and that my father was following and would find her should she meet with accident.

"Go on, Billy!" I said to my good horse, as I bent low over his neck. "You and I must do as well as Barry!" And as he shot on under the pressure of my heel the very heart of me surged with pride for her bravery. Barry, most wonderful of girls!

At the Village, by the grace of God, the Doctor was at home, although it took some hammering upon the door to awaken him, for so few are the calls in this healthful climate, that he is not accustomed to them in the night, and under no tension which might arouse him quickly.

"Hannah Scott? You don't say so!" he exclaimed, fas-

tening his buttons. "Get my horse, lad, and I'll be with you. Wait—I'll get you the lantern."

And so, in a moment, he appeared with it, lighted, and when he came out finally with his bag of bottles and bandages, I was there waiting with the horses, and rubbing down Billy, the two of them standing with pricking ears, no doubt wondering much what all this midnight flurry was about.

"Good girl, Hannah," remarked the Doctor, as he prepared to mount. "She worked for my wife once, before our second girl was born. Now then, Alan, I'll run you a race."

A moment later we were galloping side by side, and I could hear the Doctor puffing like a grampus, for he has become fat for want of exercise, and is not used to such riding.

Never a word did either of us speak until we had passed home and turned up the road by The Block.

"Whew!" he said, as we slowed the horses to a walk,— "Haven't ridden like that for years. Thought it was going to shake the gizzard out of me." All the time mopping his face and bald head with his handkerchief.

For a little the moon shone over the trees, but it was beginning to sink towards the west. By its light we could see the causeway, like an uneven, glimmering ladder, prone on the ground, with black pools of water at the sides of it and running under. Here I took the lead, being more accustomed to the way, the Doctor following close behind, and much perturbed over the risk that the horses might break their legs; and, indeed, the animals themselves seemed to fear the possibility, for they stepped gingerly, feeling with their feet, at times, before trusting weight to them.

At my back, I could hear the Doctor steadying his beast, which is mettley and nervous, and likely to lose its head, in which case the Doctor would have been in sad plight.

"Steady, lad, steady! You're doing fine! Easy, now,—easy!"

Then:

"What are you jumping about, old boy? Did you never see a tree before?—Easy, lad, *easy*! Mind, it isn't a New York pavement you've got your feet on!"

Presently his patience seemed to be exhausted, and I knew that the anxiety about reaching Hannah was weighing sore upon him, for he called to me a bit testily, "I say, Alan! What the devil did any man settle in a place like this for?"

And then, when the last of the rude causeway was passed and there was opportunity for more words, though still small chance of going on more rapidly, he began to swear softly and soulfully, but I knew that every word came because of the goodness of his heart. There was no evil in his expletives, but only the great vexation of being kept back from helping a woman who might be bleeding to death.

At the next moment the moon was quite covered with clouds, and the blackness became so dense that we could not see even the heads of the horses, but were dimly conscious only of great towering tree-trunks on either hand. The traveling thenceforth, however, was safer, since the horses had no longer to pick their way over logs but only to slough through the bog-holes, and so we went on, the silence, presently, broken only by the sound of their hoofs pulling from the mud, with a steady "sloop, sloop," almost as though corks were being drawn from bottles.

Once again we tried to urge the beasts to a canter, but soon found that was impossible, because of their stumbling, for wherever the holes were deepest poles and brush had been flung across, with little regard for midnight riders.

"For the love of Heaven, Alan," said the Doctor after a time, "have we got to go at this snail's pace all the rest of the way? It's a poor chance for Hannah if she's badly cut."

And again:

"So this is The Block. Alan, I've been a good Tory all my life, but if the Government's to blame for things like this I'll vote against 'em the next election, I will. It's a dastardly shame! Think of a girl stuck behind a wall like

this! And never a woman near her either! What'll she do when the babies begin to come? The Lord help her!"

And again:

"How far have we to go yet, lad? What time d'ye think it is now?"

He was consumed with anxiety and so was I.

Then a yelp broke out of the darkness ahead of us.

"It's Blucher," I said. "I think we're near now, sir."

"The Lord be praised!" said the Doctor, fervently, and never was better praise said or sung.

At the spot where the bush gives way to the little clearing we met Jimmy with a lantern, come to see if there was sight of us.

"Barry's holdin' the blood back," said he, in answer to the Doctor's quick questioning. "She'd lost a lot before. I'm powerful glad ye're here, sir."

But before he had ended the Doctor had shot ahead on a gallop.

I dismounted as quickly as I could for Blucher jumping frantically at my legs and face in joy at seeing me, and Jimmy and I followed.

"Yer father's jist got here," said Jimmy, "an' Mis' Jones is here too. But if it hadn't been fer Barry it 'ud been a poor chanst fer Hannah."

He was striding ahead, and without another word went into the house. When the light fell on him I saw his face white with agony.

My father was sitting beside the fire-place, in which logs were burning, with a kettle of steaming water over the coals, and I went and sat beside him.

Jimmy had gone into the bedroom, and for a little there was silence in the house, except that Mistress Jones came out hurriedly from time to time, for jugs of cold and hot water. My father smoked his pipe quietly, gazing into the fire, but said never a word, nor did I, but sat wondering how it was faring with Hannah, and by what manner Barry had "held the blood back."

After what seemed a long time voices arose in low tones behind the door, and presently it opened and Jimmy came out radiant, his face all smiles, but with tears running down his cheeks,—the Doctor following him with the light of a great joy in his eyes.

"She's good for fifty years yet, Jimmy," he was saying. "All she wants now is plenty of sleep—and nourishment."

And then came out Barry and Mistress Jones, Barry smiling but whitefaced, with Mistress Jones' arm about her.

"Yes, Hannah's all right now," went on the Doctor, nodding cheerily to my father and me. "She's just dropped off into a nice little sleep."

With that he turned and drew Barry to him. "She's all right," he repeated, "thanks to you all, but most of all to this brave little girl."

"Nonsense, Doctor!" argued Barry, smiling up at him. "I only did what any one of them would have done. It was really nothing much."

"Oh, no," smiled the Doctor. "Of course, as a professional man, I know it was nothing at all to sit three hours in a cramped position holding an artery. Bless my soul, girl, there isn't one in a thousand would have known what to do!"

"No more there isn't," broke in Mistress Jones, who was bustling about putting some milk to heat at the fire. "An' jist look at the white cheeks of her, an' the black rings around her eyes! The darlin' lamb! Lie down there, darlin', on the bunk, an' I'll hev' a cup o' hot milk fer ye in no time."

Barry persisted that she had only experimented until she found the spot on Hannah's arm that would keep the blood back, that she really was not very tired, and that she did not need a rest; but the Doctor over-ruled her and put her down among Hannah's cushions, covering her with a shawl.

Then it was that Jimmy found his voice.

Going over to her, he laid his big hand on her head.

"God bless ye, little girl, fer this night's work!" he said, husky with emotion.

Barry tried to speak to him, but could not, and, covering her face with her hands, became shaken with quiet sobbing, while Jimmy's tears dropped upon the pillow, almost mingling with hers. Mistress Jones put down her jug of milk on the table and ran out of the house into the darkness. My father went over and stood at the little front window, with his back to us, while I stood there with a lump in my throat, and the Doctor hemmed and rubbed his nose with a red handkerchief.

Thus did the reaction from the night's strain come upon us.

The Doctor first came to himself.

"Tut! Tut!" he said, coughing a little. "All's fine as a fiddle!"

But Jimmy knelt down by Barry, with the tears still wet on his cheeks.

"Ye're a brave girl, Barry," he said. "But 'twas the Lord sent ye." And then, to the surprise of us all, he—our swearing, light-hearted Jimmy, recited very solemnly, looking up to the little window above as though to find the Almighty in the great sky beyond:

"Then they cried unto the Lord in their trouble, and he saved them out of their distresses.

"He brought them out of darkness and the shadow of death, and brake their bands in sunder.

"Oh that men would praise the Lord for His goodness."

When he ended we were all standing with bowed heads, my father still by the window; and Mistress Jones in the open doorway, wiping her eyes; and then Jimmy arose, with the dignity of a great manliness upon him, and went to the Doctor, thanking him also, to which the Doctor responded:

"Tut, Tut, man! My business, man! Glad Hannah came through, though! Fine girl, that girl of yours!"

After that Jimmy came to my father and me with his thanks, but I declare I could find nothing better to say than

“And Billy, too.”

“Fer sure an’ certain,—Billy, too,” smiled Jimmy, and then we all laughed and the tension was broken, and Mistress Jones was able to speak again.

“Here, Alan, give Barry this drink o’ milk,” said she, giving me a welcome task. “An’ sit down every one o’ ye, an’ I’ll git a cup o’ tea. Jimmy, lad, ye’re needin’ it, sure. An’ every one o’ yez, fer that matter. . . . Barry, love, drink up the milk, like an angel, an’ then try to sleep a bit.”

So she bustled about, putting bread and butter on the table, and making the tea.

Before we sat down to it the talking stopped while Jimmy slipped in to see if Hannah were still sleeping, and when he came out, closing the door very quietly, our tongues were loosed again.

Over the cups the whole story was told, of how Jimmy had tried to bandage up the wound and had then set off, running, for the tavern; of how he had met Mistress Jones on the way back and she had turned with him, and of the long, long minutes before Barry arrived and my father.

“The very idea of that girl inventing a tourniquet!” chuckled the Doctor. “She’d twisted a bandage about in the very right spot, then, because it wasn’t tight enough, used her own hands for pressure.” But Barry was breathing deeply in a light sleep and did not hear a word that he said.

Then, while we still sat at the table waiting for the day, the talk drifted off to other things, and there was much to say about the “Declaration” which Mackenzie has drawn up and which was published in full on August 2nd, with the names of the Committee who signed it, in *The Correspondent and Advocate*, and in *The Constitution*.

With Mackenzie the Doctor was not disposed to be

lenient, waxing almost wrathful at the little man's misdeemeanors according to the Tory decalogue.

"He's going altogether too far," he argued. "No doubt he thinks himself a second George Washington—with his Declaration—'Declaration of Independence,' by George! He'll be calling on the Province next thing to cut loose altogether."

To all of which, my father, being no radical, did not greatly disagree.

But Jimmy sat watching the Doctor with burning eyes, and presently he said:

"I can't argify with you, Doctor, fer I don't know all the ins an' outs of it, but I know this—that if Hannah had died this night she'd ha' been murdered by a Gover'ment that's all fer itself an' none fer the people. What's Gover'ments fer, if it isn't to help the men that wants to work, an' take care o' the wimmen an' children? An', they say, there's lots more o' troubles as bad as the blocks o' land all over the country that's kept fer men that don't need them, an' a curse to the wimmen an' children. Not as I'm complainin' much fer me an' Hannah. So fur we've been happy as larks, workin' from four in the mornin' to ten at night. But when I wus runnin' out over the cord-roy, with Hannah bleedin' at home, I cudn't help thinkin' how it 'ud ha' been if it had been winter. I'd ha' managed myself on the snow-shoes, but what about the Doctor? An' then I thought o' poor Rowley Ewart, an' how he got home on the snow-shoes an' found his wife an' a little baby both dead; an' I knowed then why the folks behind the blocks is jist fair scared o' the winter. Seein' Hannah all the time I kep' sayin' over an' over the Promises in The Book in my mind, them verses my mother learnt me when I wus a wee lad, but somehow I cudn't help thinkin' o' Rowley's wife, an' I cudn't make things fit nowhow. I knowed that sometimes prayers is answered—as they wus with Hannah. But I cudn't help thinkin' o' Rowley's wife. 'Pears to me sir, as if sometimes the ill acts o' men crosses even the will o' the Almighty. An', sir, savin' yer presence, it 'pears to

me we've no right Gover'ment or it 'ud look out better fer the wimmen an' the little children."

There was a long silence after Jimmie stopped speaking. I think we were all speechless from astonishment at this night's revelation of him, and, besides, there was so little that could be said.

My father puffed hard at his pipe, and the Doctor, at the end of the table, thrust his hands far into his pockets and stared at his plate, the wrinkles deep between his eyes. When he spoke at last it was but to mutter, more to himself than to us:

"Yes, always it's the women and the children!"

Mistress Jones, we hear, went home with Barry, and has kept her in bed ever since.

And now I do regret every thought I ever had against her, for I perceive that the exterior of a person can by no means be taken as an index of the heart, and that some little faults of babbling may easily be overshadowed by a great kindness that shows itself in time of trouble. This my mother has always told me.

CHAPTER XII

FATEFUL WORDS

SUNDAY, a very fine day, and I am not at all sorry for the chance to rest, for there has been much heavy work with the harvest.

Notwithstanding that, and in spite of the fact that ordinarily at this time of year we farm folk could not be dragged or coaxed from our land, going to bed with the birds—and getting up with them, too, by my faith!—we have had some diversion, of late, that has kept us abroad when we should have been sleeping and has left us in sorry enough mood, at times, for being early at the wheat.

Again there have been meetings in the mill, with The Schoolmaster as chief spokesman; and a picturesque enough figure he has been, standing before us, with the candle light flickering on him, and his eyes flashing, and the wisps of long black hair falling over his forehead. He is very tall and thin, with a long pale face and sharply-defined features, and when he speaks he uses many gestures—quite unconsciously, too—and turns to this side and that, leaning towards us and extending his long, bony arm with a pointing index finger towards us when he would impress an idea.

I wonder if everyone has the sensation, at times, of a certain strangeness in things, as though one were only a visitor to the time and the place. Or, at others, of a strange familiarity, as though one had been in the selfsame spot and heard the selfsame words before.

I think such a mood came upon me the other night in the mill. As usual, Hank and I sat at the back on our box, which gives us a good view of the proceedings and of

the men, older than we for the most part, who come to the meetings. The windows were covered and the doors closed as usual, for The Schoolmaster insists on every precaution against discovery, so the light lost itself on the way to the ceiling, dissolving above us in what seemed a vast arch of gloom. Between us and the table, the men on the benches appeared like moving silhouettes of darkness, and everywhere about the floor and walls were long black shadows, shifting as the men moved about, or immovable from the vats and beams; while before us The Schoolmaster in his black clothes, with the light fair on his face, spoke impassioned words, turning from side to side and raising his long arms, the flash of his eyes coming and going with the emotion of the thought that impelled him.

Very suddenly I lost all consciousness of what he was saying, and felt as though I were looking on some strange weird picture or vision from the past, of sharp lights and black shadows and dim nuances running off into immensity; and the feeling came to me that these men before us were not of our little Here and Now, but part of some great Urge that always had been and always would be while there was aught to right in all the Universe.

Perhaps it was a weirdness in The Schoolmaster's oratory that induced the mood, for Hank must have been experiencing some such wave of emotion too.

"Ugh! I feel as though I were in some pirates' cave or something," he whispered to me, breaking my spell; but almost before the words were said corrected himself—"No, but at a hidden gathering of the old Covenanters." Hank's ancestors were of that brave and rigid old sect in Scotland, and many an hour has he beguiled for me, in our haunts by the river, by telling me tales of them which have been carried down by word of mouth from generation to generation.

When we told The Schoolmaster, later, about our fancies, he said:

"Yes, Alan, I think you were right. For a moment, lad, you caught something that belongs to the Universe and

to all Time. Those men, you, Hank here, I, everyone who is alive, must be a part of the great Urge forward. Should we fail that, we are but withered stalks that have borne no seed; we have failed in the task the Plan for All Things set us here to do."

I have never heard an orator that even our new world here calls great, but it seems to me sometimes that were The Schoolmaster in the places where men throng and world-events are done, he must surely be no insignificant figure. He can, at least, thrill one with his voice, and fire one with his spirit, and I am quite sure that were it not for my father's calm counsels I might be carried off my feet by him, as is Hank. And yet I have felt, at times, as I have seen Hank's face kindle and his cheeks flush and his eyes shine when he speaks of The Schoolmaster and his principles and mission, that I am missing something. It would be fine to be always enthusiastic and to go all the way without pausing to consider whether things are "thus and so."

The Schoolmaster, my father says, has fine ideals, and burns with the fire of which poets and martyrs and saints are made; but he is likely, so my father thinks, to see but one side of a question, and to act without waiting to grasp the true balance of things.

In the meetings in the mill he speaks, of course, wholly of the political situation, and of our grievances, and of what this Upper Canada might be were the men who hold her destinies in their hands, anxious to help her people rather than to wax rich on the fat of the land themselves. Our Governors, he says, and all those who cling about them—or make tools of them—refuse to believe that the people are discontented, because they themselves do not share in that discontent, but spend their lives chiefly in pleasure-getting, paid for by money which they have not earned.

"But, mark you," he says, "*someone* earns that money. There is nothing spent that is not earned,"—which seems to me very reasonable, as is also his contention that the

men and women who work hardest and most honestly should have the greatest rewards from their labor.

"Sir Peregrine Maitland kept his eyes blind to the needs of the people," he thunders, "Sir John Colborne would not see, Sir Francis Bond Head will not see. Eyes have they but they will not see; ears have they but they will not hear; hearts have they but they will not feel! What are the people to them but beasts of burden? hewers of wood and carriers of water to keep them in ease and luxury?"

And then he goes on in sharper words to upbraid the doings of those more of our own people, who should feel sympathy for us but do not.

He has told us much which we did not know before of the Union Meetings which Mackenzie has been holding "for political organization," chiefly in North York and Simcoe, where, it appears,—and especially about Holland Landing—men named Lount, Lloyd, Gibson, Gorham, and others, most of them farmers, have given him ear and are lending him every assistance in their power.

To the question raised at our last assemblage as to whether Mackenzie meditates actual rebellion, The Schoolmaster said he thought not, but that a demonstration might be necessary to secure reforms.

With that Hank's father got up and drew a paper from his pocket. "But what do you think of this?" he said, finding the place with some difficulty, in the flickering light. "Men, this is a copy of *The Constitution*, published on July the fifth. In it I find the words, and presumably William Lyon Mackenzie was the author of them"—and then he read a paragraph, laying great stress upon each word of the closing sentence: "*Will—Canadians declare—their independence—and shoulder—their muskets?*"

But The Schoolmaster waved the matter aside.

"All a part of the demonstration," he said, shortly. "All a part of the demonstration. Delegations enough have gone up empty-handed, Heaven knows! What has their reception been?—Politeness, gentlemen, politeness. Have you forgotten how the deputation of nine hundred men that

went up to the Lieut.-Governor in 1832 was satisfied?—‘Gentlemen,’ said Sir John Colborne, ‘I have received the petition of the inhabitants.’ . . . That has been the history of our deputations, and will be the history of them unless they can make some show of force. This Sir Francis Bond Head laughs at our delegations, gentlemen—*laughs* at them! A social personage, a wine-bibber of the nineteenth century, gentlemen; what does *he* care for the people of Upper Canada? Here today, gone tomorrow! No sense of responsibility to the world! Alas, gentlemen, our ‘Tried Reformer’ has proved but a peacock and a pleasure seeker. What will he do better than the Governors of the past?—But if our men go up armed, then perchance he will listen.”

And then Red Jock sprang to his feet.

“Is it laffin’ at us they are the noo?” he said, shaking his fist. “Gie us the airms, as ye say, sir, an’ mebbe they’ll laff on the ither side o’ their faces!—Oh aye, sir, it’s been politeness an’ politeness,’ an’ ‘We’ll tak’ it into oor seerious conseederation,’ but politeness’ll no fill hungry wames or hungry herts, an’ takin’ things into seerious conseederation gives a brow chance fer long waitin’.”

“Not that we may have to *use* the arms, Jock,” said The Schoolmaster.

—And then he went on to speak of the growth of the soul that comes of self sacrifice, and to tell in illustration the story of Garibaldi, and Kosciusko, and Arnold von Winkelried, the Swiss patriot, who in the great battle of Sempach, when the Swiss had failed to break the ranks of the Austrian Knights, rushed forward to the enemy and gathered a number of their spears together to his breast so that over his dead body his comrades rushed on to victory and freedom.

I do know this, that at the end of his speaking my courage burned high, and I know that as we walked out into the night my eyes must have shone with the lights that come into Hank’s when tales of valorous and unselfish deeds are told.

Much would it have suited us—Hank and me—to have gone home with The Schoolmaster and heard him talk until dawn, as he is prone enough to do when his emotions are on fire; but it was two of the clock, and my father was waiting for me to take the short cut home.

“Well, what did you think of it all?” I asked him.

“He’s right—right enough in some respects—Aye,” replied he. “But I don’t like this talk of arming. It’s—well, *ominous*.”

“But he says it’s merely for demonstration,” I said, reflecting even as I spoke upon a growing conviction within me that The Schoolmaster is not yet wholly clear in regard to his own attitude.

“And in the next breath told of men who have carried demonstration to bloodshed,” said my father. “I tell you when men begin to talk about arms it’s but a step to using them—Aye. I’m not saying The Schoolmaster himself thinks he’s going to fight, or any of us, but the notion’s lodged back of his brain somewhere, and’ll come to the top some day. Between him and Mackenzie and the like of them a fine bundle of tinder is being made ready. Some day the match’ll be set to it—Aye!—I’m not liking the whole business.”

“But,” I argued, reciting, perhaps unconsciously, words of The Schoolmaster, “the world has always gone ahead through shedding of blood. Why should we save our bodies when the world’s need demands that we give them up?”

“That’s all right, lad,” returned my father. “All right and good when nothing else will meet the need. But right here and now maybe the thing’s to wait a bit. I’ve a mind that there are good men enough in this new land to bring justice, without men that are just neighbors having to blow one another’s heads off for it.”

“But, father, The Schoolmaster thinks we’ve already waited over long,” I began, but my father spoke on as though he had not heard me.

“I’m thinking of the women and children,” he said. “If

wee Mac churns up a rebellion—that amounts to anything—there'll be more to follow than the women and children can bear—aye. What can women do in a new bush country like this?"

"War's never a holiday," I held. "It's all suffering. But when one's on the right side the end makes the suffering worth while, doesn't it?"

My father stopped to light his pipe, and then we trudged on in silence for a bit, and I looked up to the sky, all clear and soft in the summer night, and saw the tree tops waving softly against it, by the side of the road where we walked. And I heard their murmuring, and smelled the sweet odors from the wood, and suddenly it came to me that all this talk of fighting was a jarring note upon the great peace of the green world. It brought back to me one day in May when I had gone over green fields and among green leaving woods, besprinkled, here and there, with the pink blossoms of the wild apple. My very spirit had been singing, when suddenly I came upon a poor cow stark and stiff, and all crumpled in a terrible death. Fallen over a huge log which, apparently, she had attempted to jump, she had become entangled and impaled on the upturned roots of a fallen tree, and had perished miserably. Then it seemed to me that Death—such death—was a jarring note in the green and beautiful world, and so it came to me now. Yet, surely, Principle must ride gloriously even through Death and Discord. And so, I knew, my father felt, for he had been a soldier and had not failed to win his honors, either, and that at Waterloo.

"Lad," said he, presently, "I like to hear you talk that way. And mind, I'm not arguing against war; until the world's a deal better than it is there may be times when nothing else will count—though I'm thinking it's oftenest brought on by men all agog for profit or glory. . . . But for this tempest in a teacup that's boiling up here, I'm not for it. What can a hantle of farmers do with arms? They'll be mown down like thistles, and the women left

to face the winter with neither men nor money. The forest's a cruel place in the deep winter—aye. And, Alan, lad, war's a cruel deed—at the best o' times. . . . I'm thinking, too, that wee Mac's on for a separation from the Old Land, and I'm not for that. But I'm not for the way things are going on, either. They're bad, Alan,—damn bad! But as I see it we ought to have patience a bit longer and see what'll come out of it. Rolph's up there near the heart of things—and Baldwin, and Bidwell, and Morrison. The people are increasing in numbers, too, and some day they'll be strong enough to get their rights without all this pother."

"The Schoolmaster thinks not," said I. "He thinks things'll go from worse to worse."

"Well, maybe he's right," assented my father. "But he's a dyed-in-the-wool Radical, and inclined to take the extreme, always. People can't help being born like that, Alan. Maybe all the real reformers have been like that. Nevertheless, I'm convinced this talk of rebellion in Upper Canada's a mistake,—aye. And I'm going to no more of the meetings."

"Do you wish me not——" I began, but my father waved an impatient hand.

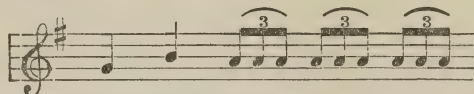
"You're a man now, Alan," he said. "You must make your own decisions."

He had talked more than his wont, and I could see that he considered our talk leading to nowhere and wished it ended, and so we trudged on in silence the rest of the way.

.
As I write here under the tree by the door, with my paper on a board on my knee, I pause to look about. The sunshine is lying very still and rich on the shorn fields and on the knees. Above the fence of the little paddock by the barn it shines on my mother's brown hair as she comes back with some new-laid eggs for supper. Beyond I can see the deep cool shades of the Golden-Winged Woods. They lure me, and I think that——

Continued on the night of
August 14th.

My journal broke off very abruptly yesterday afternoon, and all because of a bird-song that came to me, of a sudden, very faintly over the stubble-fields, from the Golden-Winged Woods:



Almost it startled me, for the birds, even the white-throats, are singing but little of late, having stopped, as they do, when the love-making is over and the young families of nestlings are abroad on their own account.

I sat with raised pen listening, but when the song was repeated again and again, at regular intervals, both pen and book were quickly enough put away, and in a moment I was striding across the fields and plunging into the cool shade which had at first called to me,—or was it the presence of Barry that had called to me through the shimmering heat-waves over the golden stubble?

Almost at the rim of the woods I found her. She was sitting on a log, very quietly, watching for me. She had donned her buckskin-colored gown and red sash, and her hair was loose over her shoulders, all this startling, yet pleasing me, too, for she has looked melancholy in the mourning which she has worn since her mother's death.

She smiled slightly, as I came to her, and motioned me to sit on the bank near her feet.

"We'll stay here," she said. "I want to stay where I can look across at your home. I've been watching your mother, Alan. I'm very fond of her."

"Would you like to go over?" I asked.

But she raised her hands in some confusion, looking down at her garb.

"She mightn't understand, Alan," she said, "or someone might come in who would not understand. . . . It—it isn't disrespect. But I got so weary of the clothing of sadness. Alan, I don't think anyone should ever wear mourning.

It helps to keep us looking down—down at the dark and sad things. We ought to try to look up, always, don't you think?—seeking for the bright things. Don't you think if life means anything it means that there must be brightness—always—at the end?"

"I like to hope so," I assented.

"The Schoolmaster's little sermon—that you told me, you remember—helped me to see that," she went on. "And today the mood came to me to throw away the sad, black things and dress for the woods. I had to keep to the woods, too, all the way so no one would see me."

"I've had so little of you, for so long, Barry," I said.

"I've missed you," she replied, simply, and the words went to my head like wine.

"Then," I exclaimed, "why didn't you call me sooner?"

"Because," she began, confused again, as I had never before seen her,—"Because—oh, there are too many because! Besides, I've been poor company. It's all been so cheerless and gloomy—all," she corrected herself, "but for one bright dream."

"Will you tell me that?" I asked gently.

But she drew herself away a little, very quickly.

"Oh, no," she said. "I cannot tell you that."

Then, with elbow on knee and chin in the cup of her hand, she became very pensive, and looked out for a long time across the shining field, forgetful, I think, of me, for her eyes were looking far away, into some realm into which I could not follow.

Patiently I waited, and after a time she came back to the Golden-Winged Woods again.

"I've had a strange life, Alan," she said presently, and I listened almost breathlessly, for never before had she spoken to me of her past, except of her three-days' adventure with the Indians, when a child. And yet her past mattered nothing whatever to me, for was she not *Barry*?

"And yet," she went on, "it has been very much the same thing—always roaming about from one inn to another, keeping away from the towns. It has only been strange

because the tavern life has been foreign to me, always. I've *hated* it, Alan,—just *hated* it,—and I don't think my mother loved it either."

Again she paused, and looked far out over the stubble, and between her eyes came a little wrinkle as though she had drawn it there in pain or perplexity.

"I don't think it's wrong to tell you this, Alan," she went on, after a little. "I have never told anyone—and sometimes—sometimes, you know, one just *has* to tell someone things. Most people have some relative, some friend. I have no one—at least no one to whom I can open my heart, but you."

And then I raised her red scarf and touched it to my lips, at which she smiled—a wistful little smile.

"I want to tell you just a little—about us," she continued, "then if ever you hear things, you will, perhaps, understand."

"I don't need to understand! I accept you just as you are, Barry!" I exclaimed, for which she thanked me.

"But I *want* to tell you," she said. And then, quick as the wind, she changed her mind. "No, I will not tell you," she said. "After all, the past belongs to those who lived in it. And, too, there was so little that I understood. Only this I know, Alan—that money alone never satisfied any human heart; that we may hide, but not from ourselves; and that it takes a great love—for someone—perhaps for some work—to make life worth while."

The words, it may be, sounded like an invitation to a lover's declaration, but there was that in the look and the tone that told me that Barry was again slipping away from me. In the very agony of knowing that I arose, and sat beside her, and caught her in my arms, and the words that I said I do not know, nor, if I did, would I confide them even to this my journal, for so sacred were they that I think they are held somewhere in the Universe and will one day come back to me—and surely she will bring them and ask me to claim them with her. Surely such great love-speech cannot be lost, but must sometime find mark—

and then—yes, surely she will bring them back to me with her own love-words added to them.

I know that I asked her to be my wife. But very gently and sweetly she repulsed me.

“Alan, dear, dear friend, not now,” she said. “Don’t let us speak of this now.—I think you will forget me. You must forget me if you can.” And then the tears ran down her cheeks, and together we walked through the woods to her home.

When we had almost reached it, she spoke.

“Alan,” she said, “I’m sorry, so sorry! You’ve been such a—*boy*—in some ways. I never knew that you could care like this. You must forget me, Alan.—You *must*! There will be someone better than I am for you.”

But nowhere in all this world will there be one better than Barry for me. And so I shall try to be patient—and, some day, she will hear me. Yes, I swear it by the silver stars above me this night—some day, worthy of her, if I can make myself so, I will speak,—and then, perhaps, she will hear me.

—Yet I am down-hearted, too, for who can tell whether these things can surely be?

CHAPTER XIII

AN AUTUMN AFTERNOON

THIS afternoon I have spent with Red Jock. I went first to the tavern to see Barry, but she was nowhere to be found, but only a red-faced buxom damsel whom Mister Deveril has brought from Buffalo to help in the house, and who, by my faith, seems mightily at home. Barry had been gone all day, she said; she didn't pretend to keep track of her,—supposed she was off somewhere in the woods as usual.

And so I went on to the blacksmith shop, half hoping my girl might be there, for she dearly loves to drop in for a chat with the smith, especially of a Sunday, when he is not busy and has time to talk.

But Jock was sitting alone under the tree in the yard, very clean and well-shaven, laboriously reading a newspaper, his lips moving to such good effect that before I reached him I could hear stentorian whispers. So absorbed was he that he was dead to everything else, and I was close beside him before he was aware of me.

"Hoots, mon!" he exclaimed, with evident pleasure. "Hoo are ye the day? Ah'm richt glad tae see ye. Sit doon an' hae a bit crack."

So I threw my hat on the ground and stretched myself beside it, and we "cracked" about the weather, and the harvest, and all the doings of the neighborhood and the highway.

But when I would have arisen to go home Jock would not hear of it. "Indeed an' ye'll no," he said. "Ye'll just bide an' hae a bit supper wi' me, an' it's unco' welcome ye'll be. The Sabbath's a wearisome day—wi' all respect'

tae it, ye ken. Whan a mon's at his wark the time gaes by like a burn, ripplin' an' laffin'—or maybe a bit gray an' glowerin' gin he happens tae be oot o' humor. But it's on the rest days that it juist lags like the snaw in a late Springtime, an' it's then he maist needs wife an' bairns tae keep him believin' life's worth livin'. But Ah'm thinkin', though, 'at wark's the best thing in life, mairret or single, an' no the curse it's been branded. If it wisna for't we'd be a' eatin' ane another up like the beasties i' the jungle, Ah doot."

"How is it you never married, Jock?" I asked. "A fine man like you shouldn't have to be missing the wife and bairns."

He rubbed his chin for a minute, thoughtfully.

"Weel," he said, turning to me, with the twinkle in his eye that I had expected, "I juist escapit it."

"Just escaped it?"

"Aye—By the skin o' ma teeth," he added, chortling with the remembrance.

"Can you tell me about it, Jock?" I asked, feeling my way cautiously, for though Jock has a great "gift o' the gab" he can be as dour and reserved as an Indian if the notion takes him. But this time he was expansive.

"Oh, aye," he replied, quite cheerfully. "Ye see the way o't wis this: She wis a gey fine lassie, wi' curls an' dimples, an' a glint to her ee fit tae send a lad daft,—an' a way o' turnin' her shoulther, an' settin' oot her bit foot, fer a' the warl' like Tam Tamson's filly.—Ye ken what a bonnie bit o' horseflesh is that, Alan?"

I nodded, and he went on with enthusiasm. "Oh, aye! That'll be a bonnie leddy, ane o' these days! Slim an' prood, wi' her heid up, an' fetlocks as trim as yer wrist! Steppin' an' prancin' about! It'll be a fearsome time Ah'll hae wi' her when it comes to the shoein', Ah doot. Tam Tamson tauld me——"

"But you're getting away from the story, Jock," I interrupted, and that brought him back.

"Hech, mon, ye're unco' keen tae hear o' the lassies!" he

laughed.—“Weel, as Ah wis sayin’, she wis eneuch to send ony lad aff, an’ Ah wis daffie eneuch an’ no mistake, but juist aboot thae time my sister gaed awa’—she wis keepin’ the hoose, ye ken—an’ the lassie’s mither gied me an invitation tae bide wi’ the family till she cam’ back. . . . Weel, it didna’ tak’ me a day tae mak’ up my min’ aboot that, so ower Ah gaed wi’ my bit travelin’ bag an’ my plaidie, an’ fer a week or mair all gaed fine as a fiddle. . . . But Alan, afore lang Ah began tae get a glint that there’s mair tae luik tae in a wumman than a dimple, or a toss o’ her heid, though Ah’m no sae sure, Alan, that ye ever ken a’ there’s tae be borne wi’ i’ the buddies till ye live i’ the hoose wi’ them. Afore the second week wis weel afoot, it cam’ tae me like a flash ae day, that *conversation’s* a braw thing tae conseeder. Wi’ Kirsty the clack frae morn till nicht wis: ‘Oo! There’s Mary MacDonal’ gangin’ doon the road! Noo, what d’ye say’s taen *her* oot this time o’ day? I’ll be thinkin’ she’ll be ower to Ellen Cameron’s to sew. She’s wearin’ a new cape an’ a red petticoat. . . . Oo! D’ye see Mary Forsythe an’ Jim’s Jimmie doon ayont the river? They’ll be fer the glen. I wunner if they’ll be mairrit this June. Unco’ fine she is wi’ her new bunnit. It’s purple, wi’ pink roses on’t!’ . . . An’ when she wisna’ keekin’ oot o’ the window she wis aye makin’ bits o’ lace an’ sic fule things, an’ tellin’ ye hoo mony steeks it tuik here, an’ hoo mony ye had to miss there, an’ the Lord kens what-an’-all. . . . Afore the second week wis weel afoot, it cam’ to me wi’ a flash, as Ah remarked afore. There wis an auld aunt that lived i’ the hoose. ‘Deil take it,’ Ah said to mysel’, ‘it’s no Kirsty Ah’m fain tae hear talkin’ but the auld aunt.’—Ah’m thinkin’ it’s aften juist that, Alan.—A callant thinks it the lassie he’s taen wi’, when it’s naught but a dimple or a ringlet—wi’ a’ the family fer a background as ye may say.—Sae that brocht an end on’t. Ah thocht o’ a’ the years an’ years listenin’ to thae clashin’ aboot this ane’s kirtle an’ that ane’s bunnit, an’ whether wee Andy wis to mairry big Meg, an’ aboot the wee bit steeks. ‘Ah’ll no worry thro’ it,’ Ah said to mysel’. ‘Ah’d be daft wi’ a

year o't.' An' it didna' tak' me lang to kick ower the traces aifter that. . . . Ah escapit, Alan, but if it hadna' been fer the bit stay i' the hoose wi' the limmer Ah doot Ah'd ha' taken the step.—The Lord be thankit fer His mercies!"

"But what about the poor girl, Jock?" I asked. "Didn't she feel badly?"

Jock had no regrets.

"Hoots, mon," he said, "thae bit lassies wi' the glint i' their een an' the bit tricks wi' the shouthers an' ankles is no worrit lang. There's aye guid feeshin', they ay haud. An' moreover, Alan, Ah wis a real *airtist*, as ye may say. Ah didna' up an' tell the lassie what Ah wis aifter, an' set her greetin' an' clackin' about it. Ah juist brocht *anither* laddie an' left him wi' her, gently an' naterally ye ken, an' afore twa wriggles o' a lamb's tail she wis juist as much taen up wi' him. That gied me the bit atween my teeth, an' sae it wis a' ended 'in sweet accord,' as the Methody hymn pits it."

"You *were* an 'artist' surely enough, Jock," I said, laughing, "but it's not so very nice to live alone as you do. Besides, Jock, a man like you, with a good trade, ought to have a family in a new country like this."

Jock did not reply for a moment, but sat looking off into the deep shadows of the woods beyond the road, where the maple trees were already showing an odd blaze of scarlet and the beeches a shimmer of pale gold.

"Ah've no spoken o't afore, Alan," he said presently, "tae ony leevin' soul. But Ah've no negleckit ma dooty a'thegither. There wis twa weans i' the Auld Kintra, wha wis left wi' ne'er a frien' in a' the warl'. Ah promised their faither Ah'd tak' care o' them. They're in Toronto wi' a guid wumman wha keeps them as clean an' bonnie as daisies an' sends them tae the schule. She's fain eneuch tae get the bit siller fer their keep, puir buddy, an' she makes a guid home fer the weans."

Again he paused and looked into the woods, then he resumed:

"Ah dinna min' tellin' ye, Alan, that Ah'd mairry her the morrow gin she'd tak' me. She's a winsome lass, an' no fashin' hersel' ower bit steeks an' ither fowk's business. But her hert's sore yet ower him that's gaed awa'. Ah doot if ay she'll luik at big Red Jock."

"Are you very fond of her, Jock?" I asked.

"Noo yê've said it," he replied. "Alan, she's tae me what Barry is tae you, gin Ah ken the signs.—Aye, Alan, but she's the dainty lass! The wee han's of her, like the hawthorn buds i' the spring! An' the saft voice of her, like the win's soughin' up there i' the pine trees! An' the big gray een luikin' up like stars frae her widow's bunnet!—Ah doot, Alan, she's ower fine fer me."

—So it was that I learned that even Red Jock cherishes his romance.

"What is her name?" I asked, and he said, "Eleeza-beth."

Then the talk drifted off to other things.

In his little shop on the highroad Jock is in the very stream of folk going to and fro, and hears much that never comes to us out in the fields, and so he usually has many things of interest to tell if he chooses to tell them. This afternoon, as was to be expected from these times, he fell naturally into the talk that makes up so much of our conversation, often stormily when Reformer and Tory meet, and he had something to tell me of the gatherings which Mackenzie and his followers are now holding in various places, ever more boldly, very little attempt being made to conceal their occasion or their purport, sometimes even with defiant mottoes posted on the walls. Always resolutions are passed in the most daring way, but with very little interference, the Tories choosing, for the most part, to treat such demonstrations with contempt and ridicule. Invariably, of course, the Radicals are in attendance, but the more moderate Reformers take no part, or stay away altogether. Nevertheless, there is much bitterness being stirred up in the country, and even the moderate Reformers

have to face misunderstanding and obloquy because of these things. With their attitude Jock is not in sympathy. They are neither one thing nor another, he says, and that is not according to his philosophy of life. "It's ay them that gangs a' the way that gets there," he says. A good friend or a bitter enemy is Jock.

And then as we talked, while the sun sank in the West and the shadows lengthened across the road, there sounded the galloping of a horse's hoofs, drawing rapidly nearer, and in a moment from behind the big beech tree at the edge of the yard came full tilt none other than The School-master.

His face lighted up when he saw us, and, swerving his horse in, he drew rein and flung himself off, then fastened the horse to the hitching post and sat down on a bench before us.

He was very warm from long and hard riding, and the long black hanks of hair lay wet on his forehead, but he did not show any consciousness of bodily discomfort other than to remove his hat and throw it on the grass. He is always oblivious of himself when at all excited, and, indeed, this time it did not require more than a second glance to see that he was under some unusual mental strain or exaltation.

"I've just come from Toronto," he said, almost immediately, and then, he went on to tell us, in a few words, of things he had heard there and in the vicinity. Lount, Gibson and Nelson Gorham, he said, are all helping Mackenzie, and speaking at the meetings, their words carrying great weight, for they are all known as fine men and are proving themselves orators besides. In the West, too, the people are aroused, and are under the direction of one Doctor Duncombe. So that Mackenzie's plan of dividing the Province into four parts, for organization, is so far working splendidly. . . . With the Lower Province, too, it appears, there is to be some coöperation, and Jesse Lloyd, of Lloydtown, has been appointed as emissary between Mackenzie and Papineau, going to and fro between the

Provinces, carrying letters and messages that can be entrusted only by word of mouth. This, however, came to The Schoolmaster by devious ways, and is not publicly known, so that it behooves me to be very silent on the matter. As for Jock, with all his talking he could be burned to ashes at his own forge before he would divulge anything entrusted to him. Besides he is a Radical and fever hot for the cause.

"Ye'll be sayin' *noo* that they'll be for fechtin'?" he "speired," when The Schoolmaster paused in his recital.

"I'm not prepared to say that," replied The Schoolmaster. "But we must be ready. If all else fails, even to fight, regrettable though that may be, may be necessary."

"Noo, ye're sayin' it!" exclaimed Jock, enthusiastically.

"—And in order that our men may be ready in case of such an emergency," continued The Schoolmaster, "they must be trained.—And you," turning directly to Red Jock—"can help more than most of us."

"Me, sir?"

"Yes, you, Jock. You are in a position to do so."

Jock continued to stare for a moment, then, with what may have been intended for a bow of acquiescence, "Ah'll be fair complimented, sir,—gin ye'll tell me ma bit job."

The Schoolmaster waved his hand.

"I'll drop in to see you on a week day," he said. "There's *much* that you can do, Jock. As for the rest of us, we've been all over slow, I fear. Already they're beginning to drill——"

"To drill!" we both exclaimed.

"Yes, to drill, in many places, and for the sake of the rifle practice, pigeon and turkey matches are becoming very popular. Don't say no if you are invited to one in the Village or down at the Corners before long.—As for the drilling, I've been thinking that Jimmie Scott's is just the place.—A bit of irony that, isn't it?—that The Block should be the very rampart for a movement against the condition that made it possible! Ha! Ha! . . . In short, I've been thinking it all out on the way, and have decided that we

may assemble there next Tuesday night. What do you say?"

To that neither Jock nor I made objection, and then The Schoolmaster turned to me.

"Do you think your father would undertake to drill the men?" he asked. "He is an old soldier."

"I am quite sure he would object," replied I. "He's not in sympathy, you know."

The Schoolmaster nodded. "I know," he said, drawing down his brows. "I'm sorry. He would do much better than I. But I'll do the best I can. I had some practice, you know, in the Old Country. I was a sergeant in the yeomanry.—Well, I must be going."

Red Jock hastened to untie his horse, "Ye'll be fer askin' the rest, Ah doot," he said.

"Not today, Jock," said The Schoolmaster. "I've a sort of feeling about the Day of Rest.—But tomorrow."

Jock nodded with satisfaction.

"Ah'm no what ye may dub releegious," he said, "but Ah've a sort o' suspection aboot the Sabbath. Weel, ye may depend on's, sir. An' Ah'll be luikin' tae see ye sune, sir, tae tell me aboot ma bit job. Amang us a' we'll doon the autocracy (he called it "ottocrassy") yet, Ah doot."

"That we will, Jock," laughed The Schoolmaster, and, touching his hat with his whip, he rode away.

"A fine mon that!" exclaimed Jock, looking after him admiringly. "Ay the manners o' a gentleman, and yet wi' a hert that feels fer thae bodies wha hae na a manner at a'. Did ye see the touch o' the hat, Alan?—juist as if we wis fine buddies! An' him juist comin' frae hobnobbin' wi' the fine fowk i' the toon!—Weel he'll no lose onything by't, an' Ah doot if it comes tae him leadin' up a company o' men they'll gang aifter him gin he chooses tae tak' them tae the middle o' Lake Ontairio. . . . Noo, Alan, come awa' ben the hoose an' we'll hae a bite o' supper."

So we walked in slowly from the road and I sat on the doorstep of the little room behind the shop and watched him while he fried bacon and eggs in royal quantity, and

produced jam from the cupboard, and bread which he cut into chunks big enough for Finn McCool.

"Ah cudna' expec' Eleezabeth tae fit in tae sic a rough bit hoose as this," he said. "She's aye a dainty bit. But mayhap when the demonstration's by things'll be mair fit i' the wilderness."—"Ah'm no meanin' that wad mak' a deef-erence wi' Eleezabeth," he added, "but Ah've a feelin' that a mon shouldna' expect a wumman tae step intil ower much to bear.—Ah'm no sae sure, ye understan', that she'll hae me at ony rate, but aye Ah keep mysel' up wi' thinkin' that mayhap, when the greetin's by fer him that gaed awa', an' when the bairnies is growed an' feenished wi' the schule an' got places maybe, an' when, maybe, there's mair siller an' a better hoose than this bit shanty, I'll speak wi' her again, an' aiblins she'll be no sae fain tae turn awa'. It's a fule dream, Alan, Ah doot. But it keeps me ay forgin' a bit o' soul's glowin' as weel's the bit horse shoes an' pleugh-points an' wagon tires."

When Jock had ended I went to him and held out my hand. He caught it in his big brawny one, and we looked into each other's eyes.

CHAPTER XIV

A DISSAPPEARANCE

IT is now four weeks since I last wrote in my journal, and I do not know why I do so now save that I am sick at heart and, perchance, seek to find some respite in doing the thing that I have done before. And yet I fear that the impulse is such as makes us sometimes press on a part that pains even though the pain be worse therefor.

At my last writing I spoke of not finding Barry at the tavern that Sunday afternoon.—So long ago, it seems! Can it be possible that it was only four weeks ago this day?

She has not been seen since, nor has anyone heard of her.

When she did not come back that night Nick Deveril thought nothing of it, holding that she might have stayed with some of the neighbors, although that is something that she has never done since coming to these parts.

When she did not return on Monday nor yet on Monday night, he reached a point of being somewhat moved and sent out an alarm, going over to the Joneses' himself to discuss what might be done.

Then it was that our settlement arose as one man, as it always does when dire trouble falls upon one of us.

Straightway Dick Jones set off on a gallop one way, and Mistress Jones another, riding as fast as he, for there is no better horsewoman in this country. From farm to farm the word was called out, and Tom Thomson and I joined in the work of calling it, Tom mounted on his fleet-footed Jess, while I put Billy to his speed. But so far did my anxiety run ahead of my poor beast that it

seemed to me that he was going at snail's pace, and I fear I put the spurs to him cruelly.

"Barry Deveril has disappeared!" was the burden of our cry. "Go to the tavern!"

And straightway in the harvest fields men threw down their sickles and made away as fast as they could, while the women stood at the doors anxious and distraught.

There was no need to ask what was to be done, for this thing had happened once before in our neighborhood—though 'twas a little child then that was not to be found,—and happens in every settlement, sooner or later, in this bush country. And always countenances are grave and hearts are sore, for there are many dangers abroad in the wilds,—of morass and cliff, of wild animals, and of being lost and starved to the death in the trackless forest.

At the tavern, before ten of the clock, every man in the settlement had arrived, even to the Doctor and the lads from the Village and beyond, and were standing, a silent group, with the leadership falling naturally to The Schoolmaster.

As in a dream I saw it, scarcely conscious of what was being done, and wondering why the minutes were so long before we could be off.

Then I felt a touch upon the shoulder and knew that Red Jock was close by me. And a moment later Jimmy Scott was half whispering to me to be hopeful for the Lord would be good to me because of what I had done for Hannah.

Their nearness seemed to give me strength—it is when in trouble that a man knows his friends—and presently I was able to collect myself and knew that The Schoolmaster was marshaling the men into little companies, to spread out and pace the forest, the most difficult parts, because of rock and boggy swamp, being given to the stronger and younger of us,—Big Bill, and Ned Burns, Dick Jones, Jimmy Scott and Hank and me, with the lads from the Village.

And so we set out on our terrible journey, going forth

in long lines, with a few yards from man to man; and the signal of finding her—scarce yet can I write the words—was to be a loud halloo, passed on and on to the outermost.

So we passed all that day, going out every way, looking and looking behind the trees and logs and bushes, and straining our ears for a halloo. The next day we went over the ground, and again the next, going even farther by forest and field; and then the search narrowed down to the few horsemen among us who rode furiously to the villages, enquiring in them, and of those whom we met on the highway.

At nights only did we return, hoping for word, and the agony of my heart bade fair to mount to madness in my brain and might have had it not been for a word of hope that came to me.

On my return after one of the days—which one I do not know, for I lost all track of time—someone told me that Old Meg had been looking for me, and wished to speak with me immediately.

With a bounding of hope within me—how we snatch at straws, we poor mortals!—I hurried to her cabin, and she took me past her looms to the little back room where she lives.

Strangely enough, I can remember the conversation, though all that went before is lost in a nightmare confused of words and grave, bronzed faces and hurrying forms in homespun.

Placing a candle on the table, she sat down near it, and motioned me to sit down also, and at the first glance at her face I was conscious of two impressions: that there was no hopelessness in her countenance, and—oddly enough at that moment—that she must have been a fine looking woman in her day.

“Well, what do you think about it all, Alan? Eh?” she asked, looking at me. Then, before I could answer, “Listen to me, lad.—You think, or have thought, Barry may be dead.—I do not.”

And I went to her and snatched her hands in mine. "Then tell me where she is, for Heaven's sake!" I said. "If you know where she is, tell me!"

But she pushed me gently away.

"Sit down," she said, "and hear me. I do not know, Alan; I only surmise. Answer me and help me to know that I surmise correctly.—Now," leaning towards me, and speaking very slowly, "answer me this: Do you think Barry had any reason for staying longer with Nick Deveril?"

"Why—no," I stammered, "except that one expects a daughter to stay with her father."

She laughed a little.

"Does Barry seem to you, then," she asked, "a daughter of Nick Deveril?"

To that I could make emphatic rejoinder. "No.—She is surely not spirit of his spirit, though she may be blood of his blood."

She nodded. "Aye.—Often enough children are not children, truly, of their parents. In that you speak well, Alan. Sometimes there are swans where there should be ducklings, and ducklings where there should be swans. It's something I've never been able to fathom, though I think for the most part heredity proves true. Usually ducks bring forth ducklings and swans swans.—But, Alan, what if I tell you that Barry was *not* the daughter of Nick Deveril?"

I started, but held my head the higher.

"That makes no difference to me," I said.

Again she laughed.

"Come, come, don't be short," she said. *"Honi soit qui mal y pense."*—What do you say if I tell you that she was not the daughter of *Mistress* Deveril either?"

And with that I was truly surprised.

"No?" I said. "But why are you playing with me like this?—What I want to know is—if Barry—where she is——"

"And I must tell you that I do not know," Meg responded. "Have patience, will you?—Now, answer me:

If Barry is nothing—never was anything—to the Deverils, save a child left with money to pay for her keep, do you think she would now have any reason for staying with Nick Deveril?"

Then the light burst upon me, and I wondered that it had not come sooner.

"No——" I began.

—"Especially since the woman from Buffalo is proving so capable," went on Meg, smiling.

"You think, then," I asked, "that Barry has just—left home?"

"Just that," she replied, nodding.

I sprang up. "But where would she go?" I said passionately, yet with hope all singing in my breast. "Why did she leave her clothes?—Why——"

But Meg interrupted again.

"—Her clothes.—Everything," she added quietly—*"everything but the little embroidered moccasin and the silhouette picture of a white man."*

And then I sat down again, speech paralyzed, but brain alive with a hundred wild conjectures.

Meg was going on, still in the same low, even tones.

"Perhaps you may not know," she was saying, "that I was the only person here of whom Mistress Deveril made—neither friend nor confidante, but something of the kind. Remember, she told me little—but reading between I knew that she was a woman of some—perhaps you would call it 'family'—and a woman with a story. Usually, Alan, where there's a woman with a story there's the memory of a tragedy."

Here Meg stopped and stared at the floor,—so long that I wondered if she would never begin again. And yet I did not like to break in upon her reverie. At last, with a gesture as though to brush back her dark wavy hair from her forehead, she resumed, taking up her speech where she had broken it off:

"—A tragedy, Alan, and most times of the heart. Believe me when I tell you that Mistress Deveril did not

marry Nick Deveril from choice, but to run away from something. What that was I don't know. But she couldn't run away from herself. She wasn't very happy, poor body. . . . Well, as I was about to say, one day she told me that Barry was a strangeling, and that someone had left money to pay for the care of her. Further than that she said nothing—reticence had become a habit with her, I think,—but that is enough to explain Barry's disappearance, now that she is no longer needed at the tavern."

"But did Barry know?" I asked.

Again Meg gave her quick nod of affirmation.

"I asked Nick Deveril straight, last night," she said, "if Barry knew, and he said he had told her, a few days before. I suspect he was out of temper and hurled it at her, poor child. He's stupid enough, in some ways, barring his passion for money, but he's a temper of his own, too, that flares out if anyone crosses him. And I don't think he ever liked Barry. He knew she was too good for that house."

All this I heard, but my mind was in a maze, my thoughts hurrying round and round, without ever seeming to get anywhere.

"But why," I said, "did she go away without speaking a word of it to any of us? Surely that wasn't necessary."

To that Meg could give no satisfaction. "That I can't tell you," she said. "Probably Barry had her own reasons."

—"And without her clothes," I persisted, "except those she was wearing?"

To that a little frown of perplexity came on Meg's countenance. "That's the only puzzle," she said. "I confess that does puzzle me—and worry me a little too. It *may* be that—that an accident has happened. Yet—yes, Alan—I *feel* it, that Barry is alive and well somewhere, knowing perfectly just why she did as she has done. I don't think it ever occurred to her that the people here would be so troubled. She was almost too modest, was Barry."

Again we sat in silence, conjectures crowding upon me—

and wonderings. Had Barry run away from *me*? Where had she gone? Would she write to one of us, presently?—All this broken upon by the horrible fear that after all Meg might be mistaken. . . . And then, in the very midst of my agony, so strange is the human mind, I marveled at the bearing of this woman who talked with me, and at the manner of her speech.

That night I went home, pondering much the things that I had heard, and imagining one course and another that Barry might have taken, and into every device entered, persistently, sometimes extraneously, a vision of the little porcupine-quilled moccasin. I would be picturing Barry, perhaps in some town or city, making her own fight for the sort of life which she had said she sometimes longed for—a life of high civilization—and I would be seeing her in a gown of flowered silk tripping through glittering halls, when suddenly the picture would be blotted out and there would be nothing but the little slipper of buckskin with its wildwoods embroidery.—And perhaps it was this persistency that led me to think of the Indians.

Thenceforth for days and days I rode here and there to all the camps of which I could hear, but of Barry I could gather not a word, nor of Wabadick, except that he and his squaw and papooses had left for the Northern lakes “many moons back.”

From these long rides I would return home, keen with the hope that our missing one might have returned, only to have my heart thrown down again to its despair, which it would have been wholly had it not been for the comforting of my mother and the clinging to Old Meg’s theory, which I would not utterly give up.

Through all the days my father wrestled alone with the harvest, and there was still much of it to be saved. Coming home one evening my sorrow lifted enough to let me think of him, for the temperature had lowered suddenly and there was promise of wet days that would destroy or injure the out-lying crops. My heart burned with gratitude to him that he had never once asked me to stay, and

I was sorry for him, for the loss of a goodly part of the harvest is, in this hard new country, no small matter. But when I came within sight of the little farm I saw, in the fields, a sight that brought a lump to my throat, but a kindly grateful lump. Not a stalk was left standing; there were new stacks by the little barn, all covered and ready for the threshing; while from the fields two or three loaded wagons were being driven slowly in, men following, with forks on their shoulders.

"Bless them!" I exclaimed to myself. "Heaven bless them!"

They were all there—our nearest neighbors—Jimmy, and Big Bill, and Dick Jones and the rest,—with Hank and The Schoolmaster and Ned Burns from the Corners; and The Schoolmaster was shirtsleeved like the others and was walking in beside Big Bill.

—So great and warm is the heart of this wilderness!

The drilling has begun, they tell me, behind The Block, at Jimmy Scott's, the men slipping to it by the road, and by devious paths through the thick growth of The Block,—most of all, perhaps, by the little trail through the forest which Jimmy has made to the mill, and along which, often, he carries his bag of grain on his back. Great secrecy is maintained, in all these doings, but as yet I have not been a part of them.

CHAPTER XV.

PREPARATIONS

I CANNOT rest. Even yet at every opportunity I must be ranging the forests seeking for some clue of Barry, some little ribbon or shred of her dress that might indicate whither she has gone. Nor, between such times, can I settle to work on the farm, for even while my hands move it is with little spirit or intelligence, since always and always my mind, *myself*, is roving afar on its fruitless quest.

Last Thursday, keeping to the highways, I rode farther than usual, asking many people by the way if they had seen or heard aught of our girl. Some of them had seen the inquiry about her that has been placed in the papers, but further than that knew nothing; so that now, it seems, if we can find no information from the Indians, who read no papers but carry their news by word of mouth, we can hope no further.

It was far past midnight when I returned to our settlement, and as I came opposite Red Jock's blacksmith shop I was surprised to see the door open and Jock himself standing in the doorway, hugely outlined against the dull glow of red light within.

"Hallo, there!" he called, and I drew rein and swerved my horse in.

"Whaur hae ye been this time o' nicht?" he said, coming close to me. "Ay searchin' an' searchin', Ah doot, puir laddie! Come awa' ben an' Ah'll fin' ye a bit o' scone an' a wee drappie tae wash it doon. Ye'll be sair needin' it, Ah doot."

And when I declined he insisted. He had something to show me, he said.

So I threw myself off and proceeded to tie Billy to the hitching-post, while Jock patted him on the flanks with his great broad hand. "Ah kent weel 'twas Billy," he said, "whan Ah heard him comin'. There's a click tae's canter that Ah cudna' miss amang a score o' the beasties. Gin it hadna' been fer that Ah doot ye'd ha' seen nae glint o' the fire thro' the mirk this nicht,—naught but the bit shop as silent an' glowerin' 's the tomb."

"That's what I'm wondering about," I said. "You're not often up as late as this, Jock."

"Ah cudna' sleep," he said, "sae Ah juist oot o' bed an' set tae a bit o' wark that's waitin'. The deil o't wis that wi' the door an window baith tight as drums, the place sune het up like the infernal regions," rolling the words out,— "an' I swat till I wis fair reekin'" —Jock dearly loves to add to his vocabulary, especially words long and resounding, and odd enough the effect often is when they intermingle with his "braid Scots."

"But why did you let it get hot as the infernal regions?" I asked. "Why did you have the door and windows closed?"

"Juist tae haud the glimmer frae shinin' oot," he said. "Come intae the smiddy an' see the why o't."

I followed him, and as soon as we had passed through the doorway he drew the door to and shot the bolt. "Gin a wanderin' buddy strays alang," he explained, "it'll gie's a jiffy tae clean up a bit afore lattin' him keek in."

And then, by the side of the glowing forge I saw a pile of metal things that were new to me.

I picked one of them up and turned it over and over without finding enlightenment, while Jock watched me amusedly.

"Weel, what d'ye mak' o't?" he asked.

"It beats me," I replied. "Is it—is it a new-fangled tip for a plow-point?"

At that he laughed gleefully, bringing the flat of his hand down on his "breeks" with a thwack.

"It's no that," he said.

"Maybe it's teeth for a drag," was my next venture.

Again he laughed. "Ye're comin' fine! Sune ye'll be roun' a' the agricultooral eempliments."

"Is it—is it—oh, give it up, Jock. Tell me."

And then at once he became very serious and came a little closer to me, lowering his voice when next he spoke.

"Can ye no imagine what use ye cud gar o't were't at the end o' a cudgel?" he suggested.

"Why—it might do for a crow-bar," I conjectured, "if the stick were tough enough,—elm, maybe, or hickory."

He nodded quickly, watching me as I still turned the article over, examining it more closely.

"Noo ye've said it," he assented, "elm or hickory maybe, —but it's no fer a crow-bar."

"Then what in the name of all curiosity is it?" I said. "What in thunder are you doing here in the dead of night making trinkets like this?"

"Trinkets?" he repeated, smiling. "Aye, it's no sae formidable on the surface o't as a pleugh-point, is't?"

Then he glanced towards the window over which his coat had been hung, as I now saw, in apparent carelessness, and lowering his voice, said,

—"No sae formidable on the first glance o't as a pleugh-point, but, Alan, what d'ye say gin Ah tell ye it's a head fer a *pike*, laddie?"

"For a—*pike*?"

"Aye—fer a pike. Laddie, they're bein' wrought by the score an' the hunnerd i' the smiddies ower a' the kintra,—awa' North at the Landin', an' South ayont the Forks, an' awa' tae the West. Noo, hae ye no idea o't, laddie?"

And then the light broke upon me.

"They're not for *weapons*, Jock!" I exclaimed.

"Fer juist that," he replied. "There'll no be rifles an' muskets tae gang roun', an' sae thae pikes is i' the makin'. Laddie, wi' yer grievin' ye've tint yer grip on the times, an' that's wi' nature surely. But, laddie, sinsyne the—the mishanter—cam' tae's a' the sad day a month or mair

syne, tae's been uncoss gae'n on a' ower the kintra. The hale kintra's juist seethin', Alan, an' some day there'll come the spate. Ah doot, laddie, cud ye hae lookit doon frae aboon, this nicht, instead o' skeplin' alang ower the highways, ye'd ha' seen the forges glowin' i' mony o' the wee smiddies, an' the chieles gangin' thro' their paces i' the glens o' the forest, an' the fields behind the hills, an' far back frae the paths an' roadways."

"I have heard about the drillings," I said, "but I did not know about the pikes.—They don't look very dangerous," I added, dropping the one I held in my hand on the pile.

"Ye'd tell a deeferent tale gin ye got a crunt wi' ane o' them," he bristled. "But there's bullets, too, i' the makin'. Aiblins cud ye keek intil the mill at this vera meenute ye'd see Hank, an' Ned Burns, an' Dick Jones, an' mair o' them, bizzy's bees i' the claver. They're warkin' hard o' nichts noo."

"They are!" I exclaimed.

"Aye. An' e'en i' the hooses the guidwives an' kimmers is helpin' wi' them. But it's men, no wolves, they're garin' them for this time."

All this almost took my breath away, for I had not known that affairs were progressing so.

"Have they, then, *decided* to fight?" I asked.—"It wouldn't need many bullets for a 'demonstration.'"

"Hoots, mon! Ye wadna' hae them gang up wi' dummy rifles like a lot o' weans on the Queen's birthday," he said. "There'll maybe no be fechtin'—yet maybe there wull. There's nae tellin'."

And then, finding me interested, he continued: "The lads'll be tae Jimmy Scott's again the morrow evenin', an' 'll be unco' fain tae see ye gin ye tak' a notion tae gang."

"Perhaps I'll go, Jock," I said.—"I think I've looked everywhere."

He put his big hand on my shoulder.

"Ye've done that, Alan lad," he said. "Aiblins the lass'll come back ae day frae somewheres ye've no thocht

of at a', nor wadna', nor ony of us. An' ye're wairin' yer-sel' oot, laddie. Ye'd better juist be content tae bide a wee, noo, an' see what'll come o't."

And then I looked away from him and down at the little pile of iron pikes, and it seemed to me that all the world was full of pikes, and that Fate itself was forging pikes to enter my soul. For no longer were there the old happy care-free days. Would they never come again? Without Barry, for me I knew that they would never come.

So wrapped was I in the sad reverie into which I had fallen that for the moment my ears were deaf, and then I realized that Jock was saying:

"But ye're fair forfairn, laddie, an' I've been haudin' ye frae yer bed tae hearken tae ma clack. Noo juist sit ye still an' Ah'll get ye a bite an' sup."

He went "ben" and in a moment came back with a bannock and a cupful of good ale, which I drank gladly enough, for indeed I was "fair forfoughten."

On the next evening I mentioned to my father the advisability of my joining the boys at Jimmy's, and to my surprise he did not object. Perhaps he thought the diversion of the drilling might take me somewhat from the melancholy which has taken possession of me and place me again on my feet among men.

So it was that, with little enough interest, I must confess, I made my way through The Block, pondering as I went on how strange are these affections of ours, which, for the sake of one beloved, can blot out so large a part of the horizon of the world. He must be a great man, I thought, who for the welfare of the great whole can turn aside from a beloved one; and yet this is what men have been called upon many a time to do.

Near the clearing I fell in with some of the boys converging towards the little spot which has assumed such unwonted significance, and soon our little body was afield, "going through our paces" under The Schoolmaster's in-

struction, while Hannah sat on the doorstep knitting. Inside, someone said, Mistress Jones and one or two more of the women were molding bullets, which may have been so, since we did not see a sign of them all evening save, now and then, through the doorway, the flit of a skirt.

Already, I found, the boys were marvelously facile in forming fours and standing at attention, and wheeling right and left, and all the rest of it; and before it got too dark there was some banging with rifles at a target. In this some of our lads have long been very proficient, for food-getting in the woods demands great quickness of sight and motion, so that it is considered no feat at all to notch a bull's-eye in a stationary target.

This evening Hank's father dropped in for a while, and he and my father talked long about these things, sitting on the bench by the door, while my mother, in her Sunday gown, sat near them, and I, too, on the doorstep.

My father thinks the whole affair looks uglier than ever. When men begin to shake their fists, he says, it's a short way to using them, the same being true of mobs and nations; and he always ends by observing that actual rebellion in this Province, at this time, could result only in disaster, since a few bush-men, poorly trained at best, and worse armed, could have no chance whatever against trained militia and perhaps canister. Moreover, failure, he holds, would be but the preface to conditions much worse than before, since the Government, by way of punishment and example, would consider itself justified in resorting to extreme measures. With his experience of real war, it seems to me, this opinion might be worth listening to, but when I observed that to The Schoolmaster one day, he said: "What if the immediate attempt does meet with disaster? What can it matter if conditions are worse than before? In the end the things for which the attempt is made must be granted. That has nearly always been the way with forward movements. First there must be sacrifice. We want things done in a day, or a month, or a

year. But the Universe moves slowly, so far as man is concerned. We cannot hurry it, and yet if we do not move at all neither will it move, and all posterity must suffer."

This, I think, reveals a far vision, which sometimes I catch sight of, and yet I cannot but feel, as my father does, for the women and children who are here with us now,—aye and for the men and lads too, for it is a sore thing to fail, when one has thought one has done right, and even be compelled to suffer for it.

Hank's father is still inclined to pooh-pooh the whole matter. The plan will scarcely come to a head, he thinks, and he passes over Hank's enthusiasms by laughing at them, as he has always done. "Hank was always an excitable youngster," he says. "He'd run a mile any time to be in at a dog-fight."

While he talked thus my mother's face brightened, and she brought out a letter from my Uncle Joe, which arrived this week from Toronto, and which seems to corroborate his opinion in regard to the unlikelihood of an outbreak, stating that the Government is well aware of the on-goings, and that prominent Tories at the Capital merely laugh at them, thinking very little of would-be soldiers who would come up with pikes.—"There aren't any little Davids nowadays," writes my uncle, to which my father rather dryly observes, "But there are plenty of Goliaths."

My mother is anxious and nervous about what may come. I have observed, however, that women have a tendency to try to cross their bridges before they come to them.

—And now I must to bed, for I am very tired. This month of worry seems to have filched my strength as well as my spirits.

CHAPTER XVI

THE PATERAN!

(Note:—The pages upon which the narrative was written, for the greater part of this chapter, differ from the others in size and quality and are ragged along one edge, for the reason that will appear in the reading.)

I AM writing this in a strange place—namely, in the little cave which I have aforesometimes visited, some ten miles down the river, by the side of the great boulder which Hank and I have known as “The Big Beaver.”

The reason for my being here, however, is very simple. I have been caught in the rain and have sought shelter both for myself and for Billy, who is standing outside very contentedly in the lee of an overhanging ledge of the rock, munching his oats and pausing occasionally to give me a friendly whinny.

It is not at all cold, but the rain is falling in a steady pour, and as I look out I can see it dripping from the now rapidly thinning leaves and running down the tree-trunks in little rivulets. Nor does it show the slightest intention of letting up, for the sky, wherever a patch of it can be seen, is a dull and uniform gray. Nevertheless, still and wet as the outlook is, it is not altogether cheerless, since the most of the trees in this spot are beech and soft maple, and the yellow of their autumn coloring forms a sunshine of its own both in the trees themselves and on the floor of the forest, which is now covered with a thick carpet of gold. Farther away, by the river edge, there are cedars, and at one point they part, so that I can get a view of the river itself, all punctured and beaten up by the rain. Nearer there are some clumps of green fern and some

stalks of the pretty plant that we call "burning-bush," whose fruit is now ripe and somewhat resembles a split beech-nut bur with tiny red berries depending from its center.

Since it is not cold I am quite comfortable, but am very thankful, nevertheless, that I brought with me my notebook and quills and the cake of solid ink, without which I seldom go abroad; and which will help me to pass the time until Billy and I can venture abroad again.

Three days ago I rode down to my father's sister's on a matter of family business that is not interesting enough here to record. Found them all well, and pleased indeed to see me and to hear news of our household.

But it was an incident on the way thither that most engrossed me.

On the way down I followed, as usual, the highways, making use of certain by-paths that I know and prepared to sleep overnight somewhere in the forest, which I prefer to staying at a tavern provided the weather be dry. There is a spring, clear and bubbling, upon one of the by-paths—a bush road, or trail, rather, which is seldom traveled—and this spot I determined to reach, if possible, so that I could make it my camping-place for the night.

In this I was successful. At about six of the evening I found the spring, so lost no time in tethering Billy and giving him a drink and feed; then I made my own fire, which was easily enough done in this spot because of the paper-birch trees. . . . It is sometimes very amusing to see the efforts of a greenhorn in the bush to make a fire. Usually he piles a heap of stuff and proceeds to light it as one might kindle the fire in a fireplace, the result being that sometimes the blaze goes out and sometimes becomes rather ungovernable, which is a matter of some anxiety always, and especially during the drier months. The seasoned bushman, on the contrary, first selects his site with care, choosing, if possible, a gravelly spot or a flat rock where there will be little trouble in quenching the coals afterwards. Next he collects his little bundle of birch

bark and lays a few dry sticks across, then sets the fire going from his steel and flint, adding to it, little by little, until the blaze is as lusty as needed.

Mine I built on a gravelly place from which the water below the spring, in April freshets, has washed the soil away, and soon I had my bit of bacon frizzling and sending forth tempting odors. With some bread and a draught of water from the spring it made a good enough meal for a hungry man.

The next step was to make my bed, no difficult matter for one who has experience, using balsam boughs and placing them in over-lapping rows, layer upon layer, until a deep, springy resting-place had been improvised, more fragrant, I wager, than the couch of any monarch, for surely in all the world there is no perfume more refreshing than that of the freshly severed boughs, and no air more pure and sweet than that of the primeval forest.

Shortly after dark I lay down, fully clad, as one must be when sleeping in the open woods, trusting to my bit of tarpaulin for protection against probable dews, and my rifle by my side as a guard against possible intruders.

Not a sound was to be heard save Billy's crunching at some woods grass that I had cut for him, and the soft murmuring in the tops of the trees, broken, occasionally, by the sharp click of a leaf, as it loosened from its anchorage and came floating down to join its kin on the ground; and I was rather glad that it was autumn since I could look up and see, through the network of branches, the silent stars. When last I slept in this spot the year was knee-deep in June, and the leafage so dense that it made a thick roof overhead that enshrouded everything beneath in a thick and impenetrable gloom.

So I lay there, wondering about Barry, and whether the boys were all busy at Jimmy's this soft star-lit night, until the forest and the night began to drift away and presently I fell into a heavy sleep.

I must have been startled before realizing it, for suddenly I found myself sitting up, with my eyes wide open.

At first I thought I must have heard a great owl with its *To-whoo, to-whoo*. Then in a trice, at a very short distance, someone called "Halloo! Halloo!"

There was no answer, but in a moment the sound of light, fleet footsteps bounding through the forest.

"Where is that confounded spring?" said a voice, apparently of the hallooper. "I thought I knew."

To this there was a low rejoinder, the approaching one evidently having arrived, and then a short colloquy in subdued tones which did not reach me.

"Howard Selwyn, if I'm not mistaken!" I exclaimed to myself, but still sat motionless, while the footsteps approached, rustling through the fallen leaves.

In a moment the two figures emerged, and I could see the faint outlines of them as they went down to the spring, the tall form of the first speaker, and a much shorter and slighter one, evidently that of a mere lad.

"I haven't been so thirsty in a six weeks," went on the first voice. "I suppose it was that smoked fish you inflicted upon us tonight. I swear I'm fast developing an Indian palate like yours, my boy. I can go muskrat, beaver, bear, groundhog and hedgehog—porcupines is it, you call them?—but I draw the line at fish smoked until it's black all through."

"Selwyn, sure as I'm here!" I said to myself; and then I heard his light laugh at some low words from the boy which did not reach me.

"Oh, anything you like," he went on, in response.

The two paused at the edge of the water, and Selwyn drank long, while the lad dipped up a bucketful.

"Adam's ale," exclaimed Selwyn, when he had finished his draught. "Fit for a king, and the very thing for Indian lads and wandering Englishmen. *Were* I king, my boy, I'd knight you for bringing us to this camping place. That's the coldest water I've had this summer."

With that Billy, tethered near me, moved his feet in the leaves and blew the breath through his nostrils audibly in the way that horses do—though whether sneeze, or sigh,

or imitation of a night-hawk, I have never yet made out.

The two turned and looked in the direction of the sound, and then Selwyn caught sight of my smoldering fire on the gravel. "By Jove, there's a fire, too," he said. "There's someone about."

At once I arose and went down the slope.

"Just I, sir," I said. "I've made my bed here for the night, but shall be off with the daybreak."

Selwyn held out his hand instantly. "What! My young hero of the rapids!" he exclaimed. Then, in his bantering way, "What means this? 'Twas on the Styx we met the last time, and now here we meet again in the midst of these Plutonian shades. I swear I'd like to get a good look at you in broad daylight. . . . Which way are you traveling?"

"Southward, sir."

"Alas!" he exclaimed in mock tragedy, "And we go North! At all events Fate has crossed our paths again. What do you make of that?"

"Is there——" I began, but he halted me.

"Hold!" he said. "Now I remember me that you are a youth of much argument, and I am not in humor for argument considering that it's cool and my nether extremities aren't over-well clad. Fate crosses us again. Granted. Now *I* think it means that you are to sleep in my tent to-night instead of out here among the dews and porcupines and perhaps worse."

"I thank you very much," I said, "but I'm very comfortable. A bed of boughs isn't to be despised, with or without cover."

"That it isn't," he replied, "as I know well, for this Indian lad of mine is an expert at making them. Here, Eyes-of-the-forest——"

But the Indian lad had disappeared in the darkness among the trees.

"He's like the wind," laughed Selwyn, "now here now there, and you never know when he goes nor where he sleeps. But he's always within reach when I call. They're an odd people, these North Americans of yours."

"Very odd," I said, "with some things to mend and many to recommend in them."

Selwyn prepared to move on.

"So you'll not accept the hospitality of my wigwam?" he said. "I think I can promise you an early start and a good breakfast. Eyes-of-the-forest—whom Downs calls 'Peter' and who calls himself 'Nahneetis'—will see to the one, and Downs to the other. Or perhaps Nahneetis himself will see to your breakfast also, in which event you will be well looked to. 'Nahneetis,' he tells me, means 'Guardian of Health.' Now what about partridge roasted with hot stones in a hole in the earth? How would that suit you? With fresh bush bannocks and wild honey? Or perhaps you'd prefer some of Eyes-of-the forest's smoked fish."

To all of which I declined as gracefully as I could.

"No?" he went on. "I can't tempt you? Then perhaps you will tell me how that little girl at the tavern is,—Barry you call her?"

With that there crushed in upon me the sharp cramping upon my heart that always comes when her name is mentioned, but the words leaped from my lips.

"You have heard nothing of her?"

He perceived my emotion, and even through the gloom I could see his keen look directed upon me.

"Why, nothing," he said. "Has anything happened?"

And then he sat upon a log, and motioned me to sit beside him, and I had to tell him the whole story, to which he listened with rapt attention, appearing to be truly sorry, and promising to keep eyes and ears alert for any trace of her while on his wanderings from place to place.

After that he went to his wigwam, and after a time I too went to my bed, and drew the tarpaulin over me, and lay there awake for a long time, looking up at the stars and thinking about all the events of this year which have fallen so strangely upon our uneventful lives. Had it not been for the trouble that has come upon me, I could have been very happy, with the light breeze just moving over my face, and the sweet odors and quiet sounds of the

forest all about, and Billy for companionship; but I perceive that our happiness depends almost altogether upon the thoughts and affections within, and but a small portion upon the things that are without.

At daybreak I was awake, and soon Billy and I had breakfasted and were off. In a few moments, down the trail, we passed Selwyn's little encampment, three small wigwams made of poles, with a bit of tarpaulin about the top, and boughs of the balsam below.

Near by the horses—three of them—were tethered, and raised their ears and whinnied at Billy as we passed. Otherwise there was no sign of life, not even a curl of smoke from the flat rock upon which were the ashes from the last night's burning.

The rest of my journey was accomplished without incident.

And now here I sit in my cave, half way on the home journey. The rain still pours, and from my sheltered spot I can see the river still thickly pitted with the drops. Since there is nothing better to be done for a while, I think I shall lie down and have a sleep.

Here once more in my little room beneath the rafters, and have just taken from the pocket of my best coat the bundle of notes which I wrote in the cave, and which I had quite forgotten.

But little wonder, for this time I have a great thing to write in my journal.

Barry lives!

Yes, she lives—of that I am certain, and, though I should never meet her more, my heart throbs with joy at just knowing that somewhere she is alive and, perhaps, happy.

The reason that I know is this: When I awoke from my sleep in the cave, the first thing my eyes rested upon, when I had recollected where I was, was—a *little pateran!*

Yes, a little pateran—Barry's own little pateran of twigs,

crossed one over the other and laid from the very floor of my cave so that I could not in any wise miss seeing.

At first I sat up and stared, in a sort of maze, wondering whether I were not dreaming.

Then the great joy came to me, and I touched the little twigs with my fingers, and sought indication where they should lead me. But at the farther end there was no twig "pointing like an index finger"—Barry's own little sign—that might give me its message. Straight towards the river the little causeway led, for a rod or so, then ended abruptly.

To the river's bank I bounded, but there was no sign of any human being. Then I hallooed, again and again. No voice answered. And so I returned to the cave to wait, and took up some of the little twigs, and pressed them to my lips, and placed them in my pocket closest to my heart.

So night fell, and day came again.

In the long hours I had time to think it all out, and though there was some sadness in the thinking, so greatly was the sadness overshadowed by joy, and is still, that it mattered scarcely at all. For Barry lives,—nothing can change that. Without doubt she passed, by the river, as I slept,—but, whether up or down I could not know, for the river tells no tale of passing canoes.

Near me she was, as I slept, yet she did not awaken me, nor leave word nor sign other than the little pateran, placed there in playfulness! Yes, she was there, the old Barry,—playful, whimsical, elusive, alluring. Coming silently as the night, she slipped off again as silently. Me, she does not want nor need, but I can rest content that no mishap has come to her, and live in the hope that some day she may come back to me.

In the meantime I must just wait. The searching is ended.

CHAPTER XVII

TORONTO

AS I write this, on this fifth day of November, 1837, I am not sitting in my little room under the rafters, but in another, very daintily furnished, with a window that looks out upon the bay, so that continually I have a changing picture from it, of gleaming water, now rose-streaked, now blue, or green, or silver, or iridescent, according to the time of day, if the sun shines, but very steely and sullen when the skies are gloomy and the snowflakes begin to fall as they do of late.

The reason of my being here is this—and I think I shall write all of the dear scene in detail, for I may confess to my journal that sometimes I am more than a little homesick, and very much given to living over the old home days.

Upon the afternoon of which I write we had had a bee in the fallow—a very small one—for burning up some logs and slash which should have been disposed of long before, in August or September, but which my father and I could not manage this year to get ready in time. However, a short dry spell, with high winds, dried everything out so that we thought we might venture, and so invited a few of the boys—Dick and Fred Jones, and Hank, and Ned, and one or two more, who brought oxen and chains as usual.

At any other time, after a bee, the evening would have ended in a dance, but the boys had doings afoot with The Schoolmaster and left immediately after supper, while I returned to the fallow for some things I had forgotten and that I feared might be in the way of the fire.

It was quite dark then, and so I sat down for a time to

look at the scene, for I think there can be nothing more beautiful than a log-burning in a fallow at night. About the log-heaps the flames licked and curled, creeping upward and upward in long, red tongues, and sending up columns of smoke that spread out like reddish misty trees in the flickering light. All about, the little knolls and hollows seemed to move as the shadows wavered and shifted, like a restless sea of black with red-crested waves; while beyond all stood the great silent wall of the forest, grim as though in wordless protest against this fiery disposal of its children.

As I sat there enjoying the pleasant warmth, for the evening was chill, Blucher lay beside me, head erect, ears up, very much interested in such unwonted doings, but quite trustful that all must be for the best, and, indeed, we must have stayed over long, for presently my father's voice could be heard, at a little distance, hallooing.

I replied to it and arose, and as we approached each other, with the firelight glowing upon us, I could see that he held a letter.

"Is there some news?" I asked.

"Just a letter from your Uncle Joe," he replied. "Tom Thomson left it in on his way from the Corners. Your Uncle wants you to go up to Toronto at once. If you decide to do that you can get a chance with Tom in the morning. He's going up on business and can bring Billy back."

"Whew!" I said. "This is rather short notice, isn't it?"

And then we sat down and I read the letter by the firelight.

Briefly this was its content: The young man in my uncle's apothecary shop had recently left, leaving a place there which my uncle would like to have me fill for the winter. Since his patients always increased in number in the cold weather, and it was absolutely necessary for him to make his rounds, there would soon be less time that he himself could spend in his dispensary, yet there was much there that I could do quite well with such instruction as

he could give me between times. Besides, he thought I should have a taste of city life.

"You've always said," he wrote, addressing my father, "that you wanted your son to be an all-round man. Just the way I feel, my dear fellow, about my own family,—although, by the same token, all my boys are girls! Anyhow I've done my best with them. Nora and Kate can ride like dragoons and swim like minnows, and the two little ones, Mollie and Dora, are coming on after them. Shoot, too! You ought to see Nora with a rifle! And now she's for learning with the bow and arrows too. But *there's* the Colleen for you! She can ride all day and dance all night, and then get the breakfast ready for her mother if need be, chipper as a wren, before eight o'clock in the morning. If I remember your lad, Alan, right, she and he will get along like a house afire. I'll be glad to have him here, too, to keep off some of the other young gallants. They're beginning to come around like bees about a hive of honey, by Jove!—altogether too thick for my notion. . . . Everything considered, you had better send the boy along—the sooner the better, for me. Of course my dear sister there and you will miss him, but you can live your lover-days over again and it won't be long until spring.

"Your Affect. Brother-in-law,

"JOE."

Then there followed a very characteristic post-script:

"P. S. If you don't let him come I'll think it's because you're afraid to trust him with such a dyed-in-the-wool Tory as your Affect. Brother-in-law. Of course I'll argue with him. By the powers, that I will! It will afford me the greatest pleasure in the world to knock some of those damn Reform notions out of his head, *if I can*. But I don't forget that he's half Scotch, half Irish—a combination that never yet made a mixture easy to handle. So you can trust him to hold his own, one way or another, as you probably know. He looks like his Irish grandfather, and *he* was the very devil. You'd never know what way he was until the last minute and then he'd down with his head

and ram through, like a Kerry bull—horns first, tail flying,—and it didn't take the Lord to know where he was going then! But I must stop this. Send the lad along and give nine-tenths of my love to Mary Machree. You may keep the other tenth for yourself."

When I had ended the letter my father was smoking his pipe and gazing solemnly at the blazing log-piles.

"Well, what do you think about it?" he said.

"What does mother think about it?" I asked.

He took out his pipe and knocked its contents out on a stone, absent-mindedly, for he had just filled it.

"You know," he said, "we've always said you should have a while in the city. We had hoped it would be at the Upper Canada College, but the money doesn't seem to have come in enough for that."

"It doesn't matter, father," I said, for I knew that this was a sore subject with him. "I've had the books, and you and mother have helped me past the schools here. Don't you remember how, when I was only ten years old, you put me through the *pons asinorum*?"

He smiled with the remembrance. "It was so little we could do," he said, "but we did our best. And there were the books—aye."

For a moment I waited.

"So you think I had better go?" I asked.

"Your mother and I think you must decide for yourself," he replied. "*We* think it a good chance,—of course."

"Perhaps," I agreed, but I confess that thoughts of leaving Hank, and of the boys drilling, and of the remote possibility that Barry might return to the neighborhood, were buzzing through my mind so that I could hardly form a clear idea at all.

"After all, it's well for you to see more than one side of life," said my father.

"It must be," I agreed.

"Your mother says," he went on, "that if you're going up with Tom in the morning you'd better come in at once

and see what's to be taken. I left her washing out your shirts."

"So it's all settled," I said, smiling, and with that we arose and went through the dark fields to the little home.

"He's going, Mary," said my father, as we entered, and, indeed, my dear mother already had my best things out, and was sorting them ready to put in the traveling bag. "You'll not have to take much," she said. "You'll need better things there and can buy them in the shops."

It was not long after daybreak when I left them. "I'll be home at Christmas if not sooner," I assured them, and my mother smiled and choked back the tears. "Yes, if the roads are fit," she said. And then I rode away, turning at last to wave to them as they stood at the gate in the gray morning light.

On the way here Tom and I had a satisfactory though uneventful journey, over fairly hard-frozen roads, and, arrived at my uncle's there was another good-bye to say to Billy, and big enough was the lump in my throat, I do confess, as I saw him go off with Tom, the empty saddle on his back.

But it was necessary to hide such softness, for my uncle was there, and my aunt, and all the girls, swarming out of the door like so many bees, and all very hearty and glad to give me welcome. Right to the sidewalk they came, bare-headed, just as they were, and my uncle pounded me on the back and aunt and the girls kissed me, nor could we go in at all until they had all looked me up and down, and asked for the folk at home, and told me how pleased they were to have me.

"Taller than I am, by the powers!" exclaimed my uncle. "By Jove, boy, it takes the backwoods to put inches and girth on a young fellow!"

"Still he is like his grandfather," added my aunt, "only taller and broader, of course."

"Well, don't keep him out here in the cold, while you admire him," laughed Kate, and then Nora caught me by

the arm and the two little girls insisted on struggling off with my traveling bag, and so we went in in hilarious procession, everybody talking and laughing at once.

Uncle Joe's house, it seems to me, is quite fine, very commodious and comfortable, though built but of wood, painted white. There is a portico at the door, and the windows are many, and protected by green shutters. Behind there are some fine forest trees, which have been left standing, while in front there is a garden for flowers enclosed by a picket fence, also painted white.

Inside there are fireplaces with marble mantels in every part of the house, and in the long hall that leads from the front door a fine broad staircase of polished oak, with carpet so soft that never a footfall sounds as one ascends. In all the rooms there are such carpets, so that, were it not for the merry talk and laughter, the place would be very silent indeed. The chairs and sofas, too, are very soft and deep, and are so many that, with the marble-topped tables, and pictures, and brass sconces and andirons, the whole place looks most elegant.

Upon the first evening, as we sat about the fire in the family parlor, I had to tell all about the dear home and the manner of living of our people, all of which was especially interesting to the girls, who have never visited us.

Uncle Joe declared that the bush country, with its tree-felling, and logging-bees, and strenuous out-of-door life, is the very place for the making of men.

"And of gentlemen, too, dear," added my Aunt, "when there are such mothers as Mary."

Which words were very kind of them to say and very pleasing to me to hear.

Kate, who appears something of a patrician in her ideas, said she thought it was charming of my mother to stay in such savage surroundings; she herself would be frightened to death to see Indians walk into the house without knocking or have to walk at any time through woods where she might meet bears or lynxes; but this Nora received with a peal of laughter.

"Now, Kate," she said, "you know very well you're not one bit more afraid than I am." Then—turning to me—"Kate, you must know, Alan, likes to make being afraid an excuse for always having an escort. It's so much more romantic, you know, to have that young——"

But she could go no further, for Kate's hand was over her mouth, whether in irritation or playfulness I could not make out.

"Anyhow," Nora declared, freeing herself, "*I think it must be lovely where you live, and I'm promising myself a holiday there next summer.*"

The girls are all very beautiful, especially Kate, but there is a something about Nora that makes her most attractive, even more so, I think, than Kate. At first I thought this was a certain sprightliness or life, that is lacking in the more graceful and haughty elder sister, but later I have come to the conclusion that it is Nora's great naturalness and spontaneity that make her chief charm. Very evidently—although he tries to hide it—she is her father's favorite.

Since coming here I have been to every part of the city, and find it much grown since I was last here, though with the houses still much scattered, the better ones being surrounded by large parks of trees, with driveways, which make them look very imposing,—at least to my backwoods eyes. Nearly all of the houses are clap-boarded and, for the most part, very neatly painted, although a few are strongly built of brick. Uncle Joe's is on King Street, where there are some quite fine places, especially towards the West, where the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor stands at a short distance from the shore.

Along some of the streets there are plank sidewalks, with here and there a space flagged with stones from the bay, and along part of King and Front Streets the business houses are quite closely set, the best buildings being about the corners of King and Frederick Streets. But for some distance up Yonge Street there are also some busi-

ness places, with scattered houses and taverns, and some very fine private dwellings even north of Lot Street.

One of my earliest visits was paid to the Garrison, which I had not seen closely before, and where there are low forts and a number of cannon on a commanding position at the head of the bay, overlooking the wharf at which supplies for the garrison are landed. The place is not very interesting just now, however, because there are very few about, the soldiers having been taken away, for the most part, some short time ago and sent to Kingston.

But further detail I will leave to some future time, as I am now tired of writing and somewhat sleepy also. I wonder if my mother and father are sleeping peacefully under the stars, or if my mother is lying awake, as she so often does, and thinking of me.

And I wonder where is Barry this night. I must keep watch, for some day she may come to this place, which is so much a center for our Upper Province, and I would look on her face, but for an instant, to know that she is well and happy.

CHAPTER XVIII

AT ST. JAMES'

WELL, don't you want to come and hear the Devil preach?"

This was the missile that Uncle Joe hurled at me through the usual hilarity of the breakfast-table this morning.

For a moment I stared at him, and then I burst out laughing.

"Oh, is he as bad as that?" I said, while Uncle Joe sat looking at me, his eyes twinkling, both elbows on the table, his knife in one hand and his fork in the other, so that his round bald head and beaming face shone out between them like a sunflower through the pickets of a palisade.

"Joe!" exclaimed my aunt, reproachfully, but smiling at the same time, for Uncle Joe entertains her mightily. "What a way to speak of dear Dr. Strachan! And *do* take your elbows off the table and put down your knife and fork!"

My uncle immediately assumed a decorous position, but expostulated:

"Good Lord, my dear! Can't a man do as he likes even in his own house, and in his morning jacket? Tear an' ages, it's time enough to be starched when a fellow gets on a board front and evening clothes! Now confess, Octavia, I *was* the pink of perfection at my Lord Chief Justice's dinner party. Wasn't I, now?"—immediately proceeding to rub his bald plate with both hands, and beaming upon her through his spectacles.

"Very much so," returned my aunt, smiling, as she arranged the tea-cups, for she herself always pours the tea, and very prettily too. "But, Joe dear, *don't* rub your head in the very middle of breakfast, *please!* What's got into you this morning?"

"A surfeit of dignity, my——" he began, upon which the girls burst out in a peal of laughter.

"I mean the *result* of a surfeit of dignity," he added, correcting himself. "A sort of after-the-banquet letting down, my dear. Octavia, when a man's been at high-falutin' dinners on end for a week, he's ready to *stand* on his head let alone polish it."

"But what an example for the children!" persisted Aunt Octavia, glancing proudly at the two little girls, Mollie and Dora, with their pink cheeks and curly hair tied up with blue ribbons, who were enjoying the fun as much as anyone.

Uncle Joe wagged a finger at them.

"Now remember, you chickabiddies, when you're as old as your daddy, with your heads like two billiard-balls, you must by no means polish 'em at the breakfast table. By no means! When they need polish you must do it in your own rooms, my dears! Do you hear what I say?"

Whereupon the two little mischiefs burred out into laughter like bobolinks.

"Now that *that's* settled," remarked Nora, smiling at her father, "perhaps Alan will have time to say whether he wishes to hear the Devil preach."

"Nora!" exclaimed my aunt; but Nora blew a kiss at her and turned to me.

"I shall be delighted to take any risk," I said, "provided I may accompany my fair cousin."

She sprang up and made me a low curtsy, drawing out her crinolined skirt and dropping on one knee until her curls fell all over her face, then resumed her seat.

"What are you going to do, Kate?" she asked.

"Oh," said Kate, elevating her head very high in mock of being offended, and looking down at her plate as she daintily cut off a bit of comb honey, "since I'm not included, I'm going to church by myself, and then home to dinner with Anne, and then out riding."

"Oh, with Pinky, I suppose," returned Nora.

"Yes," assented Kate,—“But I do wish you wouldn't call him ‘Pinky,’ Nora. It sounds so, so——”

“So eminently *unsuitable* to a young officer with a rosebud for a mouth and perfume in his hair,” cut in Uncle Joe. Upon which little Mollie burred out again. “Oh daddy, how funny! He must be a *moss* rose.”

And then Kate pretended to pout a little, and Aunt Octavia found herself called upon to say that Percival was a “very nice-mannered young man,” and my uncle to remark that he was “all right as an ornament.”

“Kate doesn't really care about him,” Nora said to me, aside, “and Daddy knows it.”

So the merry talk went on, as it always does in this house.

Very decorous, however, was the family that, arrayed in Sunday best, issued from the door a little later and went along King Street to the sound of the bell of St. James, the little girls ahead, Kate, my aunt and I next, with Uncle Joe bringing up the rear with Nora.

“I like to walk with Nora,” said he. “She never hangs on like a morning-glory, but walks along like a grenadier, by gad!—with her head up, and on her own two feet!”

In perhaps fifteen minutes we had arrived at the church, which I had before seen but have not hitherto noted in my journal. It is still called “the new church,” although erected seven years ago, and is a stone edifice, over one hundred feet in outside length, I judge, and perhaps seventy-five in width, and appears to me very imposing, although the tower is not yet completed. Inside, too, it appears to me quite magnificent, with its great stained window, and deep transepts, and high pews, of which a special one, marked out by a canopy, is reserved for the Lieutenant-Governor and his suite,—this, I remember, being the occasion for a criticism from The Schoolmaster once when he returned from a visit to the Capital: “A reserved seat in the House of God!” he had exclaimed.

When we reached the church the people were arriving in crowds, some in very fine coaches with footmen, drawn

by the most beautiful horses I have ever seen in harness. When I remarked on this splendor, however, Kate prepared me for still greater by saying "Wait until you see the Governor's and Dr. Strachan's!"

It was very diverting to me, too, to look at the garb of the people, and it was not difficult to point out the very rich, although, it seemed to me, the majority of the women were quite fine enough, with their silk gowns and Paisley shawls and gay bonnets. The men, for the most part, wore long black coats that flapped out loose at the bottom, and very high collars with cravats of black or white, the whole being completed very well indeed by tall hats of silk or castor, which, I notice, give great dignity, even to men who might otherwise look quite short and thick. When I remarked this to Nora, she said it was "a great pity some ever had to take them off," but laughed so good-humoredly that there was no unkindness in the remark, as appeared the more evident when she gave her father a sly poke saying, "Isn't that so, Daddy?" Indeed there is never a sting to anything that Nora says, although she dearly loves to have a joke at the expense of anyone at all, including herself. I do not in the least mind making remarks to her that reveal my backwoodsmess, or asking her advice when I am in doubt as to what I should do or wear, for I know her common sense is great enough to let her see that ignorance in regard to these things is no real ignorance at all, but comes only from lack of opportunity for seeing. . . . It seems to me that this quality of understanding is a great thing in a woman.

It was a great comfort to me this morning to feel that, because of my new clothes, in regard to which she advised me, I felt quite well at ease among these people, and I have this afternoon written a letter to my mother describing my new outfit as well as I could, even to the color of the breeches and the twist of the cravat. Last Sunday I would not go to church because they were not then home from the tailor's, and now I am glad I would not, for I perceive that when one is dressed as well as his neigh-

bors he does not think of himself at all, whereas, if he is at all shabby, or so odd as to be noticed, he becomes self-conscious and is likely to make mistakes and appear less worthy than he is.

At the door of the church we spent some moments in hand-shakings, and I was introduced by my aunt to two or three people whose names I did not catch, and by my uncle to two or three more whose names he forgot entirely to give me, or mine to them, his mode of procedure being somewhat on this wise: "How are you Barnabas?—Nice day! This is my nephew from down the country. Poor frail-looking little rat, isn't he? . . . Fine day, Jerry! How's the wife?—Better? Oh that's good, that's good! Keep her in bed a day or so yet. By the way, this young buck is my sister's son. Mary, you know. *You* remember Mary." All of which did not enlighten me very much as to what I should call my new acquaintances, should necessity arise.

But at last the hand-shakings were over, and we entered the church, I well pleased that it was still early enough so that I could look about at the people in the pews and as they came in. Some of them I already knew by sight, for in a place like this celebrities are soon pointed out; and any deficiency in my knowledge in regard to the rest was rectified as rapidly as might be by Nora, who kept whispering to me behind her prayer-book until set in place by a look from her mother. So I soon came to know where sat the Baldwins, the Powells, the Jarvises, the Ridouts, the Cawthras, the Boultons, and many others, including the Chief Justice Robinson, who is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, very "patrician," as Kate says of him, with clear-cut features and a bearing that might well become a prince of any land.

Especially was I interested in looking at the face of Mister Baldwin of whom I have heard so many good words spoken as long as I remember, and I found his expression very kindly and benevolent, befitting the good reports of him. Of Doctors Rolph and Morrison, and Mister Bidwell

I saw nothing, and, indeed, have forgotten since to ask whether they go to this church, although I intended to do so.

And then I spent a moment or so in looking at the military officers, who sat in a long pew reserved for them on the West side of the Governor's, the corresponding one on the East side being reserved for such members of the Assembly as choose to use it while the House is in session. The military officers present were very well set up men, very brilliant and soldier-like in their scarlet uniform, with braid and epaulets, but they were comparatively few in number because, as I have before remarked, some short time ago Sir John Colborne, who is now the military head of Canada, had all of the militia removed from here to Kingston, for what reason no one knows, although it is said by some that he wants to have them more at hand in case of an open outbreak in the Lower Province.

So I sat there, all eyes and ears, and more than once I found it hard to realize that I was now actually looking, with my own two eyes, upon so many of those men of whom I have so long heard—of some good report and of others far from good—and all the while I kept my eye especially on the Lieutenant-Governor's pew lest I should miss the first sight of him.

I need not have feared that, however, for at the very last minute he came in, with his company, with great air and ostentation, so that the whole church must know some personage was entering.

"So that's His Excellency, Sir Francis Head!" I exclaimed, to myself, and was gratified that he sat in such a position that I could observe him closely.

A rather small and slight man, he proved to be, but handsome no doubt most people would call him, although it seemed to me that he had a light, supercilious air, with an eye that roved over-much, and a thin-lipped curved mouth that reminded me of "Pinky's" "rosebud."

The ladies who accompanied him were very fine birds indeed, in very fine feathers; but neither among them nor

among the young ladies in the west transept who came in a body, and who, Nora informed me in a whisper, were from Miss Somebody's school, did I find a single one that for beauty and grace could at all compare with Barry.

"Here comes the processional!" whispered Nora to me, in the slight confusion caused by its entrance, and then, as the end of it came in sight, "Yes, Dr. Strachan's going to preach."

Whereupon once more I had to look sharply, for of this man also I had heard much.

"I'm right in the midst of the Family Compact," I said to myself, wondering, almost, that these men looked like ordinary kindly citizens instead of like ogres and ravening wolves as my boyhood fancy, in earlier years, had pictured them.

"Keep an open mind," my father had said before I left home, qualifying it with "But, mind you, don't get swept off your feet," and so, when the service was over, which I had much ado to follow, and could not have followed, with credit, had it not been for Nora's surreptitious tuggings at my coat-tail and nudgings against my arm, I settled down determined to miss no word of the sermon.

I may here note that "The Honorable and Right Reverend John Strachan, D.D." is a somewhat short man, with a rather fine head and a very unaffected manner, not at all the sort of personage one would expect to see riding about in a grand coach fit for the Pope, and living in a mansion which is a real palace compared with any other house in Toronto. I saw it the other day, when down by the bay, and admired it much, and especially the very fine grounds which surround it.

Nor when he preached could I see anything amiss with his doctrines, or anything that could have offended even The Schoolmaster himself. To all appearance he was just a man of great common sense, who argued—without much eloquence, it is true—for a sane, well-regulated life. When the sermon was over, and I tried to sum up what The

Schoolmaster would have thought of it, I knew he would have said that it lacked "vision."

As for me I have no great knowledge of these things, and less experience, and so, perhaps, am no rightful critic. But it was hard for me to connect the reverend doctor with the Family Compact's doings in the fashion in which I have heard him represented.

On the way home Uncle Joe walked with me.

"Well, boy, what did you think of the discourse?" he asked.

"I liked it very well," I said.

"What! And you didn't get even a glimpse of horns or hoof?"

"Never a glimpse," I laughed. "If the Reverend Doctor has them he keeps them pretty well covered."

Evidently my uncle admires the Rector with all his heart.

"There isn't a man of more ability in the place!" he said, quite enthusiastically. "*There's* no mollicoddle parson for you, with eyes rolled up and tongue dingin' out ancient history until ye're scunnered with it, and no interest at all in anything but the Church! . . . Is there anything to be done about the hospital, he's there. . . . Go into the schools almost any day in the week and you'll likely find him there. . . . Is there a patriotic meeting called, he's right on the spot. . . . Is there a knot in the Legislative Council that needs to be untied, he's the one to do it. Yes, that's a fact, and don't you smile, you young devil, or by the powers I'll knock you off the sidewalk!"

At that I burst out laughing.

"I wasn't smiling, sir," I said, "not even a little bit."

He gave a little "Ahem!" and I saw that his merry blue eyes were twinkling.

"You weren't, hey? All right. You see I thought I'd get me foot in it again. I know the sort of pap you were brought up on, me boy, politically speaking. Ginger and pepper, by Jove! Pap flavored with ginger and pepper! That's a good one, but you know what I mean. . . . Now,

to return to the Doctor,—he's feathered his nest, of course. But he's a financier, man,—a financier! How many of 'em wouldn't do it, with his ability? Tell me that? And it's the same with a lot more of 'em that that damn little scallawag Mackenzie's been railing at for the last ten years! They're financiers, man,—financiers! And they're building up this city! There isn't a man in Upper Canada better for Toronto than this same little man you heard preaching this morning!"

"I quite believe it, Uncle," I said, "but what about the rest of the country?"

"Oh there's a lot of rapsallions all over the country that 'ud be making a howl anyway," he said. "You can't put city advantages out into the backwoods in the wink of an eye. Lord bless you, man, a country has to *grow*! It has to grow, sir! But some of 'em want to run a Marathon before they've well learned to creep. . . . One thing about your father, Alan, he's more reasonable than lot's of 'em. We come to blows, politically speaking, he and I, every time we meet, though it hasn't gone any further than that yet, thank the Lord!—he could roll *me* around like a plum pudding. But he at least has the sense to stay home and not go traipsing about on platforms, or waving a fool motto in a procession. Tear an' ages, Alan, but it sets me rampagin' to see those fool mottoes! They make me know just how a bull feels when he sees a red rag walloped about just to tantalize him."

"Father always kept clear of being very radical in anything," I said.

Uncle Joe nodded.

"He's Scotch," he said, "and canny, thank the Lord! And I'm glad to see, boy, that you're a little like him in that respect. Keep your eyes open, my boy, and make up your own mind about things. . . . You'll meet more of 'em—these black-hided devils, I mean—while you're in the city. Octavia and I'll have to give a few dinner parties soon to get even. But I think you'll not find 'em such a bad sort after all."

And then he raised his cane, which was clicking along over the stone flags, and made believe to poke me with it.

"But by the Lord, young fellow," he added, "if you dare to open your yap and get off any radical stuff at my dinner-parties I'll disown you! That I will!"

Which alarmed me not at all, for my uncle is good enough often to lead me to talk politics with him, young though I am, and indeed, finds it hard to keep long off the subject, albeit he has lost his temper once in a while and berated me soundly. His tempers, however, are like a flash in a pan, and he has never failed to apologize afterwards, telling me that he wouldn't give a fig for me if I hadn't opinions of my own.

I hold it much to his credit, too, that he has never questioned me as to the drillings in our district, although he knows that such are afoot all through the country, as does almost everyone here. Indeed it seems to me almost pathetic to think of The Schoolmaster and the boys practicing away after nightfall in the little hole in the woods and fancying themselves all part of a great secret, while the whole movement is known here and even laughed at by the Government. It may be, however, that The Schoolmaster fears more the interference of Big Bill and the scamps he goes with beyond the Village.

I have taken occasion to question my Uncle, too, as to what the leading Reformers here have to say about it all, and especially Mister Baldwin and Doctors Rolph and Morrison, all of whom he knows. They, too, he says, though far from being satisfied with the way that things are being conducted by the Government, take no very great account of "Little Mac's" doings, and, indeed, rather dissociate themselves from him, while pressing the justice of much that he affirms.

"But, of course," concludes my uncle, "there must be such differences of opinion, so long as there are two political parties,"—which sounds to me as though he considers that opinions are manufactured by political parties instead of the parties being created by opinions. This, I fear, may

be sometimes the case, and all the more do I see it since coming to this place.

"Why don't you try to get more into public affairs, Uncle Joe?" I asked him the other evening, as we sat before the fire in the living-parlor. "Why don't you run for the Assembly?"

"I've no taste for the like at all, my boy," he said. "Twenty years ago I decided to give my life up to healing sick bodies, and I've never regretted it. I have found a work that needs all my time—and more if I could find it. Sometimes I've wished I had ten bodies instead of one, so that I could send them all on the job. Besides, boy, I've no talent for politics—'statesmanship' 's a word I like better. I'm too likely to lose my head—in everything except the doctoring,—and I'm no speaker, although," and his eyes began to twinkle, "I can express myself with fair emphasis on occasion."

I laughed, but said nothing, and he continued to puff at his pipe for a moment.

Then, the merry mood upon him again, he turned to me, taking his pipe from his mouth and holding it at arm's length.

"Of course," he said, "if ever the Assembly needs a valve to let off the steam, why I might apply for the job."

"I understand, sir, it's a stormy enough spot, at times," I said.

"You're right, my boy, You'll have to attend some of the sessions. It's all a part of your education. Perhaps, some day, you'll be able to do what your uncle can't."—Then, suddenly recollecting himself—"But by gad, sir, you're on the wrong side of politics!"

A few moments ago, after finishing writing the above, I put out my candles and went to the window and looked out at the bay, this night all moving restlessly like some troubled living thing, and all flickered with silver, although darker than the land between because of a light covering of snow that has fallen upon the withered grasses.

But not long was this picture present with me, for the external eyes become blind and refuse to see when the eyes of the memory and the imagination begin to work. And so it was that shortly I was looking, not upon the restless bay and white ground, but away over the dark hills and forests,—on and away until my soul hovered first above the Golden-Winged Woods, then saw the dear farm with the little home in the heart of it, dark in the night save for a flickering glow at the tiny window. The next instant, through the window, I saw my dear father and mother. In imagination I pressed my face against the glass and beheld them sitting there, side by side, before the fireplace, in which my father had piled logs until the flames filled the cavern and lighted the little room, playing most of all on the sweet face of my mother, crowned by its ripple of brown hair. She was stringing wild apples for the drying, and my father was coring them and making them ready for her, and although their lips moved I could not hear what they said.

After that a sadness fell upon my heart, and I knew that the memory of Barry was creeping into it. Where was she this night? Was she happy and well-cared-for? Why had she passed me as I slept, without other sign than the dear, yet tantalizing pateran that stopped ere it had well begun? . . . I saw her again clearly as I had ever seen her and heard her laugh. There in the Golden-Winged Woods was she, with her crimson scarf and flowing hair all bound with the little vine of green. And then she disappeared, and I saw only the misty troubled bay and the ghostly snow. "Some day she will come to this place," I said to myself, as I had said a thousand times before, and I knew that until that day I must still keep watch, looking into the face of every woman, and straying into every place where people congregate. Me, perhaps, she will never want, yet some day it may fall to me to be her friend.

Turning from the window I lighted my candles once more, that I might write this. Now I must go to my bed but I fear I shall not sleep.

CHAPTER XIX

THE WAY THE WIND BLOWS

THIS afternoon I am writing my journal in the little office of the apothecary shop, the reason being that in the first place all the other work which Uncle Joe left me has been done, and in the second that the day is so stormy no one is coming in. Through the window I can see the sleet and snow coming down in a steady drive, lashed at times by the wind so that it beats against the glass like a shower of hail-stones. No wonder the streets are quite deserted.

For my own part I am very glad of the storm, for there is much that I wish to set down in my book, the chronicling of events having become a sort of diversion to me, so that I miss it, if I am long hindered from it, as I would any other enjoyment or source of comfort. Both of these my journal has become to me. In writing the occurrences that have given me joy I live them over again, while in recording those that have given me sorrow I seem to find relief such as one might find in pouring out one's woes to a dear friend.

Today I have so much to tell that I scarcely know where to begin, and yet I must proceed somewhat in order.

To begin with, since last writing, just three days ago, I have had two surprises,—but of that in due time.

There is a chap next door whose name is Clinkenbocker. He is substituting for a few months for the clockmaker, who has gone home to the Old Country on a prolonged matter of business, and although for upwards of three weeks we have spent our days so near that we have run into each other at every turn, we have had but little to do with each other until yesterday.

At first sight of him I thought of a sea lion, which I once saw slithering about and "honking" without ceasing in a tank at a traveling circus, and to me, ever since, he has been "The Sea Lion," so much so that I have been in mortal terror of accosting him some morning with "Good morning, Mr. Sea Lion," or calling to him "Say, Sea Lion, will you give me the right time of day?"

He has a big head with beetling brows, beneath which his eyes look out at you in curious fashion, and his mustaches are so heavy and long that they droop down in a curve right below his choker.

At first I tried to be friendly with him, as is the custom of us plain folk from the country, but it was soon enough clear to me that he regarded me with either dislike or suspicion, and I did not find out the reason until yesterday.

"Good morning, Mr.—er—Clinkenbocker," I would say to him.

"Morning, sir," he would snarl, and immediately dive into his shop among his clocks and watches.

"Good luck to you, sir; is the swimming fine?" I would fain have called to him many a time, but then reflected that he would have lost the point of my joke. I do declare, however, that the fellow's fishiness got so on my subconsciousness that I would not have been surprised any day if I had heard him "honk."

Well, yesterday evening, after supper, I returned as usual to the apothecary shop, and was about to shut up for the night when there came a tapping at our back door. I opened it and there stood the Sea Lion.

"Are you about through, sir?" he said, in his deep growling voice.

"Just going to shut up," I said. "Is there anything I can do for you?"

It seemed to me that he looked friendlier than usual, and in his countenance there seemed to be a gleam of something that looked perilously like animation.

"Yes," he said, abruptly, "I'd like you to step into my workshop for a few minutes."

With my eye I measured him up and down, and a good, thick, stocky specimen he was. "What's up now, old fellow?" I said to myself. "Well, here goes! I guess I can look out for my skin as well as you can for yours."

So in I went.

The place was very dimly lighted with but a single tallow candle, and at first I saw nothing but the little speck of red flame in the midst of a jungle of ticking clocks, short and tall. Then from the long dark shadows of them someone stood up, taller and taller, and at the next breath I had taken one bound across the shop, sending a lot of loose wheels and things clattering from something that I bumped against.

It was The Schoolmaster.

"Highly-tighty!" he exclaimed, and then he thumped me on the back and nearly wrung my hand off, and I swear I could have hugged him.

"Where did you come from? When did you get here? How are they all at home?" I asked, all in a breath.

"Slowly, boy, slowly!" he laughed. "One at a time!—I came straight from the Corners, at least as straight as the very bad roads would allow. I got here an hour ago. They are all perfectly well at home, and I am the bearer of a letter to you. There," taking it out of his pocket, "sit down and read it." Which I did without stopping to make apology, finding it filled with all the little home happenings that I most wished to hear about, and ended with the few words of love that I well knew how to measure.

While I read The Schoolmaster and Clinkenbocker conversed in a low tone, and when I had at last finished they both turned to me, The Schoolmaster with a glad smile, the Sea Lion with a twinkle beneath his bushy eyebrows that promised to develop into one with proper coddling.

"And you were here a whole hour!" I said, somewhat reproachfully.

"You'll forgive me," said The Schoolmaster, "when I tell you that it was only a few minutes ago that I learned you were next door. I asked the way to your uncle's and

my friend here had a chance to tell me you were nearer to me than I had thought."

"You saw father and mother?"

"Of course. Just before I left. When I have time to turn out my carpet bag I'll get you some warm socks from your mother, and give you all her warnings about what you are to do in case you take cold."

I laughed, and then I thought of Barry.

"There's no especial news?" I asked.

"None at all,—no, nothing in particular. I've been trying to get Jimmy and Hannah to come down to The Corners for the winter, but there's difficulty, of course, about housing the oxen and the cow and pigs and hens. . . . Red Jock's fine—working long and late these days. . . . Big Bill's drinking harder than ever. You didn't know Nick Deveril had married his housekeeper, did you? A wild old charivari the boys gave him! He's so mad over it they say he's going to move away soon. There's some talk of Big Bill renting the tavern—in which case 'Good-bye Bill.' Too bad, too! There's some good in the fellow if only he'd leave the drink alone."

"And what about Old Hank?" I demanded. "What's he doing these days?"

"Why, bless my soul, how did I forget Hank? Why he's in fine fettle. I've a letter from him too—a whole roll—so I put it in my carpet-bag. He's fine, fine! But busy,—very busy! He's been helping with the drillings, you know. A born soldier, that boy! Takes to it like a duck to water!"

"A born orator, too," I added. "Hank's got a head on him, hasn't he?"

The Schoolmaster nodded, in his quick way. "A fine head! A *fine* head! There's a boy that's going to get to the top some day, in Canada—and especially if our plans carry out successfully."

I glanced at the Sea Lion, but he was sitting with his hands clasped over his stomach and his eyes on the floor, as motionless as an iceberg on the edge of the Polar Sea and about as expressive. "He must be 'one of us,'" I said

to myself, and then I must have drawn down my brows in perplexity, for I felt, at that moment, as if, somehow, I had deserted the ship. And yet, I consoled myself with thinking I had done but as everyone had wished me to do.

The Schoolmaster laughed, evidently misinterpreting my scowl.

"Oh, Clinkenbocker's all right," he said. "You needn't look so fierce."

At which I made haste to disclaim, "I wasn't thinking of him. I was wondering whether I should have stayed at home with the boys."

The Schoolmaster waved his hand genially. "Not at all! Not at all! You're just where you ought to be. If things come to a head one of these days, as we expect, you can easily throw yourself in where you can be of use."

"You think, then——" I began.

But he cut me off. "Oh, something's bound to happen, before long either."

He glanced at our companion, and my glance followed. The Sea Lion had straightened up, and was sitting with his hands on his knees, chin protruding and eyes glaring a bit.

"Do you know," laughed The Schoolmaster, "my friend, here, had put you down for a dyed-in-the-wool Tory. Naturally, of course."

The glare relaxed to a twinkle, and the long, drooping mustaches twitched. And then the Sea Lion held out his—flapper—which I shook with right good will. But never a word did he say.

"He tells me," went on The Schoolmaster, "that the town never was in better shape for being frightened out of its seven senses, and that he imagines the Lieutenant-Governor may be intimidated, although so far he has shown no sign of fear and is very stubborn,—more stubborn than ever."

"Stubborn 's the devil!" came in a deep growl from behind the mustaches, so suddenly that I almost jumped.

"I was out at the Garrison, not long ago," I said, "and

certainly there were very few soldiers there. As you know, the troops are all withdrawn to Kingston."

The Schoolmaster nodded, and I swear that I began to feel most uncomfortable, being a spy appealing not at all to my notion, so that I began to wonder just how much I might say without being traitorous to my new friends, while still remaining faithful to the old. Thus came to me, strangely enough, perhaps, for the very first time, a realization of the position in which I had placed myself, and Hank's words on that June day in the mill flashed back to me, "Look out lest you sit down between two stools."

For a few moments so confused was I, in trying to place myself, that I quite lost track of the conversation, and heard not a word The Schoolmaster was saying, although I knew that his voice was going on. Then my mind seemed to clear itself. "If the worst comes to the worst," it said to me, "throw yourself in on the side of principle. Remember, 'The greatest good to the greatest number.' Act on the square and you will be all right." Yet I hoped that The Schoolmaster would not put me in an embarrassing position.

I need not have feared, however, for before long I could perceive that he was careful to ask me no questions at all.

"Clinkenbocker tells me," he was saying, when I came back to myself, "that the young men continue to drill under Colonel FitzGibbon."

"That they do," I replied. "More than once I have been invited to join them, and have had to tell them I am a Reformer. One of them asked me 'What damned difference that made so long as I intended to stand up for my country and the British Crown?' That looks to me to have some reason in it."

Again The Schoolmaster laughed. "So you've had to confess up to being a Reformer.—Well, an open confession is good for the soul."

"Of course," I said, "one can't be totally discredited for that, even among the Tories, so long as such men as Rolph, Baldwin, Morrison and Bidwell are in the place."

"Grand men! Every one!" exclaimed The Schoolmaster.

"Best in the land!" growled the Sea Lion.

"You know," I said, hesitating, then thinking no harm could be done one way or another, "that the Government and all this place knows all about the drillings?"

The Schoolmaster moved a bit uneasily, and coughed.

"Yes," he said, "I have heard so. I have even heard—don't ask me how—that the purport of the turkey and pigeon matches is well known, and that Sir Francis Bond Head and his advisers make merry over the whole matter, thinking the preparations all a mere bluff for political purposes."

"And are they not?" I asked, rather sharply, looking at The Schoolmaster, but conscious of a quick shuffle on the part of the Sea Lion.

"I do not need to tell you, Alan," replied The Schoolmaster, slowly, "that actual fighting will only be resorted to as a very *last* resort."

"Of course," I assented, then glanced at the Sea Lion. He was leaning towards me and his eyes seemed fairly to gleam in the half-gloom.

"You're with us?" he asked, booming the words out in a muffled roar.

"I have never been against you," I said, but The Schoolmaster took the words from me.

"I told you before, Clinkenbocker," he said, "that you could trust him or any of his name as you could your own soul."

The Lion grunted, and sank back into his chair again.

I turned to The Schoolmaster.

"And now tell *me* the news," I said. "You know I have been hearing only the other side for the past three weeks."

"Why," The Schoolmaster said, pulling at the long black wisp of hair over his forehead, "where shall I begin? Did you know that Mackenzie left for the North about the end of the first week in November?"

"I did not know."

"Of course, up Yonge Street is the very hotbed of the

movement," he went on. "Lount, Matthews, Gorham and others have been very busy there. In fact, the greater part of the—the delegation—is expected to come from there. In the West, too, as you know, Dr. Duncombe has been most energetic. I believe, too, there is some talk of having Colonel Van Egmond assist actively."

"Colonel Van Egmond!" I exclaimed, remembering well the kindly gentleman who visited us last spring.

"Yes. He's an old man, but he has military tactics down to a science. We have to be prepared for possibilities, you see. Besides, his very name lends, lends—prestige—to the demonstration. Just as the names of Doctors Rolph and Morrison do. I hear that Mackenzie has been able to use their authority up North."

With that I got up and began to pace the floor.

"And I have heard," I said, feeling myself on thin ice indeed, "that Doctor Rolph and Doctor Morrison do not wish to connect themselves with the movement in any way."

"All Tory talk!" growled the Lion.

"No doubt," acquiesced The Schoolmaster. "There are no more steadfast opponents of the unjust domination of the Family Compact in this country, than those same gentlemen whom you named a few minutes ago as being the upholders of the dignity of the Reform party—the real patriots of this Canada."

Then he turned to the Sea Lion.

"By the way, Clinkenbocker, what did you do with those Swift's almanacs?"

The Sea Lion got up and moved about among the clocks until he found the booklets, which he handed to me.

"Gives 'em the devil!" he growled, with satisfaction.

"Let me see them," said The Schoolmaster. "Here, read this. It sets forth pretty well exactly what's what, what's needed, and what we're after."

And I read:

"The control of the whole revenue to be in the people's representatives; the Legislative Council to be elective; the representatives in the House of Assembly to be as equally

proportioned as possible; the Executive Government to incur a real responsibility; the law of primogeniture to be abolished; the Judiciary to be independent; the military to be in strict subordination to the civil authorities; equal rights to the several members of the community; every vestige of Church and State Union to be done away; the lands and all the revenues of the country to be under control of the country; education to be widely, carefully and impartially diffused; to these may be added the choice of our own Governor."

"I daresay this is all very good," I said, handing the Almanac back to The Schoolmaster. "Although part of it I do not understand very well. I'll be glad to keep the book to study it better, if Mr. Clinkenbocker will permit me."

He growled assent, then picked up the other booklet, labeled 1834, and turned over the pages. "Read that," he said, and so I read again:

"The backwoodsman, while he lays the ax to the root of the oak in the forests of Canada, should never forget that a base basswood is growing in this his native land, which if not speedily girdled will throw its dark shadows over the country and blast his best exertions. Look up, reader, and you will see the branches"—and here followed the names of nearly every prominent Tory family in Toronto, which it is not necessary here to set down. "The farmer toils," the paragraph ended, "the merchant toils, the laborer toils and the Family Compact reap the fruit of their exertions."

This last I read aloud.

"Gives 'em the devil!" reiterated Clinkenbocker.

"Rather personal, that," commented The Schoolmaster, "but personalities seem to be the fashion in the Colonial press these days. There's more truth than nonsense in it though. You know, Alan, who are the men who are amassing wealth in this country. 'They toil not neither do they spin, and yet Solomon in all his glory'—well, you know all about it now, Alan."

"Who gets out this 'Patrick Swift's Almanac?'" I asked.

"Why, Mackenzie, of course. That's very well known," replied The Schoolmaster, then, glancing about, "By Jove, Clinkenbocker, here a round dozen of your clocks tell me it is eleven of the night, and you haven't even asked me if I have a mouth on me."

The Sea Lion got up with alacrity.

"Fact! I forgot," he explained, simply, and then he trundled about and brought beer and bread from a cupboard, and a great ham on a platter from which he cut huge slices, laying everything on a table decorated by clocks along the back.

"Pull up," he commanded, and then we set to and made havoc with the viands, the talk, meanwhile, returning to the affairs at home, than which no other topic just then could be so interesting to me.

After that I went with The Schoolmaster to The Sun Tavern, where he was staying for the night, going about, to make the walk a little longer, past Doel's brewery, which stands a little behind John Doel's house, and which I never pass without looking at it with curious interest, since it has been there that so many secret meetings of Mackenzie's followers have taken place.

Elliott's tavern, "The Sun," I looked at also with renewed interest as we approached it, The Schoolmaster having recounted to me the manner in which the "Declaration of Independence of Upper Canada" was here drawn up, and adopted afterwards at a meeting at the brewery. Doctor Rolph, it appears, was to some degree a party to the first drafting of the paper, which called chiefly for meetings to discuss the remedy of grievances, as has since been done. The tavern, by the way, is not one of the fashionable stopping places in the town, but is a comfortable, though ugly, square building, clap-boarded and painted white, with the sign-board which indicates its name swinging before the door.

"Come in," said The Schoolmaster, "and I'll find you Hank's budget," so I went in while he went through his

carpet-bag, carefully lifting out each article and laying it aside until he had found the little packet.

Upon that I made haste to go home and was at first surprised to find the house quite brilliantly lighted. Then I remembered that Uncle Joe was having a midnight supper for some of his cronies, to which he had been good enough to invite me, but which invitation I had declined, knowing the company to be so much older than I.

As I passed through the hall shouts of "The Queen! The Queen!" were arising from the dining-room, and glancing through the open door as I went up the stairs I could see the men standing with glasses raised high above their heads so that I trembled for the liquor; but of that I have no doubt they took proper care.

"The Family Compact!" I whispered to myself softly, having recognized some of the company. "So the festivities are just beginning!" And then I closed my door and proceeded to devour dear old Hank's letter, which was filled with some sense and a good deal of nonsense, interspersed with a score of questions about "the city" and a few trite remarks on the political situation—for Hank is a born politician. ("Statesman!"—I correct myself!)

Notwithstanding the sounds of hilarity from below, I soon fell into a heavy sleep, from which I was awakened at heaven knows what time by Uncle Joe, who came in with a candle, a little disheveled in his evening dress, and inclined to be talkative. Uncle Joe is not a drinker, as drinkers go, but on occasion he takes enough to loosen his tongue a bit more than necessary.

"So that damn rebel Mackenzie 's up north again raising the devil!" he said, holding up his candle and looking down at me as I blinked and tried to collect my senses.

"I don't give a continental for Mackenzie," I said. "For heaven's sake go to bed, Uncle Joe! What time is it?"

But he continued on his verbal way, unruffled by my desires.

"I only heard of it tonight," he said. "The damn little stir-the-mud ought to be locked up!"

"If there wasn't any mud," I mumbled, "there'd be nothing to stir up," but, fortunately perhaps, Uncle Joe did not hear me.

"He ought to be locked up!" he repeated, "and every other damn disloyal cur with him!" Then, suddenly, he put down the candle and made off down stairs.

I was just about to put out the light when I heard him coming up again, and presently he appeared at my door carrying two wine-glasses, brimming full. I could have died with laughing at the look of him, for I didn't have to go round a corner to see what was coming.

"Here, you young rascal!" he said, "drink to the health of Her Majesty the Queen, God bless her! Drink, you young rascal, drink!"

And so I sat up in bed and took the glass, and drank with him to the health of the Queen, which I could do with right good will. But an odd enough brace we were, I do say,—I with my hair on end, in my night-shirt with red bindings, and he in his rumpled evening dress, with his ruffled shirt pulled out over his vest and a wisp of such hair as he has left standing out straight over each ear, so that they reminded me of the tufts of a wildcat in the bush.

With that he was satisfied and went away, while I, thoroughly awake now, reflected on the evening's occurrences. And then I saw very clearly, and do now see, that the whole trouble in this country comes of lack of common experience and the difficulty of getting a common point of view.

These men in Toronto—"financiers," feathering their own nests, no doubt—are not unkind, personally. They are good fathers and good friends, and the most of them are, in many respects, gentlemen. Nevertheless they seem to possess the fault of thinking that "All's fair" in government, as in "love" and "war." Having had no personal experience out among the working folk on the farms and in the forests, they find it quite impossible to understand and to sympathize, and so they act selfishly and even put burdens upon the people that, for many of them, make life a misery.

In this even the Assembly's skirts have not been clear, for last year they made appropriations for \$4,000,000 to be spent on roads, harbors, lighthouses, the completion of the Welland Canal and other items—all good things in themselves, but which have meant a pressure of taxation that our people are, as yet, ill fitted to bear. Nor are the contemptible methods forgotten, which at that election were resorted to, to secure everywhere members of the Assembly who would be tools in the hands of the Council and the Executive.

Upon the other hand, too many of these men of whom I have spoken, think all who arise in condemnation of "the Government" are "rebels," and "disloyal," whereas that is a great mistake. There may be a few radical enough to desire "independence," and, for all I know, perhaps union with the United States, but I am very sure that upon the whole the Reformers are not at all against Britain, and are quite as loyal as the Tories, being only against the abuses that have crept into this country, and that are worse than ever since Sir Francis Head became our Governor. Even as they drill, I am sure that the great majority do not look for actual use of their arms but only for intimidation of the Government so that grievances may be removed.

Of this last, however, I have not been authorized to speak freely,—outside, of course, of my journal.

The storm still rages, with the sleet still slashing at the pane.

A few moments ago Clinkenbocker brought me a huge mug of beer. Verily we are becoming great cronies!

I foresee a spice of adventure in his acquaintance.

CHAPTER XX

A DISTURBING APPEARANCE

THIS morning the day broke bright and clear, with a sharp nip in the air, and frost glittering on the very light coating of snow.

At breakfast Nora and Kate proposed a ride, to which I readily assented. Since coming here I have had very little riding, not only because of the necessity for staying rather closely in the apothecary shop, but because of the state of the roads, which, except early in the morning, when hard frozen, have been sloughs of slush and mud, even in the streets of the town itself, so that one can well understand the name that has become affixed to the place, "Muddy York."

Needless to say the traffic has been greatly interfered with. It has been impossible for the farmers to drive in from any distance at all, while even the stages on the main roads have met with divers accidents and have been arriving at all sorts of unseasonable times, so that almost at any hour of the night or day, at the Coffin Block where they stop, one may see them drawing up, covered with mud, which has besplashed the commodities hanging outside so that they look like barnacles on a ship,—the horses weary and steaming and mud besplashed also, while a few weary travelers alight and make haste to secure a good meal and a place to rest.

The past few days, however, have been much better, the snow having fallen to a few inches' depth, so that the sleighs have been coming in and the streets and market begin to look alive.

"The roads must be good now," said Nora, and then there

was some discussion as to whether we should go out along the Indian road up the Humber past the King's Mills, calling at the garrison, on the way, for Pinky, or whether we should go up Yonge Street or out the Kingston Road, in either of which case I must first go out for Pinky, which I could do finely while the girls made themselves ready.

Perhaps because of my influence the decision was made in favor of Yonge Street, which I have not yet seen for any considerable distance past the town, and about which I have been curious through having heard so much at home of the doings "out Yonge Street," and about Hogg's Hollow and the Holland Landing and other points.

Accordingly I fetched Pinky, finding him at the garrison, although the place seemed deserted even more than usual; and soon we were all away to the North, Nora and I galloping ahead, while Kate and Pinky loitered behind.

As one leaves King Street, following Yonge Street, the city becomes more and more scattered, often with considerable land between the buildings, until at last the building lots lose themselves in ravines and woodlands and farms. The chief landmarks along this way seem to be taverns, for besides the "Sun" and the "Red Lion," which I have before mentioned, there are also the "Gardiner's Arms," with its troughs and pumps, the "Green Bush," whose sign is a painted pine tree, and "Montgomery's."

Past all these we clattered at good speed, the road being quite smooth and hard from the traffic of the sleighs, and I was pleased to note the splendid horsemanship of my cousins, who sit their saddles as well as men, and who look particularly well in their long floating habits and neat riding-hats.

Nora's cheeks glowed red as roses, and not a thing along the way missed her. She knew who lived here and who there, and even when we reached the woods-covered hills could tell, although the leaves were off, which trees were elm, or butternut, or beech, or basswood, or maple. In these woods, she told me, grow many wild fruits, including wild currants and gooseberries as well as raspberries, while

along the Don flats there is sport to be had in summer with shooting grouse, quail, snipe and wild ducks. Should one desire a change, she said, one could fish from the river banks, or go spearing salmon at night from boats with "jacks" or pine-knot torches at their bows. Upon the whole, she thinks, I should plan to stay here all of next year, but I think that when spring comes the drawing of the old home will be too great.

And now I come to the part of my narrative which tells of something that has somewhat disturbed me this day, for I have written thus far without any great pleasure in it.

Upon our way back it was proposed that we come in by the College Avenue, and so we made a detour, coming presently to the Tecumseh Wigwam which stands at the corner of the Concession Line and the Avenue. It is but a low, one-story log cabin, but is supposed to be very exclusive, being frequented only by "young bucks" as Uncle Joe calls them, who gather there to drink and roister. Even on Sunday the place is resorted to, which causes much criticism among some of the Methodists,—not at all, however, to the discomfiture of the "young bucks."

The road being good, we were riding past the place at a gallop, when I saw two young men entering the door.

One of them, I could have sworn, was Selwyn, and with a sudden impulse I checked my horse back until I threw him almost on his haunches.

At the moment I would have thrown myself off and followed the men in, then it occurred to me that I must have better excuse than I possessed for going into the place, or for accosting Selwyn even though it chanced to be he.

I do not know why it is that the presence of this man always makes me feel vaguely uneasy, or why I always connect Barry with him. I feel that he was honest that night in the forest, and yet——

Well, some day soon, perhaps, I shall meet him—if, indeed, it were he—and have opportunity of speaking with him.

.

Heigho!—I must stop. Kate has come to ask me to go down, because Anne and Pinky are there.

I know how the evening will be spent. Percival will twirl his mustache and look things unutterable at Kate. . . . Anne will be very uninteresting, but will look very sweet and pretty in a blue gown with a very wide skirt and sleeves puffed to the elbow. She has great soulful brown eyes and pretty reddish hair which she parts in the middle and draws into a cluster of little puffs behind. Sometimes, in the evening, she wears a thin gold chain about it, with a jewel that hangs in the middle of her forehead. Her waist is very small and so are her feet. . . . Nora will be the rollicking one, and by and by a troop of her admirers will come in, and there will be much chaffing and laughing, and no doubt before the evening is over one of them will invite me to join the "Home Guard" regiment.

By the way we have all received invitations—very elegant things in white and gold—for a masque ball that is to be held at a fashionable dancing hall on the Monday night, November the 27th.

I wonder how I shall acquit myself.

At every spare moment Nora and Kate are putting me through the dances,—the polkas and schottisches, galops and what not—as well as they can, and they even intend to ask enough of their friends in so that I may become as familiar as may be, before the event, with the lancers, and cotillions, and quadrilles as they are danced "in polite society" as Kate says, rather suggestively.

For all this kindness I am very grateful.

Also this household is quite excited over a great dinner that Aunt Octavia and Uncle Joe intend giving on the evening of December the 4th.

But now I must go down. Kate will think I am disrespectful.

Au revoir, Journal.

CHAPTER XXI

A REVELATION

IT is two o'clock of the morning, but I cannot sleep, and so I have taken my Journal to see if by writing in it all the events of this disturbing day I can by any means secure respite from tossing about on my bed with imaginings that have almost driven me mad.

This morning Clinkenbocker asked me if I would care to go with him in the afternoon to a pigeon match out Yonge Street, to which I gave ready assent provided Nora would substitute for me in the apothecary shop, which she can well do if she chooses. I wished to go, not because I care anything for trap-shooting, which has always seemed to me a cruel sport, but because, since the invitation came from Clinkenbocker and I well knew the purport of any such pigeon match as he might take me to, there was promise of some sort of adventure.

Adventure enough I had, truly, but far from the sort I had expected.

Riding out as soon as we could get away, we found the affair already in course, in the barnyard of a farm, where were gathered a number of men in the rough homespun clothes which I know so well. Bearded fellows the most of them were, and bronzed from constant exposure to the sun of summer and the blasts of winter; and as they stood about or sat in various attitudes on the piles of boards and logs, forming a sort of semi-circle beyond which were the traps, a constant fire of chaffing and laughter ran round among them, so that one might have thought they had not a care in the world. On the very outskirts of the crowd were a few Indians, who kept by themselves, some of them very gayly bedecked, as is their fashion.

For a time I watched the shooting, pitying the pigeons as they flew up and circled about, their pretty white and iridescent bodies fluttering about against the gray sky like bits of down-fallen cloud, only to be hurled at the next moment on the ground, bleeding and limp, all their beauty and love of life destroyed. Nevertheless, there was some good marksmanship, and in spite of my sympathies I found myself interested in the "shots," and in the keen-eyed men who winged the little leaden missiles so accurately.

By and by came Clinkenbocker's turn, and it amused me much to see how nimble the big fellow could be, and how he drew bead on the poor flying birds with unerring aim, even after he had let them escape so far that they were in excellent chance of safety.

My turn was to have been next, but an utterly unforeseen thing happened.

While looking about at the men, wondering who was this one and that, and whether there would be conversation afterwards, and how much I should hear—for The School-master had departed preoccupied and silent, as though he had learned too much of import to care to talk with a lad such as I—I noticed one of the Indians, who were sitting on a wagon—detach himself and come over across the yard, a dog at his heels.

He was a mere lad, and it seemed to me that there was something familiar about his manner of walking, although I did not in the least place him. Towards me he came, keeping behind the circle of men, his face all the while hidden by a slouched hat very gaudily bedecked with bead-work and feathers. As he passed me, however, he glanced furtively up.

"Why, Joe!" I exclaimed.

He paused and I joined him, and together we walked behind the barn.

"Where did you come from?" I asked.

Without speaking, he pointed to the North.

"And where are you going?" I continued.

He pointed again, toward the Southwest. "Big Wigwams," he said.

"Oh, of course. Where the noisy water pours into the lake," I said. "You'll be staying there for the winter. Where have you been all summer?"

Again he pointed to the North. "Many moons there," he replied.

"And were the 'munedoos' (spirits) good to you?"

He nodded.

"Big water—much fish," he explained. "Then Pepoonah-bay come, (the god of the North, who makes the winter).—

"No good.—Come back."

"I looked for you much, Joe, when the leaves were falling," I said, hastening to come to the thing that was in my heart. "I wanted to find Wabadick or you to learn if you had seen or heard of 'Oogenebahgooquay.'"

Quickly he looked at me, his face alight.

"You saw her, Joe?" I asked.

"Oogenebahgooquay come to wigwam! Buy new clothes! Go away then!"

"What clothes? Tell me, Joe?" I demanded, catching him by the arm, at which he drew away, so that I feared I had defeated myself, and had to use some tactfulness before he would talk again.

"Whose clothes?" I begged at last. "Tell me all about it, Joe. You know I love Oogenebahgooquay, the wild rose woman, and I want to find her and be good to her. Tell me about the clothes, Joe."

"Clothes—me," he answered, pointing to himself.

"*Your* clothes?"

"Clothes—me. New clothes," he repeated.

I stared at him stupidly.

For I do not know how long I stood as one stunned, trying to collect my thoughts, yet conscious all the while of the worrying crack, crack of the rifles on the other side of the barn. Then, as in a flash of clear light, understanding came to me. I saw the dim forest by the spring. I heard Howard Selwyn's voice. I saw him come down to

the water—and I saw the *Indian lad* who accompanied him.

And then all the fury in my body arose against this man who had come between me and my girl, and my very eyes went blind as I wondered what had become of her,—while all the while came the crack, crack of the rifles just over the barn.

I think my face must have gone white, for when I came to myself Joe was watching me curiously, though motionless as a figure hewn from stone.

"Where did she go, Joe?" I asked, but I scarcely knew my own voice, so heavy and thick was it.

"Oogenebahgooquay no tell," he said.

"I must find her," I said. "Joe, will you help me?"

He gave a grunt of assent.

And then I went to the fence where my horse was tied, and loosed him, and sprang to his back and set off on a mad gallop, with only the one thought in me—to find Howard Selwyn. Further than that I could not go.

But at perhaps a quarter of a mile away it occurred to me that this mad riding might be misconstrued by those—"rebels"—whom I had left behind, and so I turned and galloped back, to find, indeed, some of the men grouped and looking towards me, with Clinkenbocker in their midst evidently much relieved at my return.

"Come here, Clinkenbocker. I want to speak with you," I said.

And so he came close to me, and the group of men went back to the trap-shooting, and I told him that I had just heard of a dear friend who, I feared, might be in need of me, so that I must go at once to find her.

In my distraction I said "her," and perhaps it was well I did so, for a look of comprehension came upon the Sea Lion's countenance, and I think he saw I was much distressed.

"Oh, is it your girl?" he said. "Go on then."

Thus dismissed, I set off again, nor did I halt until I had drawn up at The Wigwam and asked for Howard Selwyn.

But not a soul was there who knew where he was. He had gone away, they said, on the night before, without leaving any word in regard to his plans.

After that I rode to every hostel in the town, beginning with "The Mansion," which is the most likely stopping-place for such as he; but he had been at not one of them all.

And so I came home here to my uncle's.

But my search has begun again, and this time it will not be checked.

I would not work this Selwyn harm if he is innocent; but if he has done aught to crush my girl—my Oogenebahgoo-quay, my wild rose woman—he will answer for it. That I swear!

In vain my reason tells me that she fled from me, that she does not want me. I will find her. I will know that it is well with her. My little wild rose!

Have I missed her already in this place? Looking into the faces of the girls only, have I missed her? Has she gone by me, in her lad's clothing, and I have not known?

The thought drives me mad. Henceforth I must look into the faces of the lads as well as the lasses.

And when I meet with Howard Selwyn he will explain or have it out with me. We shall see whether he can take—and crush—the roses, without finding the thorns. If, indeed, he has crushed——

Now do I know my distrust of him. In my ears rings his voice, "Pluck the roses while you may," and the music of his chanting, "Love sought is good, but given unsought is better."

And yet how can I wonder that Barry fell under his spell when I myself have felt it. All unsought she may have given her love, poor child!—But does Howard Selwyn know how to guard and cherish unsought love—however sweet and pure it may be?

That I will know.

CHAPTER XXII

SELWYN

I HAVE met Howard Selwyn! He is still in this city! This evening at shortly before sundown I had occasion to pass the residence of the Lieutenant-Governor, when I saw a party of ladies and gentlemen assembled before it, mounting to horseback, with much talk and merriment, and evidently assembled for some evening outing, the roads being now hard-frozen again after the rain and slush that followed on a sudden change of weather two days ago.

As I went by I noticed that one of them was Selwyn, and before I knew what I was doing I had dashed to his horse and caught it by the bridle.

He had been talking to one of the ladies, but with that he whirled about and raised his whip as if to strike me. Then, apparently he recognized me, and let it drop, and asked me what I wanted.

So I went close to him and asked him if he knew anything of Barry Deveril.

These were the words he said:

"My dear fellow, I have much more to do than go about the country keeping track of Barry Deveril for you."

But as he said them I felt that he was making an evasion, for he looked annoyed, and put the spurs to his horse so that it sprang off before I could by any means hold it, but could only look after him as he joined the party, who were waiting for him at a short distance, all of them then clattering off with much talk and laughter.

For a moment I stood there dazed, in the middle of the road.—Then I turned and walked and walked, far past the Garrison, wherever a path in the snow afforded footing, trying to get hold of the ends of all this tangled skein and

devise some means by which I can find the truth about Barry and learn where she now is.

Evidently Howard Selwyn will not tell me, unless——

Well, twice he has slipped from me. The third time he shall not.

And now it is midnight. I can write no more. And yet I cannot rest without doing something. I think I shall go out again and walk.

CHAPTER XXIII

THE "PATRIOTES"

TODAY all the talk here has been of the outbreak in Lower Canada.

Some days ago the news came that a small party of British troopers who were bringing two French Canadian disturbers of the peace in to Montreal had been set upon by a party of "rebels" and put to rout, the two prisoners being liberated.

It now appears that a much more serious collision has taken place—and with disaster again to the regulars.

All day today the wildest rumors have been flying about, and no doubt there are many exaggerations, but as nearly as we can make out the following are the facts:

That because of the increasing hostility of the *habitants* to the Government, an order was issued to arrest the leaders, Papineau, Dr. Wolfred Nelson, Thomas Brown and Edmund O'Callaghan, who, it is said, fled to the very heart of the disaffected district, Richelieu; that for the protection of these men the habitants gathered in force at the villages of St. Denis and St. Charles; and that, accordingly, Sir John Colborne sent out troops with cannon, under Colonel Gore, to disperse them and quell what now promised to be serious insurrection.

Three days ago, it appears, these troops, after a hard journey because of the mud and rain, having traveled all night from Sorel, arrived at St. Denis before daybreak, only to find their way barred by a stockade and the place strongly fortified, with the *habitants* standing at defense in great numbers.

As they neared the place the church-bells gave the alarm,

and fighting speedily began and continued for a great part of the day; after which, being run out of ammunition, the regulars were obliged to retire, leaving their dead and wounded behind them.

Of the *habitants*, it is said, a great many were killed; but that this is only the beginning is very clear, for already steps must be almost completed for sending a great body of troops from Montreal, if not from Kingston also, to go out and bring the place into subjection.

What will be the effect on the people scattered all over the French Canadian country no one can tell; and we are all wondering what will follow in our own Province.

Uncle Joe is disturbed and testy, and—perhaps because of recent talks with Colonel FitzGibbon—is now much inclined to think that actual rebellion here may take place, even imagining he has always thought so. Colonel FitzGibbon, of whom my Uncle thinks much, deeming him a high-minded gentleman as well as a far-seeing loyalist, has long apprehended such a possibility, and, besides training young men himself (of these there are not now more than thirty or forty), has urged precautions on the Government. But so far he has been regarded, for the most part, as an alarmist, Sir Francis Bond Head persistently affirming that there is no danger of an outbreak in Upper Canada, and laughing, whenever there is talk about him, at Mackenzie, whom he regards as a wasp buzzing about in a bottle. In this opinion the men associated with the Lieutenant-Governor seem to concur.

"I suppose you'll admit now, sir," said Uncle Joe to me at dinner today, "that more than 'political pressure' is in the wind."

"I have never pretended," I said, "to know anything of the state of affairs in Lower Canada. I have never been there."

"I'll tell you what *I* believe," he returned, thumping with his knife-handle on the table and glaring at me, "I believe that damn little rebel, Mackenzie, 's hand in glove with them—*That's* what I believe. . . . Talk to me, sir, of your

'patriots!' They're damn rebels, every one of them, in this Province as well as in Lower Canada! They're rebels! My God, man, it's rank treason that's been going on, right among us! And we've shut our eyes to it! That's what we've done! We've shut our eyes to it!"

I opened my mouth to remonstrate, but he shut me up. "Oh, you're as blind as a mole, too," he said. "You needn't tell me that all the drillings and the devil knows what not that's been going on in this country's been for nothing! In my country when one man shakes his fist at another every day for a week it's shillalehs at the next go. And it'll be the same here. I tell you it's rank disloyalty to the British Crown,—that's what it is! And that stuff that Mackenzie's been getting off his press for heaven knows how long's rank treason, and ought to be stuffed down his throat!—Talk about smashing up his printing-press! Huh! It should have been smashed up every time it was set up in type!"

All this poured out in a torrent, while everyone at the table sat silent, and Aunt Octavia, who loves brightness at meal-time, looked worried and almost tearful.

Having a goodly spice of Uncle Joe's own Irish in me, I might have taken up the cudgels, but Nora shot me a warning glance, and so I refrained. For as well as she knows do I know that my Uncle, while hot in the temper, has one of the biggest hearts that ever throbbed with the breath of life, and would be one of the very last to carry out any of the dreadful threats that he sometimes brandishes, being always inclined, when it comes to the pinch, to err on the side of leniency.

But I have found that in regard to the things that are happening of late, it is of no use to talk with him. "Treason! Disloyalty!" These are the words past which he—and most of the people whom I have met here, for that matter—cannot see. Since they have never lived in the bush, they can by no means realize the hardships that must be put up with. And for that I do not altogether blame them; for now, having had experience of two kinds of life,

I begin to understand that very seldom can people feel that through which they have not actually passed, nor, indeed, can as a rule arrive at an absolutely unbiased judgment. For this reason, it seems to me, the public man who is likely to be of greatest use to the world, must be the one who has gone through the greatest number of experiences. And so even Poverty and Hardship, with all their ugly faces, may be to some the very truest friends that could be devised, and the most helpful in the long run.

Heigh-ho, I wonder much what will be the end of all these happenings anyway.

And now to my own affairs.

As yet I have not again encountered Howard Selwyn, and, indeed, my first excitement having worn off, I begin to wonder whether I was not over hasty in jumping to conclusions, and whether he was not speaking truth when he left me to infer that he knew nothing of Barry Deveril.

I have learned that he is now staying at the Mansion House, and tomorrow, I think, having now gained command of myself, I shall try to see him, that I may ask him if he can tell me aught of his Indian guide. It seems to me that surely, if I make open confession, he will understand and will talk with me. I do not forget that there have been times when I have felt that he has a kind and even loving heart.

This evening has come home from the tailor's my suit which I am to wear to the masque ball tomorrow night. Kate and Nora planned it. I am to go as a King Charles Cavalier, and the girls go into much ecstasy over the fineness of my appearance when arrayed with cloak and feather.

But I take little interest in it. How can I be pleased with such frivolity when I know not where is the little "Indian lad" who masked for such a different purpose, yet who is so very dear to me, and who may be suffering I know not what discomfort or unhappiness? For it may truly be, as my mother once said, that the girls who go in search of adventure rarely find happiness, but often sorrow, and bitter tragedy.

CHAPTER XXIV.

THE DISCOVERY

THIS is Sunday night, and again, after a day of aimless roaming about despite the efforts of my cousins to engage me, I am sitting in my room whose windows look out upon the bay.

An eventful week has been this, for I have found my girl! Yes, found her and lost her again.

—Or *did* I find her?

—For one brief hour I looked upon her face and heard her voice, yet all the while knew that it was but the tips of the wings of this dear butterfly that had flitted back to me that I touched, and that the dear one herself hovered just beyond my reach.—My Barry and yet not my Barry,—smiling upon me, sweet and true as of old—yet withdrawn, and proud and mysterious.

Into my life she came, for one brief opening of the gates of heaven; out of it she has gone again; nor do I know today better than before what was her history during those long weeks of absence, nor whether she is happy at this time, nor what are her plans for the future.

Of one thing only am I sure—that Howard Selwyn wished me to believe a lie! Not man enough to face things at their worst, he evaded me and fled from me, and now—but of that later. My anger so rises even at the name of him that if I permit my thought to dwell upon him I cannot write!

I found her on the night of the ball, in the very least likely place I could have looked for her, and the manner of it was this:

At somewhere between eight and nine of the clock we—

my cousins, Uncle Joe, Aunt Octavia and I—in a coach which Uncle Joe takes out only upon state occasions, arrived at the door of the dancing hall, where the ball was to be, and where full sign of festivity had been set forth in a double row of torches set to form an avenue to the entrance. At each side of this avenue, behind the torches, a crowd had assembled to see the masquers arrive; but I might have paid but little heed to them had it not been that one of them lurched a little forward as we walked towards the door.

Looking at him, I was surprised to see none other than Clinkenbocker, who, moreover, seemed to be making sign that he wished to speak with me.

Knowing that something important must be afoot else he, of all people, would not be in such a place at such a time, I immediately excused myself from our party and made way to him.

At once he drew me a little back from the crowd, so that we were in the darkness; but, despite my curiosity to know what he might be about, I turned to look, for a moment, at the scene, which was so strange to me. At that moment I would that I could have painted it: the shawled heads; the motley crowd of faces shifting in and out of the darkness behind the red light of the torches, some hard, some vacant, some merely curious or merry; the dark, moving bodies; and all forming two swaying, living walls, between which, as the coaches rolled up and stopped at the sidewalk, passed the laughing procession of gayly-dressed masquers; the men caparisoned, for the most part, in dress of the olden time, with slashed coats, tri-corne hats, powdered perukes, knee-breeches and buckles, while the women, robed in all the gay colors of the rainbow, swept by with the soft rustle of silk or rich quietness of velvets. Above the long dominos one caught a glimpse, here of Queen Elizabeth frills, and there of a shepherdess' crook and wreath; or here a big Gainsborough hat surmounting a shower of curls, and there a towering Marie Antoinette head-dress. Everywhere from behind the masques of black

velvet, that looked eerie enough in the red flare of the torch-light, shone bright and laughing eyes.

Looking at the one people and then at the other, somehow the thought of the French revolution crossed my mind, and I was about to turn to Clinkenbocker, to remark upon it, when my attention was distracted again by a very gay clattering of bells and prancing of horses. It was the cavalcade of His Excellency, the Lieutenant-Governor, his coach preceded and surrounded by gentlemen on horse-back, while grooms rode behind to take the horses.

As these new arrivals passed up the avenue, the crowd on each side jostled and pushed to get better view, but because of my height and a slight rise of the ground where we stood, I could see very well, even to catching the glitter of jewels and soft shining of rich furs. For a moment I looked on in smiling curiosity, and then almost started, for, in the very midst of those immediately following the Governor, I perceived the tall and graceful figure of Howard Selwyn. In spite of his mask I recognized him, and knew him for the handsomest man of them all.

"Aha!" thought I, "and so we are to breathe the same atmosphere this night, Mister Selwyn! I wonder if, once more, I shall meet you."—And then, so quickly do memory-pictures flash before the mind's eye, I saw him again . . . in the tavern . . . in the woods by the spring . . . and on the rock at the end of the rapids, where he had tossed the coin to me and I had flung it back at his feet.

When the last of this party had passed within the entrance, I recollected why I was standing thus, an on-looker, and turned to the Sea Lion. He was there beside me, awaiting my pleasure, as usual quite motionless, and, indeed, almost invisible against the dark wall had it not been for the sharp curve of his mustache like a black scimitar across the dull glimmer of his face.

"I've kept you waiting," I said. "Well, what is it, Clinkenbocker?"

But he did not as first answer me.

"You're very fine," he growled.

"Yes," I said, "fine feathers make fine birds, don't they?—But a bird's a bird for all that."

"I know," he said, understandingly.—"You've *got* to go."

"Well, you know," I returned, "I rather like all this, too."

"You're young," he responded.

But I could not stand there philosophizing with the Sea Lion. Inside of the door, below the long stairway that, apparently, led to the ballroom, I could see Nora and Kate waiting for me, recognizing them, in spite of their masks, by their costumes, for Nora had appareled herself—out of compliment to me, she said—as a Lady of the gay Stuart period, with ruff and stomacher, very gayly bedizened, while Kate had elected to represent herself as a calla lily, a choice which gave her a chance to discard her crinoline;—right well she knows how graceful she is when not so hampered. As they stood there, with their cloaks thrown back, talking with some very dashing young men, I could see a gleam of the yellow of Nora's bodice and the white lilies that Kate carried in her very beautiful hands.

"What is it, Clinkenbocker?" I repeated. "I must go in. My cousins are waiting for me."

"Next Monday night," he said, lowering his voice until it was but a whisper in my ear, "some of us are to meet over Anderson's store—the watch-maker's, you know. Will you come?"

"Why——" I began, recollecting the dinner-party to be at my Uncle's that night—but no more did I say, for, chancing to glance back at the crowd, I saw something that drove the thoughts from my brain and the words from my lips.

Coming up between the two lines of on-lookers, quite alone, was a slight cloaked figure that I should have recognized anywhere in this world. It was Barry, cloaked and masked, but absolutely alone.

At a stride, almost, I reached the edge of the crowd, pushing through close to the door, then I stood still. So close was she as she passed me that by reaching out an arm I could have touched her, yet perforce I spoke not a

word, not even a whisper, but watched her as she went up the steps, with her head held very high and proud firm step, the light from the entrance shining on the soft curve of her chin below the black mask.

Just within the door some other arrivals were showing their cards of invitation. Reaching them she stopped, but while I watched to see her draw hers forth, suddenly she whirled about and made way back between the lines of people to the sidewalk, then turned sharply to the left.

With that I dashed behind the crowd and after her, all oblivious to curious eyes,—my cousins, the ball, everything forgotten. But by the time I reached the sidewalk she was already well away from the spot, hurrying almost precipitately, down the Market Street.

By the time the lights were well left behind, however, she was but a few paces ahead of me, and at the first darkness I saw her snatch the mask from her face then walk on again more slowly.

Now I felt myself justified and so overtook her.

"Barry! Oh, Barry!" was all I could say. "Barry, dear child!"

And then she stopped still, and gave a glad little cry, and reached forth her two hands to me, and I caught them and pressed them to me, saying still only "Barry! Barry!"

So we stood looking into each other's faces, and I took the mask from my face also, and in the darkness we looked into each other's eyes. There was no torch here, nor any light, but the kindly glimmer of the snow shone for us, and in truth I know that we needed no more to illumine our own souls' shining.

Just for a moment, thus, and then she drew away a little and began to walk on again.

"I am so glad to see you, Alan̄," she said. "So very glad to see you,"—laughing a little.

With that my tongue was loosed.

"I have waited for you so long, Barry," I said, "and now you have come! I knew that some day you would come."

The words were spoken impetuously, but immediately I knew that I should not have uttered them, for she drew up a bit proudly and the distance between us, on the sidewalk, widened.

When she spoke again, too, there was in her tone a light bantering, although there seemed a sort of feverishness in it also, so breathlessly and quickly spoken were the words.

"And yet I have been near you once and again," she said, laughing a little again. "Did you not find my pateran, Alan?"

"At the cave?" I replied. "Oh, yes. But it was such a mocking little pateran, Barry. I think you were cruel that day."

Even in the darkness I could see her lips curve in a smile.

"Cruel?" she repeated. "But sometimes, you know, people *must* pass like ships at sea."

"Even old friends?" I asked.

"Even old friends," she repeated.

Then for a little space we walked on without speaking. At last I ventured. "Where are you staying, Barry?"

And with that something of her old self seemed to come back to her.

"Why," she replied at once, "do you remember Red Jock's Elizabeth?"

"You don't say you're with Elizabeth!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, with Elizabeth—Mistress McPherson," she said. "And, Alan, she's just as sweet and good as dear old Jock thinks her,—and the children, too! She says she does not know you. You must let me have you meet her."

"Are—are you going there now?" I asked, feeling, somehow, that I was treading on delicate ground.

For a moment she hesitated, then she replied, readily enough, "Yes," adding,—“But you can't come?” as she glanced at my cloak caught so gayly on one shoulder, and my broad hat with its feather flapping in the wind.

"I can go with you," I said, "and shall, if you will let me. The ball doesn't matter in the least, Barry. I see

friends from home so seldom that I can't afford to let them slip through my fingers."

Cold words they were; but how could I say other while I realized that, in spite of her friendly words, she had, in a moment, thrown up a wall between us, invisible, yet impenetrable as adamant and insurmountable as the heavens; for there is no wall so dense or so high as that which creeps up between two who have once been something more than friends. And the tragedy of it is, I fear, that they two add to it, brick upon brick, even while they hate themselves for doing so. For Pride and Misunderstanding are steady builders; and cold looks, and hard tones, and averted heads, and cruel silences are the bricks with which they work. But sometimes they use building materials that are less tangible even than these—things that can be felt with poignancy though neither named nor described.

Of such last was the wall which now stood between Barry and me. Looking at her I saw the aloofness of her, and marked the independence of her step and all the withdrawn pride of her,—the more proud, it seemed to me, now that she referred, even so indirectly, to the ball. . . . Strange, almost equivocal, truly, had been her action of this night; but never a word did she say of why she had gone alone to the ball, or why, having reached the very door of the dancing room, she had turned and fled.

For that I loved her.

"You will miss so much," she said; then with the old lightness, "Well, I want you to come home with me and see my masquerade dress.—But I unmasked too soon, didn't I?"

"I should have known you, Barry," I responded, "if you had been swathed in veils like an Arab woman. No other woman walks like you, Barry."

"Not even Mary Wabadick?" she said, and then we both laughed, for one day, long ago, I had told her she walked like little Mary Wabadick—which was true.

It was on the point of my tongue to say that I had met Joe, the Indian, but the words died on my lips. I must wait until Barry herself told me *that* story.

Turning from one street to another, she leading, so that I did not notice just where, we came to a place where the houses were small and scattered, and then stopped at the door of the smallest of them all.

Tapping lightly, Barry opened the door and walked in, I following, into a little room in which a fire burned very brightly.

At once a woman arose from a low seat beside it, and when the introductions were over I saw that her face was very sweet.

"Oh, yes," she said, with the merest suspicion of a Scottish accent, "I have heard of you, over and over, and it's very welcome you are in my little home."

"I came back sooner than I expected," remarked Barry, dropping into a rocking-chair, while Mistress McPherson drew out a larger one for me.

"Yes," said she, smiling. "Well, I always expect to see you—just when you come, Barry. Give me your cloak and hood. You are tired, child."

But Barry shook her head. "I'll leave them on for a while," she said.

And then, seeing her for the first time in good light, I saw that she looked thinner than she had been, and older, somehow, and that a little red spot burned on each cheek.

"You are cold," exclaimed Mistress McPherson, heaping more logs on the fire.

"You are ill," I added.

But she insisted that she was not cold, and that she was perfectly well.

Afterwards there was a little time of indefinite talk about I do not know what—Red Jock came up, I think, and the children, and some odds and ends about the ball,—and then Mistress McPherson left the room and the two of us were alone together, Barry on one side of the fire and I on the other.

For a few moments we sat in absolute silence, so that the crackling of the burning wood and the ticking of the tall clock in the corner filled the room.

Then I looked at Barry, and Barry looked at me, and we smiled into each other's eyes.

"Oogenebahgooquay!" I said, and she smiled again.

"Oogenebahgooquay—the wild rose woman," she added. "Alan, you never forget."

Again we sat in silence, but presently she leaned a bit towards me.

"Do you want to see my mask dress?" she asked. "See!"

And then she threw back her hood, and I saw that her long black hair was loose about her shoulders and bound about with a little vine of green.

And when she threw off the cloak, springing to her feet, there she was—Barry in her dress of buckskin color, with the scarlet sash about her waist!

Then the walls fell down.

"Barry!" I exclaimed, going to her and standing beside her; and I do not know what foolishness I might have said but that she drew away and pushed me from her with a little gesture that brooked no gainsaying, yet smiling all the while so that her eyes shone like two stars of evening above the glowing of her cheeks.

Again I sat down, but closer to her, while she chose to drop down on a cushion on the floor, bringing her hands about her knees with the old gesture that I know so well.

As she did so I noticed that she wore beaded moccasins, all worked with porcupine quills along the borders of them,—Such tiny, tiny moccasins they were! I could have kissed them as they nestled about her feet.

She was looking into the fire, at first smilingly, but presently, gazing ever upon her dear face, I saw the fleeting of an expression there that I did not like.

"Do you think I would have looked well in this at the ball?" she asked, and again there was a something in her tone, lightly though the words were spoken, that was not like Barry. Was it mockery? Was it bitterness?

"I think you would have been the belle of the evening," I said. "You do not need to be told that, Barry."

"And do you think," she went on, banteringly, "that the

dancing up—up there—is as good as on a flat rock in the forest?”

“If you will come back with me,” I replied, “I’ll soon show you that. And I’ll have you meet my cousins and my Uncle and Aunt. They have heard of you, Barry, and love you already.”

She shook her head quickly, throwing out her hands as though to ward off the suggestion.

“No,” she said. “I prefer the flat rock in the forest.—The *dear*, old forest,” she added, lingering lovingly on the words.

And then all the sweetness came back to her face as she asked about my mother and father and Hannah and Jimmy and the rest at the old home, and of how I had fared and what I had been doing since I came to the city.

“You look very fine,” she said, as she looked me up and down, and then she rippled into laughter as I told her of the burly big Sea Lion who had said the selfsame words so short a time before.

After that I waited, hoping she would tell me something of herself, but nothing of all that did she say, but sat there, looking at the fire, and then at me, and occasionally moving her fingers restlessly, which I did not like to see, for it was not Barry’s way. Often and often had I teased her about her “movelessness” and about mistaking her, in the Golden-Winged Woods, for a stump or a boulder, although I knew every stump and stone in it, nor could by any chance miss Barry, I often thought, if a drift of her breath came on the breeze to me.

At last I ventured to ask the thing that was closest to me: “Will you be long in the city?”

But to that she made quick reply, saying that she did not know; and turned her head quite away from me so that I could not see her face.

In a moment, deeming this but play, I leaned forward, and caught a quivering of her chin.

Impulsively I turned her face to me with my two hands, and saw her eyes brimming with tears. And then all my

self-restraint flew to the four winds of heaven, for I caught her to me, and kissed her face and her hair, and poured impassioned words into her ears, telling her that never, never again must she leave me or we be separated.

How brief was the moment in which she lay there in my arms—my one wild taste of heaven—I do not know. Then, almost dazed, I realized that, endowed with the strength of ten women, she had torn herself from me and was standing there, one hand on her breast, head thrown back, lips hard, her breath coming fast, eyes blazing at me as though she had been transformed into a young tigress at bay.

"How dare you!" she said, between clenched teeth. "How dare you!" And I saw that her face was white as a winter sky.

With that all my pride came back to me, and I held my head high as hers.

"I have yet to learn, mademoiselle," I said, "that a man insults a woman when he wishes to make her his honored wife,"—and I took up my hat to depart. Very proud was I, but how could she know that at that moment I felt my heart would break in two.

Glancing back at her, as I reached the door, however, I saw her standing, sweet and penitent, two tears coursing down her cheeks. And then I went to her and held out my hand.

"Good-by, Barry," I said. "You will at least bid me good-by?"

She looked up at me, and it seemed to me that her eyes held a world of woe:

"Forgive me, Alan," she said, putting her hand in mine. "It is not you I hate. It is—it is myself."

For a moment she hesitated, then when I would have withdrawn my hand she still clung to it, and I knew that she had something to tell.

"Perhaps, in justice to you," she began, "I should tell you. I—I have no right to—listen to such words from you, Alan."

"You mean?" I said.

"I mean," she replied, in a low voice, "I mean, Alan, that already I am a wife."

"A wife!"

And with that all the world went black to me and I think I stammered again "A wife!"

"Yes," she said. "I am a wife, Alan. Forget me—dear friend."

"Is it Selwyn?" I muttered, my voice thick and, I fear, hard.

Perhaps she saw the resentment in my face, for in an instant all her old pride seemed to come back to her, and she stood up very straight, head thrown back.

"Yes, it is—Selwyn," she said, repeating the word. "Selwyn—my husband and my—lover."

For one long moment I gazed into her eyes, seeking the depths of her soul, then in acquiescence I bowed my head and went to the door.

"It is the end," I thought, but when I sought to go out without further speaking her hand was upon the latch.

"I am sorry you ever cared for me, Alan," she said. "Believe me, I did not mean to make you care. I thought of nothing but comradeship in those old days. It seemed to me that your liking was just a romantic thing that would pass.—Alan, tell me that you believe me when I tell you I never tried to make you care,"—as though one could *know* her without caring!

"I believe you," I said, and then once more we said good-by. But before the door had closed I added,

"Remember, Barry, if ever anything happens that may leave you in need of a friend—we never know—come to me. Will you at least promise me that?"

The shadow of a smile flitted over her white face.

"I promise you. Thank you—dear friend," she said. Then she pushed the door to and fastened the latch gently.

And so I went out into the night.

Since then Selwyn has left the city, and so has she.

I have seen Elizabeth and heard what she has offered to tell me. But I am assured that of the whole story she knows no more than I.

Like a breeze from Heaven Barry has come and gone.

As for Selwyn—for her sake I must let him go his way, even as he lets me go mine.

When I think of him my fighting blood grows hot within me. I fear for her—for it is a sorry churl who will not proclaim his wife before all the world.—Yet for her sake, I can move no finger in anything that concerns him.

She has told me that he is her husband; but the mad questionings never cease.—Why did she come alone into the city, drifting into the little house with Elizabeth? Why did she go alone that night to the ball? Where is she now? Is Selwyn with her? Is she happy?

It may be that the chapter—*our* chapter, hers and mine—has ended.—It may be that Barry once more may need a friend.—And she has given me a promise.

Of Clinkenbocker since that night I have seen or heard nothing. The shop is closed, with the shutters drawn. The clocks have stopped ticking.

What further did he want to tell me? Why was he so urgent and so mysterious? Where has he gone? What is to happen tomorrow night above Anderson's store?—True, rumors have increased of late as to the activities of the "rebels." Colonel FitzGibbon, they say, entered the Council Chamber of the Executive the other day hot and breathless, claiming, because of information he had heard, to be fearful of early trouble. They say, also, that all the return he got for his pains was to be politely snubbed. Yet, also the story goes about that the Orangemen are to be supplied with the arms which were stored some time ago in the city hall, that the depleted garrison is to be filled with pensioners, and that steps are to be taken to fortify the city. Towards all this, however, not a move has been taken, and no one seems busy or agitated over the matter except the Colonel, who has made a list of people who may be relied upon for

immediate help in case it is needed, and who has even gone from house to house to explain his plan, which is that in case of actual invasion the bell of Upper Canada College is to be rung, whereupon all the bells of the city shall take up the tune, all the men east of Yonge Street running, on that signal, to the City Hall, and all west of it to the Parliament Buildings.

Upon the whole, however, people are not greatly exercised over these alarms, looking upon the Colonel as a choleric and excitable, though well-meaning, gentleman; and, indeed, he has complained with some heat to Uncle Joe of being rather openly given the cold shoulder, not only by the Lieutenant-Governor but also by Chief Justice Robinson, whom most people consider of more weight in this place.

Uncle Joe, of course, sides with him. As for myself, I find all this very interesting, and look forward, indeed, to some sort of demonstration, probably a long deputation of farmers and village folk armed chiefly with a petition.

Nevertheless, I swear I should like to know what is to take place above Anderson's store tomorrow night, and would go to see for myself had it not been that I have promised to stay home for the dinner-party.—Well, the Sea Lion will tell me all about it when I see him again.

The dinner-party, by the way, is to be a very grand affair, with a company made up of nearly all the elite of the city, not even barring the Lieutenant-Governor—for whom, for some reason, Uncle Joe has no great liking.

All week the house has been upset with preparations, and the meals fallen off in quality, and Sarah Jane, my Aunt's serving woman, so excited and flustered, notwithstanding the extra help engaged for her, that Aunt Octavia declares she has broken half the chinaware in the kitchen. There are new gowns, too, in the making, and the women folk are so absorbed that the merry home life seems to have quite disappeared.

All this, of course, I do not find overly pleasant, feeling

somewhat in the way; nor does Uncle Joe, even though, forsooth, he was chiefly responsible for the party.

Yesterday noon he came in quite out of temper after chasing about in the market for the best turkeys and geese, and through the fish-stalls for the best salmon and eels and whitefish, and grumbled that if he "lived to be one hundred and fifty years old there'd never be another party in this house!"

"Well, my dear, it's your own party," remarked Aunt Octavia placidly.

Whereupon he turned on her.

"Tear an' ages, madam,—can't I have a party in my own house if I want it?"

"Of course you can, my dear," replied Aunt Octavia, smiling. "Aren't we having it?"

"*I'm* having it!" he declared, "rampaging around like a beastly butcher among fish and dead animals for the past two hours! I guess I know who's having a mess of a time!"

"But," smiled Aunt Octavia, "you are such a good judge of meats and things, dear."

And then Nora told him he was tired and made him lie down on a couch, and Kate punched up the pillows for him, and little Mollie got his pipe and filled it with tobacco—all of which, I knew, was not to placate the dear man, but because he was really tired, for some other reason, and they knew it.

Before bedtime the whole story came out, that he had ridden far out into the country to attend a man who had been hurt by an accident, and that he had rebelled at having to wait at the market because the scarlet fever had broken out among some of the little "foreigner" children, and he had been delayed possibly half an hour from going to them.

This is my Uncle Joe.

CHAPTER XXV

MONTGOMERY'S

IT is now two weeks since I last wrote in my Journal, but no wonder I have forgotten it since so many things have come to pass. Scarcely, indeed, do I know where to begin this writing, but I judge my account will be easier to write, and therefore more lucid, if I follow the events in order from the beginning.

At about five o'clock of the very next morning after my last writing, Uncle Joe was called out into the country on an emergency case, and I went down town, everything seeming the same as usual, with people going about leisurely in and out of the shops.

At about one o'clock, all the rest of us were sitting at luncheon—Uncle Joe not having yet returned, and Aunt Octavia beginning to be uneasy about him—when the door burst open and in he came, quite breathless and excited.

"Have you heard the news?" he said. "The rebels are gathering out North!"

"What! Gathering out North!" we exclaimed.

"That's what they say," he replied, taking off his coat and sitting down by the fire, quite forgetful of the fact that he should have been hungry. "I myself saw a fellow who had ridden in from heaven knows where to bring the news. His horse was all in a lather, but he was a long-winded beggar and it was hard to make head or tail of his story. Most of it was about how he had overheard their plans. But by all accounts the men from his district were to start this morning."

"Were you talking with him yourself?" asked Aunt Oc-

tavia, evidently somewhat alarmed, while the girls sat staring, without saying a word at all.

"There was such a crowd about you could hardly get near him," replied Uncle Joe, "and every time a new man came up he seemed to think he had to begin all over again. But I guess there's something up, all right."

"Had he told Sir Francis?" I asked.

"He had been there, but Sir Francis was out. I sent him to FitzGibbon. Ecod!"—and he chortled with amusement in spite of his perturbation—"but the Colonel'll tear his shirt *this* afternoon!"

And so, indeed, it proved, for no man in the city was busier all that day and the rest of the week than Colonel FitzGibbon.

Without waiting to take any more luncheon I went down to the shop, anxious to finish some work that had to be done, in case of anything happening later; but I must say it was hard to keep to business, for all the rest of the afternoon excitement grew apace. Even from the window, through which I glanced from time to time as I worked, I could see people gathering in little knots along the sidewalk, and customers dropping into the shop brought rumors that grew in direct ratio with the excitement, some saying that a thousand men from the North, with Mackenzie riding on a white horse, were descending upon the City, while others averred that Dr. Duncombe was on his way in from the West with as many more, and that an army from the United States might be expected at his heels. Nor was there much more cohesion in regard to the aims of the rebels, for some declared that they intended to overthrow the Government and establish a Republic with Dr. Rolph as President, while others asserted that Dr. Rolph was having nothing to do with it whatever, but was still at his house, and that Mackenzie aimed at being President himself. Some there were, too, who pooh-poohed the whole of these stories, blaming Colonel FitzGibbon's zeal for setting them afloat, and affirming their opinion that the worst that would happen would be a procession with a petition.

Upon the whole, however, I was surprised that there was not even more alarm, for about as much interest seemed to center about the hanging of a girl that took place in front of the jail that day, for which crowds assembled, much to my disgust, for I cannot understand the morbid frame of mind that leads people to frequent such scenes.

Finally, it became noised about that the Government was at last aroused, and that a warrant was out for Mackenzie's arrest, and after that it seemed fairly evident that something serious was afoot.

I think it was about five of the afternoon when I heard a walking about in the clock shop next door, and, my anxiety being now keyed to the breaking point, I went in by the back door, the Sea Lion's gruff voice having called "Come in," to my knock.

"Oh, it's you," he said. "I just came back for some papers," and at once he opened the desk and resumed the work of sorting out which, apparently, my entrance had interrupted.

"For heaven's sake, Clinkenbocker, tell me what's up—if you know," I entreated.

He turned and looked at me for a moment in that way that always makes him appear as though *he*, the man himself, were looking from behind some sort of frontal rampart that did not belong to him.

"Do you want to come along?" he asked, abruptly.

"Come along where?" I asked.

"To help the cause," he said.

For just one instant I hesitated. Then it seemed as though a torrent that had gained impetus from all the events of my past life was hurrying me along. The shop could go. The customers could go. Everything could go. Stand or fall I must stay with "the cause."

"Yes," I said, "I'll go with you.—Now tell me what's up?"

He was again bending over the desk, looking for something, but he glanced at me and then back again.

"They're gathering at Montgomery's tavern," he said.

"Who all?—Where from?"

"All the patriots—from North, East, West," he replied. "They've been coming in all afternoon."

—All the patriots!—That meant Hank, The Schoolmaster, Jimmy, Ned, Dick, and the rest of the fellows! A glad excitement seized me, and I could have shouted with the joy of meeting them, being with them in any enterprise.—Everything else was forgotten.

"Are you going now?" I said. "I must lock up the shop."

He nodded, and I was off. When I came back he was turning the key in the lock of the desk.

"What'll I need? Are they taking guns? Have you one for me?" I asked, all in a breath.

"There'll be a gun at the tavern," he replied. "What you need now is a good bellyful of supper.—Sit down there."—And very obediently I sat down while he untied a parcel containing some bread and meat, and went to the cupboard and took out a bottle of beer.

We ate until we could eat no more, which in my case was not long, so excited was I. Then the Sea Lion tied up what was left of the bread and meat and put it in his overcoat pocket.

"Come now," he said.

We went out by the back door, and soon I perceived that he was proceeding by devious ways, with an appearance of leisurely going, although, in the dusk, I doubt if anyone much noticed us.

Just once, until the houses became farther apart and there were fewer to meet, did our voices break the silence.

"Where are we going?" I asked. "To Montgomery's?"

To which he rejoined rather sarcastically, "Of course not.—To Buffalo."

Then, by and by, approaching the Don bridge, we felt more freedom in talking, and he told me, in his jerky fashion, that he had been out giving notices—though pretending to take clocks for mending—during the week; that

the intention was to surprise the Government, and that Colonel Anthony Van Egmond, who was to arrive from the West, was to take charge of the patriot forces and direct operations in case of military action being necessary.

"Colonel Van Egmond—my father's old friend!" I exclaimed. "But he's quite old. He must be sixty years of age."

"Great soldier, though," said the Sea Lion.—"Europe."

"I know," said I.

And then, once over the bridge, we followed westward, going by ravine and field and woodland, for there was scarcely any snow on the ground, just enough in the hollows, assisted by the stars, to give us a glimmer of light for our rough walk.

"It's turning very cold," I remarked. "It's been a wonderfully mild winter so far,"—thinking how well that had been for the folk at home.

"Yes," he said. "All afternoon they've been coming to the tavern in wagons, they say. It's slower than sleighs, this time o' year."

"You think," I ventured, "that enough 'll get there in time?"

"Hope so," he replied. "Too bad the day had to be changed. It's unlucky. 'Twas to be Thursday."

"And this is only Monday," I said. "Why was the date changed?"

"Don't know.—Nobody knows. Some say Rolph did it," he replied. "Must have been some good reason. Rolph's no fool," adding mournfully, "It's unlucky."

"There's more chance of a hitch," I agreed, as we emerged from a bit of wood and climbed over a snake fence to a roadway. "But cheer up, old fellow. . . . I say, are you sure we'll get guns when we get there?"

"Hope so," he replied. "Mine's hid behind a fence."

"Why didn't you get one for me, too?"

"Couldn't," he explained, laconically. "They might be on to me in the gunshops."

And that reminded me.

"After all, Clinkenbocker," I remarked, as we strode on faster and faster, "we can't surprise the City. Reports have been coming in all day."

In the darkness I could feel him glaring at me.

"Where's your soldiers?" he growled. "And do you suppose there's no Patriots in the city? Do you suppose there's no one there but Tories? All week I've been warning 'em. All day today I've been giving 'em notice—the patriots. I've sat in my corner and kept the lists and sent the young fellows out to tell 'em. Colonel FitzGibbon's been busy: Old Clink's been busy, too."

And then I burst out laughing.

"What are you laughing at?" he growled.

"Oh, nothing. Imagine you, squatting there like a big spider, spinning your web!"

At which he laughed noiselessly. He never laughs any other way.

"We'll give them the devil," he said.

"Is this Yonge Street?" I asked, presently.

"Yes. We're about there."

And then we trudged on in silence.

A moment later someone called sharply:

"Who goes there?"

To which Clinkenbocker replied in a gruff syllable which I did not catch, so startled was I.

"Pass!" came the order, and as we went on I saw dark forms of men along the fence at either side of the road.

"One of the pickets," muttered the Sea Lion, and a queer feeling came over me as I realized that in all probability I was to take part in a real rebellion.

A few paces farther, looming up through the darkness, could be seen the huge outline of the tavern, and as we drew closer we could see, through the windows, that it was filled with men, as was also the yard behind and the road in front, where the hanging lantern above the platform dimly illumined those who passed in and out beneath it. Also there were lanterns flitting about everywhere, like fire-flies.

Mingling among the crowd, we found that a number were Lount's men from Holland Landing, who had just arrived, very footsore and weary, and ready for supper, which, it appeared, they could not have, since sufficient supplies had not been laid in at the tavern.

Some of them were for dealing rather roughly with the manager—Lingfoot, or Linfoot—who, they declared, had supplies hidden away and would not produce them, being fearful of not getting his pay; but others were inclined to give him the benefit of the doubt, and, after a little, quietness was restored somewhat when the word went round that foragers had been sent to the neighboring farm houses.

There was much dissatisfaction, too, that the arms that were to have been in quantity at the tavern did not seem to be there. The men who owned firelocks and fowling-pieces had brought them, and there were a few rifles, but many were furnished, so far, with nothing better than the pikes and cudgels which they had hoped to discard; and one of them, who had two cudgels, offered me one of his, remarking that it didn't look much but that he "guessed it could give a fellow a pretty good clout on the head."

I took it, but I felt myself a joke of a soldier as I looked down at the knobs and bumps of the thing, and wished I had my good old rifle from home.

"Look like callithumpians, don't we?" remarked another young fellow.

So the chaff went round among the younger chaps, but among the whiskered older men, I noticed that the talk was on a serious order, and that many of them were much discouraged because of the news, which had just arrived, of the defeat of Brown's "*patriotes*" in Lower Canada.

All the while I kept sharp watch for Hank and The Schoolmaster and the boys from home, but they did not come.

I was anxious, too, to catch a glimpse of Lount and Mackenzie, and a big, burly fellow pointed out Lount to me. Following his finger I saw a huge man, with a fine head and face—his countenance now very anxious and serious.

"That's him," said the fellow. "He's the best man in Upper Canady, an' 'tis me that knows it. He gimme my ax, when I hadn't tuppence to rub together, an' that gimme my start. I've a goodish little farm now, though it's five mile from anywheres because o' the land hold-ups. The wife an' childer's gone to her father's while I'm away. Yes, he gimme my start, and I've paid him fer the ax long ago."

"He let me have mine, too," said another, addressing me. "You're a city bug, judgin' by the clothes of ye, so ye don't know what an ax means to a man in the bush. He's let hundreds go out like that, even to the Indians, but I don't know as a man ever cheated 'im out of a cent, or fergot to pay 'im back jist as soon as he could git the money. He's a grand man, is Lount, an' us fellows 'ud folly 'im into the sea."

Of Mackenzie, until nearly ten o'clock, I saw not a glimpse, although it was said that he was now shut up in a room with some others, but had been about before and had given Lingfoot "down the banks" for not having supplies on hand.

At about ten of the clock, however, he came down the stairs and pushed through the crowd to the stable yard, where he and three others mounted horseback and set off towards the City—no one about knowing just whence or why. One of the party, it was said, was Captain Anthony Anderson, who was to be one of the commanding officers in the advance which, it was believed, would be made next morning at daybreak.

There was much talk as to whether the City would "show fight" or not, and even yet many believed that, because of the absence of the soldiers, the Government would throw up its hands at once. Some there were, however, who were equally sure that blood would be spilled,—and before many minutes their expectations were fulfilled.

It could not have been more than a quarter past ten when, having gone out among the crowd in the backyard, I heard the galloping of horses' feet and a rumbling as of great

excitement in front of the tavern. With many others I began to run to see what was the matter, but scarcely had we got around the corner of the building when the sharp crack of a rifle sounded, and, reaching the roadway, we saw a riderless horse galloping off full speed up the road, and some men lifting up its prostrate rider from the ground.

"It's Colonel Moodie!" some were exclaiming,—and others, "He was trying to break through to carry the news!"

The greatest consternation, however, seemed to be due to the fact that one of the unfortunate man's companions—there had been three of them—had escaped, and was off towards the City.

"Never mind," said some, "Mackenzie's crowd'll get him all right!"

Colonel Moodie, meantime, was carried into the tavern. An old soldier in Europe, he had escaped all the dangers of the Peninsular War only to meet his death at a country wayside inn in this wild new world. Truly how strange are the ways of our lives!

Sick at heart—for there was blood on the frozen mud of the road—I went back again to the sheds, and was standing there, looking up at the clear, bright stars, and wondering why everyone could not be kind and fair, so that there would be no need of killings and wars, when there was sound of a galloping horse again, and evidence of a new excitement.

Going back I found the men almost in a panic over the news that Captain Anderson—who had left but a few moments before, and whom most of the men seemed to regard as our military head until Van Egmond arrived—had also been shot, and was lying dead up the road a piece.

There were many inquiries for Mackenzie, but no one knew where he was, or whether he, too, had not met with mishap.

Indeed, little that was definite could be learned by any of us who were there waiting for orders. We only knew that a "rebel" and a loyalist had both bitten the dust, and that we must wait for the next move.

Deep gloom settled upon us; talk died away, except for

the arrival of a small party or two, who lunged in out of the darkness with some more fowling-pieces and cudgels, when suddenly over the top of Gallows Hill came the ringing of bells.

"The bells!" I exclaimed to Clinkenbocker, and then we saw that others were standing motionless as we, listening, while the clangor grew apace, one bell after another, apparently taking up the cry, and pealing out their alarm on the clear, frosty air.

I strained my ears to distinguish the musical booming of the bell of St. James, and wondered what now my uncle thought of me. "I can never go back there again," I reflected, rather mournfully.

. . . So the night was spent, small parties continuing to arrive almost every hour until we were in all about five hundred in number, many so weary from long marching that they threw themselves down on the floors and anywhere that a resting-place was afforded and were soon sound asleep.

At about four o'clock I also was overcome with drowsiness—for, usually, when tired, I sleep hugely—and so I lay down at the back of one of the sheds, wrapped in horse blankets, and was soon snoring as soundly as any of them.

CHAPTER XXVI

THE SKIRMISH

IT seemed that I was at home, and father was calling, "Ho there, Alan! Time to get up!" . . . Presently the voice seemed not to be father's. It was Hank's, down by the swimming pool, and it was saying "Alan, wake up, old boy! What are you doing here? Wake up!" . . . Then my feet seemed to be cold.

The voice came again, accompanied by a shake of my shoulders and the flashing of light in my eyes—"Hello, Alan! Hello, I say! You'll freeze out here!"

I opened my eyes wide, and sure enough there was old Hank, in greatcoat and fur cap, bending over me and holding a lantern.

Straightway I jumped to my feet, forgetful of the numbness of them, and we almost hugged each other.

After that it came to me where we were. It was not yet daylight, but crowds of men were walking about the building and in and out of the open back door, through which came the glimmer of candle-light.

"Come on in," urged Hank. "You must be nearly frozen. What did you lie down there for?"

"Hold on a minute," I said, stamping my feet to restore the circulation; "when did you come?"

"Some half an hour ago. The rest of the fellows are here,—The Schoolmaster, too."

"And how in the world did you find me so soon?" I asked.

"Oh, I knew you'd be here somewhere," replied he, "so when I couldn't find you in the house I got a lantern and prowled around the stables. Of course the last place I thought of was here.—Of all the fool places to lie down for

a sleep!—Are you sure you aren't frozen anywhere?"

"Oh, no," I said, "the blankets looked out for that. I hooked them out of the stable. I'd better put them back."

After we had put them in place, we went to find The Schoolmaster and the boys. The Master was in the hallway, very much awake, and very busy getting hold of things by asking information of everyone in sight, but most of the rest were looking for somewhere to catch a nap.

Jimmy Scott and Red Jock we found sitting on a bench in a corner of the kitchen, Jimmy less smiling than usual and quite lost as he looked about at the unaccustomed scene, while Jock, who appeared to be sizing up the situation in general, looked rather "dour." His countenance lighted up, however, when we appeared, with the old home look that was good to see.

Jimmy sprang to his feet at once and slapped me on the back for half a minute. Yes, Hannah was fine. She was over at his aunt's, and the oxen, cow, calf, pig, chickens and ducks likewise. They had had a "divil" of a time getting the things all out.

Jock did not get up at all but he gave me a grip that almost cracked my fingers.

"Ah've been speirin' for ye," he said, "ben the hoose an' but, an' wis juist arrivin' at the conclusion ye're no verra weel kent hereabouts. . . . It's fine, mon, tae get a glint o' ye again!"

There was a little more talk, and I told him about Elizabeth; then, suddenly recollecting, Hank exclaimed:

"Where did you put Alan's rifle, Jock?"

"Dinna' leap oot o' yer skin; it's safe eneugh," said Jock, and, stooping, he pulled it out from beneath the bench—my own rifle from home!—The dear lads had carried it in turn, along with their own arms, all that long weary march.

"Ah doot ye're juist lovin' it," said Jock, as I rubbed my fingers over the smooth stock and glistening barrel; "an' weel ye may. It's the best bit o' airn in oor pairts—trim an' slick as a filly!"

—But I must hurry on.

As morning broke, gray and cheerless, everyone about the place was astir, and men came out from every conceivable corner, unwashed and with hair disheveled, eager to know if there was to be any breakfast and if anything new had happened. But there was very little liveliness or good cheer. Indeed a spirit of deep gloom seemed to have settled upon the place, partly because of Colonel Moodie's dead body, still in the building, and partly because Colonel Van Egmond and his men from the West had not arrived, which was quite to be expected since it was not likely that he had received word of the change of the day.

During the forenoon there was a little drilling, overmuch confusion, on the whole, and very little definiteness about anything.

Over and over Hank and I wondered how things were going in the city, when we received rather unexpected information.

At about ten of the clock we stumbled upon a small boy loitering in a fence-corner, staring at the crowd with all his might. He looked as though he might be a young gaffer from the city, and his eyes were very wide and his face keen as a ferret's.

"Hello, Bub! Where did *you* come from?" I said.

"Toronto," he answered, jerking a thumb back over his shoulder, and continuing to stare at the men.

"But how did you manage to get here?" I asked. "Didn't you run into a picket or anything?"

"Oh, I just ducked around by the *rail* fences," he explained, betraying small knowledge of military terms. "I wanted to see what was goin' on here."

"And what's going on in the city?" we both asked, in a breath.

"Why, all the stores is closed," he said, interested in us now, "an' they're barricadin' the Bank an' ever so many places with planks, an' they're givin' out guns—*hundreds* of them—at the City Hall."

"Whew!" whistled Hank; "this is worth while."

"You bet!" I said. "For seeing things take a young gaffer like this every time. Let's hunt up The Master.—Come on, Bub."

With a hand of each of us on the lad's shoulder, lest he should bolt, which, apparently, he had no intention of doing, we pushed our way through until we found The Schoolmaster, who took the questioning in hand.

The young gaffer was anxious to tell all he knew, and was becoming much filled with a sense of his importance.

"There's *awful* crowds of men comin' in today from the lake way," he said,—“from Hamilton, an' oh, ever so many places.—An' the Heads an' Robinson's women folks has all been put on the *Transit*, foot o' Yonge Street, so they kin be steamed off if the city's took."

And then he spied someone. "There's my Uncle Jerry!" he exclaimed, and, that time, bolted, nor did we see another sight of him.

"The trouble is," remarked The Schoolmaster, "that one hardly knows just how far to believe a lad like that."—Whether The Schoolmaster ever communicated what we had heard to the leaders or not, I have not since heard, but I have no doubt that he did.

About an hour later we were all drawn up in front of the tavern, somewhat over seven hundred in all, perhaps, with the riflemen ahead, the pikemen next and the cudgel brigade in the rear—where I should have been had it not been for my sudden promotion by reason of my rifle—and there Mackenzie, sitting on a little white horse, with his overcoat buttoned up to his chin, talked to us for a while. We understood that our army was to be divided in two, one division to go down Yonge Street, with Lount as its leader, while the other was to branch off and go down the College Avenue with Mackenzie.

After a time we actually set off, Hank and I finding ourselves trudging along a few lines back in Lount's division.

At Gallows Hill we were halted, but before the word came to advance again a most unexpected event happened.

Riding at a gallop from the city came three men, bearing a flag of truce. One of them, it was quickly noised about, was none other than Dr. Rolph, the others being Mister Baldwin and a Mister Carmichael; and, indeed, we were no little surprised to see those two good Reformers there with a flag of truce, nor, though we saw them talking at a little distance with our leaders, could we form any idea of what was in the wind.

After a short time they rode back again with their flag, and we got the order to go forward towards the toll-gate, where again we were halted, with Mackenzie's men to the right of us, wondering much what we should be expected to do.

By this time the men seemed to have become greatly dissatisfied, and to have lost confidence in Mackenzie, who seemed overwrought with excitement. Indeed the word went round that he was "off his head," for which, I suspect, Red Jock was responsible, for earlier in the day, more than once, I heard him express the opinion that "Wee Mac" was "aff his heid."

Not far from the toll-gate, it being now past noon, some bread and stuff was served out to us, not very plentifully, and while we were eating it Mackenzie and a few others went in about Dr. Horne's house, which was near by. Before we had finished eating they came out again, and in a few minutes flame and smoke began to burst from the windows. We watched until the place was quite burned down, and some of the men said that Mackenzie himself had set it afire, but of that I do not know, as many reports flew around that were not true.

Afterwards there was an attempt made to get us to march on into the city, but so many objections were made that finally we were told to go back to the tavern, which we did in any order that pleased us.

On the way Hank and I caught up with The Schoolmaster and Clinkenbocker.

The Schoolmaster was very much annoyed. It was poor soldiering, this, he said. The date should not have been

changed. No advance should be attempted until Van Egmond arrived, and so forth. But the Sea Lion said not a word.

Coming on towards evening, our leaders talked to us again, and requested us to follow them once more to the city. Preparations, they said, were going on there so fast that if we did not strike at once it might be useless to strike at all.

So we all set off again, with our guns and pikes, and wearing our white badges, and by six o'clock had arrived again at the toll-gate.

The next event was so comical that even yet I cannot write about it without laughing. I have heard of comedy. This performance, of which I will now tell, was, I think, the comedy act in our tragic little show at Montgomery's.

Finally, as we stood there at the toll-gate, with the stars beginning to come out above, the word was given for our party to advance, and off we started, with Lount leading us,—all fairly well excited, if my own feelings were any index to those of the rest.

We proceeded along well enough until we had reached a point not far from the Green Bush tavern, where, at Jonathan Scott's house, there is a high fence.

At this place, all unknown to us, Sheriff Jarvis was stationed with a small body of men, and as we advanced, all of a sudden, from behind the fence, they fired on us.

The first row of our men, in which was The Schoolmaster, discharged their rifles and then threw themselves down so that those behind might fire unimpeded. But instead of that our men, some of whom thought that all who had dropped down were shot, were seized with a panic, and the most of them took to their heels and fled back up Yonge Street as fast as they could go. For a few minutes some of us stood our ground, when we saw that the loyalists were also running down Yonge Street, in the opposite direction, as fast as *they* could go.

It was the look of Hank that set me laughing.

In the darkness I could see him standing there, with his hat off, looking first up and then down the street.

"Good Lord!" he said; "are they running *both* ways?"

By that time very few were left, but Lount and one or two more who were slowly following also. So we trudged back again—provoked, dissatisfied, yet amused. Someone said on the way that one of our men was lying back on the road dead. A few more were tying up wounds. And then Hank took off his cap and made me feel the inside of it.

"That was a pretty close call," he said, coolly.

—And sure enough, there in the lining, front and back, was the hole left by a bullet.

During that night many of the men deserted, some being now convinced that the undertaking was hopeless, while others, having found that more than a mere "demonstration" was intended, refused to have anything further to do with the affair, declaring that such business as was now afoot was nothing short of treason. The majority, however, remembered their grievances and grimly determined to "see the thing through" to the end, whatever that might be. If they went home at this juncture, they reasoned, they would only be arrested anyhow.

Apparently it had now been determined that we should wait for Colonel Van Egmond and his men, for all that day was spent rather idly, with intermittent drillings, the one event of importance being that Mackenzie rode out with a small party and intercepted the mails from the West, bringing the mail-bags back to the tavern.

It was wonderful, however, how news managed to filter through to us from the city; for during the day reports continued to come in, in one way or another, confirming all the boy had said, and adding many things of greater import. By evening had come to us: that Sir Francis had fortified the Parliament Buildings; that loyalists were arriving in great numbers, including the men from Gore with Colonel Allan MacNab as their leader; that Colonel FitzGibbon had

been appointed Commander of all the loyalist forces; and finally that Dr. Morrison had been arrested for high treason and that Dr. Rolph had fled to parts unknown;—all of which did not tend to raise our spirits.

That night, very down-hearted but determined to see the affair out to its finish, we lay down early, wherever we could find a spot, to try to snatch some sleep so that we should be ready for the "battle" which, we felt, was pretty sure to come next day.

Hank and I had chosen to bivouac in a corner of a loft above the stable, which was open to the stars on one side, but somewhat secluded, although a hard enough resting-place, for all the hay had been fed to the horses.

"Wonder where The Schoolmaster is," I remarked, as we lay there.

"I saw him and Jock starting for a farmhouse a little while ago," said Hank.—"What do you think'll happen tomorrow, Alan?"

"To tell the truth," I answered, "I'm afraid we're going to get the worst of it."

"Well, if we do," returned Hank, "we'll have the satisfaction of knowing we failed in a good cause. I understand now, Alan, how soldiers face death as they do."

"And always," I added, "they are sure their cause is the right one. Their leaders—political and otherwise—see to that."—Perhaps the words savored of sarcasm; but my enthusiasm had passed; I was weary and discouraged, and beginning to wonder whether my father and the "Moderates" in general had not been wholly right in thinking constitutional means the only practical resort in such case as ours.

"But in this case——" began Hank.

"Oh, in this case," I interrupted, "morally we have the weight of the balance on our side, of course."

"Weight?—Why they haven't a leg to stand on!" exclaimed Hank, mixing our metaphors woefully.

"All right," I responded. "Now go to sleep, you old doughhead."

"Thank heaven, it isn't so cold," said he, and then he rolled over in his blanket and was soon asleep.

But I lay for a long time, gazing up at the stars, and raising my head from time to time, to look out at the men, with their twinkling lanterns, who continued to move about the yard. Once or twice during the night, also, I heard—and saw—the arrival of small parties of reinforcements, men from a distance, no doubt, weary and footsore, who had arrived to be in time for "Thursday."

Next morning—Thursday, the 7th of December—we were up bright and early.

The day was clear and sunshiny, and, somehow, we were in better spirits, the more so when, at about eight of the clock, Colonel Van Egmond arrived, for now we felt that we should be under real military leadership. His very presence seemed to make my blood bound, although I saw nothing of him for a time save, once, the top of his kindly gray head, for immediately he was closeted with the leaders.

Very soon, however, the military tactician was apparent, for the Colonel's first move was to send a party of sixty men, under Captain Peter Matthews, down the Don Valley, as a ruse to distract the attention of the city in that direction while we should make our main drive.—There, it was learned afterwards, they set fire to the bridge and to a house or two. But the loyalists were by this time too well aware of our doings to be misled by any ruse.

During the next hour or two the Colonel reviewed us, and at the first word the evidence of the practiced soldier was clear to see. But I am sure he was deeply disappointed, for by this time there could not have been more than five hundred men in all, and the reinforcements expected that morning did not arrive. About two hundred of us were armed with rifles, a few with old fowling-pieces, while the rest had nothing better than the pikes and cudgels. I doubt not but that to him we seemed but a sorry rabble.

He had just begun to tell us what we were to do in case of obstruction, when one of the scouts came running in with the word that a whole army, with a band, was coming out Yonge Street to attack us.

For a few moments there was intense excitement among us, then we got a hold upon ourselves again, and waited grimly, in the bright sunshine, while Van Egmond and Mackenzie, mounting to horseback, rode away south to reconnoiter.

In a few moments back they came, and placed those of us who had arms in the bit of woods about half a mile south of the tavern, while those with the pikes and cudgels were left at the tavern itself. A few riflemen, also, were stationed in the field to the east of the building.

Hank and I found ourselves in the woods, and there we waited, watching, for although the trees were large they were so thinned out that we could see clearly. I may confess to my Journal that my heart was thumping, and, glancing at Hank, I wondered if his was also, although he was kneeling by a stump very coolly trying the sight of his rifle.

Looking about I saw The Schoolmaster and Red Jock and Jimmy all behind a clump of cedar close to the fence, the Master's long lean face outlined against the darkness of the cedars, Jimmy chewing tobacco, while Red Jock leaned forward peering between the bushes.—They had kept together pretty closely, those three, for the past two days.

Then suddenly a thrill ran through us, for we heard the strains of a band, and the beating of drums.

Like frozen statues we stood, holding our breath, while the music grew louder, and we could distinguish quite easily *The British Grenadiers*, lilting out gayly on the clear morning sunshine.

A moment later from over the top of Gallows Hill hove in sight a dark body of men, marching in order, with flags gayly waving.

Hurriedly we looked to our rifles.

On they came, nearer and nearer, their steady tramp smiting on our ears, in a dull thud, thud, thud!

Then all about us arose low cries.

"The cannon! The cannon!"

Yes, there it was—cannon drawn by horses,—we could not distinguish how many.—Nor could we form any idea as to the number of men; but they seemed legion as they came, pouring steadily on and on towards us like a black torrent down the road, with the sharp rows of their bayonets pointing upwards like waves serrated by a storm.

A few moments later, and we heard the sharp command "*Halt!*" followed by other indistinguishable orders, and then "*Fire!*"

Simultaneously with that word came our own order to fire, and then I knew nothing save that shots were rattling in the trees and that I was handling my rifle as fast as I could.

At the next instant there came a great crashing into the tree-trunks.—The cannon were pouring out their grape-shot and canister!

It was serious—that much I knew, but I continued to load and fire. My mouth seemed dry.

Glancing at Hank I saw him still kneeling behind his stump, working coolly as ever, but with flushed cheeks.

Into the trees came broadside after broadside from the loyalists. . . . Then, somehow I knew that our men were flying at top speed—back and back from the roadway—some of them turning to fire parting shots as they ran!

"The cause" was lost! Our little army of "patriots" was scattered to the winds!

It was now "Save himself who can!" and in a moment Hank and I were running side by side, farther into the woods, while the shots continued to rattle upon the tree-trunks, and great branches came crashing to the ground.

Evidently our men were making for the deeper forest beyond, and there also we made way as speedily as we could, leaping over down-fallen logs and sharp little hollows. I saw some of the fugitives bleeding but no one fell.

—Afterwards I learned that although many were wounded only one then met his death, and he was in the field near to the tavern. He was shot through the head. Later four of the wounded died in the hospital.

"It's run or pay for it now," said Hank, when he could find his voice. "If we're caught we'll be arrested."

"Yes," said I, turning my head to look back at the road before we should plunge into the deeper woods.

As far North upon it as I could see, were galloping horses.

Then there came a puff of smoke from the tavern windows.

"For heaven's sake, look there, Hank!" I exclaimed.

"Yes, they've fired it!" he said, and for just an instant we stood looking. All along the road the loyalist troops were scattered, men running and shouting, and horses galloping with the lash to them; but some of the foot-soldiers were running towards us through the woods, so again we took to our heels.

.

And now I can write no more at this time.

The story is a long one, and, I fear, for some of our poor patriots is not yet ended.

I will just add that since that dark day I have learned that the Lieutenant-Governor himself was with the troops, as were also Judge Jones and most of the prominent men of the city. The main body of the loyalists, perhaps seven hundred men, were led by Colonel MacNab, while there were also two wings, which came, for the most part, by the fields, the right officered by Colonel Jarvis and the left by Colonel Chisholm and Judge McLean.

In the city, as the army left, there must have been great excitement, for they say the windows and porch-tops, and even the tops of the houses, wherever a footing could be gained, were crowded with people, who cheered and waved flags and handkerchiefs as the men marched by.

But now—another day for the rest of the story.

CHAPTER XXVII

THE FUGITIVES

WE must have been running fast northward, for the point at which we paused, when we looked back and saw the smoke bursting from the tavern windows, seemed far beyond. We were standing then upon an eminence, and there was a long rift in the woods between; but soon we plunged into deeper wildernesses, running through small ravines and springing over logs until we were obliged to slacken speed by reason of sheer weariness.

Not a word did Hank and I say to each other—perhaps we had not the wind to spare—but I wondered if *he* was wondering, as was I, whether we should be arrested, and, if so, whether we should be shot as traitors. I well knew the point of view of the loyalists—it had been impressed upon me by my stay in Uncle Joe's house—that such a proceeding as we had entered upon spelled nothing short of treason, high treason at that, inexplicable as inexcusable. Nevertheless, with these fears heavy upon me because of our ghastly failure, another thought kept surging up and up through the others, like a glad, warm, bubbling spring of pure water, glittering radiant in the sun: *I had not sat down between two stools*.—My father might be right in his championship of constitutional means instead of this wild action into which we had hurled ourselves—and lost; nevertheless, let come what might now, I would remember that when the time came I had acted a man's part, with decision and persistence. I had thrown myself with the side which, after all, called out, as it seemed to me at the time, with best reason, for justice. Often this thing had worried me—lest, in my zeal for seeing both sides, I might wobble.

“I didn't sit down between two stools! I didn't sit down

between two stools!" my soul kept singing as I ran on, panting, among the trees and logs.

Occasionally we caught sight of other fleeing figures, between the gray maple and oak trunks, and occasionally, where rifts in the woods intervened, saw men running across the fields; then, somehow, we must have circled towards the west, for presently we ran across a trail and I saw a landmark that I knew, a curiously bent beech with three branches growing straight up, like three miniature trees, from the arched trunk.

Past this, in the shelter of a clump of evergreens, I stopped.

"See here, Hank," I said, "if we keep on like this we'll get back plump to the city. We're circling."

"How do you know?" he asked.

"I knew that tree back there."

"Of course," he said, with his cap off and mopping the sweat from his forehead. "We forgot that one goes that way in the bush. I suppose we'll have to sight trees, but it's infernally slow.—We seem to have got away from the other fellows."

"There's a river ahead there a bit," I suggested. "We might follow it until we come to a railroad or something we are sure about."

"The very idea!" he agreed, enthusiastically. "Come on!" Then, suddenly he sat down. "Wait a minute," he said. "Jove, I'm winded!"

So I sat down, too, or rather, lay down, with my ear to the ground, listening for pursuing footsteps.

"What are you going to do, Hank?" I asked, in a half whisper.

"Why, make for The States, I guess," he replied, in the same low tone. "There's nothing else for it."

"Have you any money?"

"A little. Have you?"

I nodded. "A little. I wish I had more."

"Never mind, we can work," he said. "I hope the folks at home'll not be too uneasy. But we can write as soon as

we're safe over the line. I wish the mails went better."

I nodded again, but—perhaps it was the sight of the trail to the city that had started them, or perhaps it was merely the breathing-space—a host of questions and recollections were beginning to surge into my mind, and I was becoming much troubled. I was remembering certain items about my uncle's business of which he should know and which only I could tell him satisfactorily; I had not had time to put the books, and so on, in ship-shape. There were certain things of my own at the house, too, which I wanted (including, I may here confess, some little keepsakes of Barry), but most of all my journal, which, to my excited imagination, contained things that might, if discovered, be embarrassing to the family. It began to appear to me that, come what might, I must go back,—and yet how could I desert Hank?

"Come," he said, presently, "this will never do! They'll catch us here," and, indeed, even as he spoke, there came the faint thud of horses' feet approaching on the trail some distance away.

As lightly and quietly as we could we made off again, and this time we took pains to sight the trees ahead, keeping on in as straight a line as possible towards the river.

Just before we reached it we heard the sound of other hurrying footsteps, and, at some little distance, saw forms moving among the trees, evidently heading for the same point as ourselves. Fearing pursuers, we froze motionless behind a thick balsam and focused our vision on the rapidly moving figures.

"Hooray!" whispered Hank, in a moment. "It's Jimmy Scott and Dick!"—And then and there he restrained a wild desire to halloo to them, finding expression, an instant later, in frantic wavings, when Jimmy's red face, surmounted by its coonskin cap, turned towards us, almost simultaneously disappearing as his body dropped beneath the undergrowth.

In another second, evidently upon recognition of us, the coonskin cap and red face reappeared again, and Hank renewed his wavings.

A short run brought us up, and Jimmy's relieved countenance relaxed into his familiar grin.

"I thought yis was some o' them damn loyalists," said he, in a stage whisper, while Dick suddenly reappeared from behind a huge log.

"Where are you going?" asked Hank.

"Why, back to Hannah. o' course," said Jimmy, quite positively.

"But you can't do that," said Hank. "The settlement'll be raked through and through, and every man-jack of us'll be arrested."

"That's what I've been tellin' him," broke in Dick, excitedly. "It's the States fer us—er the jail. I'm not goin' to jail. I'll shoot myself first."

"Well, let's git out o' this," said Jimmy, voicing the thought of all of us. "The air's not healthy here. There's the river. Golly, I wish we had your canoe, Hank!"

Again they would have made on, but I stopped them.

"Well, see here, fellows." I said, "I'll say good-by here. I've got to go back."

"Back where?" they demanded, in a breath.

"Back to the city."

"The divil ye are!" exclaimed Jimmy, while the other two gazed at me open-mouthed.

"I have to; I must," I explained, diving into my pockets in search of my wallet. "There are things I must see to."

Hank caught me by the arm.

"Alan, are you clean crazy?" he said. "Why you fool boy, you might as well walk into a den of lions! Don't you see——"

"Yes, I see everything," I interrupted. "And I'm going back. I tell you I must. There's no time to argue or to explain.—Here, take this, Hank," as I crammed the wallet into his hand. "You may need it. Now, off with you! Don't worry about me. I'll be all right."

"But"—they began to expostulate.

"Go on," I said, "I'm not going with you.—*Go on!* You'll

be caught here, and it'll be all the worse for the whole of us."

For an instant they stared at me, then Hank looked into my eyes, and down at the wallet, and into my eyes again, with tears coming into his own.

"Thanks, Alan," he said, gulping hard, and then trying to smile, took the wallet—all too little it contained—and put it in his pocket.

I held out my hand to Jimmy and he squeezed it until the bones cracked. Then I shook hands with Dick, but he would not look at me, only off into the woods. I knew he could not. As he trudged off after Jimmy, Hank waited for an instant.

"I'll go with you, Alan," he said, but I would have none of that.

"No," I insisted, "that would only make things worse for both of us."

We looked into each other's faces for just one instant, then—we kissed. We had never done that before.

There I stood, watching, while Hank, head down, followed the other two, then, when he had waved to me for the last time and the last sight of them had been blotted out, I turned back and for a little walked on aimlessly, unconsciously following the river. That route, I knew, would bring me eventually to the King's Mills, but walking would be easier along the trail, and so I took my way back to it.

Just before reaching it, however,—very fortunately, as it soon proved—I stepped into a hole and twisted my ankle.

It was very painful, and for a little I had to sit down, and take off my boot and rub it, it swelling so quickly that when I tried to put on the boot again the laces had to be left loose and I could only walk by limping.

Having proceeded thus for a few paces along the trail, I heard horses approaching towards me.

I will admit that my heart "jumped into my mouth" for a moment, but "Keep up a bold front," said I to myself, and so I limped on with apparent assurance.

The arrivals proved to be three horsemen, armed, fol-

lowing one behind the other because of the narrowness of the way.

On seeing me they drew up, the foremost covering me with his rifle and demanding who I was.

"It's a great rebel I'd be," I said, laughing, "to be coming into the city at this time and along this way."

"Humph! What's the matter with your foot?" demanded the one who had spoken.

"I think I must have sprained it," I said, "for it's devilish sore."

But with that one of the others saved me, I think.

"Why, it's——" he began with an air of recognition. I could not hear the words that followed, but I gathered that he was explaining that he had seen me in my uncle's apothecary shop.

"Oh," said the other, evidently enlightened, then, turning to me; "don't you know the password to get into the city?"

"That I do not," I said, "since I've been spending a day or so with some friends outside of it and only tumbled into the chase this afternoon,"—all of which was perfectly true, and yet, I doubt not, rather clever lying. But "All's fair in love and war," thought I, "and I don't propose to be balked at this stage of the game."

There was some more questioning, which confirmed me as the nephew of my uncle, and then I was actually given the password.

When they had gone on I laughed, but it was a laugh of triumph, rather than of happiness or joy. Here was I, given the very key to the position at the very first encounter! Thanks to my very well-known uncle I had been taken for a loyalist returned from the pursuit by an unlucky accident. The same misconception might do duty again.—I thanked my stars that I had not been over-garrulous during my weeks in the apothecary shop.

No wonder I laughed, for I had good reason to suppose that, in the confusion of the day, not even all the loyalists could be so well provided, as was I now, with my pass-

word. Depending upon it I could likely reach my uncle's house. After that—let come what might.

So I stepped on with fresh heart, but my will ran ahead of my feet, for I was sadly enough hampered with my ankle, and glad enough when, nearing the city, a good loyalist who chanced to be a customer at the shop took me up in his wagon, and so deposited me, safely enough, at the door of the house which had been my home, but which now might be—well, I should soon find out.

By this time it was quite dark, but there was great excitement everywhere, the streets crowded with people, the air filled with noisy and jubilant talk, and every available light sending out its little red beams through the deepening night. As I looked about, I felt, at times, as if I were moving through a dream. Poor old Hank, and Jimmy and Dick—where were they now? Where were The Schoolmaster, and Red Jock and all the rest?—Mackenzie, I had learned from the driver of the wagon, was still at large, although many of the “rebels” had been taken. With sinking heart I thought of them all and of our broken “cause.”

Arrived at Uncle Joe's house, I do confess, I was overtaken by such trepidation as I had not heretofore experienced, but I pulled myself together, limped up the steps, and courageously thumped the knocker, hoping, for the sake of a temporary respite, that Uncle Joe might not be at home, which, indeed, proved to be the case.

It was Kate who opened the door. At the first glance she shrank back as though struck by something fearsome, then she raised her hands, gave a little shriek and fled.

“Hoity-toity!” thought I, “so this is my reception! What am I to do now?” But, since the door was wide open and the cold air from outside sweeping through, the sensible thing seemed to be to step in and close it, which I did.

“I may as well go to my room and get my things,” I considered, “in case I have to pack in short order,” but before I set foot on the stairs, Nora came to the rescue.

“For heaven's sake, Alan, is it you?” she said. “Where

have you been? And what a fright you look! I don't wonder Kate ran away. Go to your room at once, and I'll send you some hot water."

Without a word I began to mount the stairs, but before I had taken the second step she was at my side, helping me.

"You've been wounded?" she said. "You poor dear boy! Is it your foot? Oh, dear, I wonder where Daddy is."

"It's only a bit of a sprain," I explained. "Nothing at all."

But it was not until I reached my room and caught a glimpse of myself in the mirror that I realized how wild and ruffianly I looked, for my clothes were torn, and my boots scratched and red, and my face dirty with beard, for I had not shaven since leaving the city.

"Sit down there," commanded my cousin, "and don't budge an inch until I get a bandage. You'll see what Daddy's daughter can do."

And so she left me very comfortable in the soft armchair, coming back presently with warm water and bathing and bandaging my ankle so tenderly that I could have kissed her, but only laid my hand on her glossy head and told her how dear she was.

Then she went out, but by the time I was presentable she was at the door again, and beckoned me to the little den at the end of the hall where she had spread a small table for me.

"We haven't told mother yet that you are here," she said. "She is in *such* a state of nervousness, with the fright of it all, and she thinks the rebels are all dyed-in-the-wool villains. You really *are* a rebel, aren't you, Alan? I wonder you had the face to come back into the city."

She was not scolding, this charming cousin of mine—merely stating facts in a matter-of-fact way, and as I ate, she perched herself on the foot of a couch, watching me.

"By Jove, you're a jewel, Nora!" I said, as I fell upon the hot meat pasty which, with bread and butter, hot tea and jam, made a meal which, for deliciousness, seemed

one for the gods rather than for a discredited rebel. "I'm ravenous. But tell me, am I debarred from the dining-room?"

"I don't know," she said, "but don't worry your head about that now. Eat your supper—and then, tell me all about it."

She was watching me in frank expectancy, and I told her the whole story, every word of it.

"I don't know what Daddy will say about it," she said at last. "I'll warrant wherever he is down town now he's cursing the rebels, every man of them. He's very much excited, and yet—I think he has been uneasy about you, Alan. Just now the best thing you can do will be to go to bed and get a good rest. I'll not say anything to Daddy tonight about your being back."

And then she told me the story of all that had happened since I left; of the consternation that reigned in the house when it was known that I had disappeared; of the preparations in the city; of the great excitement when it was known that the rebels were actually on their way in; and of the wild cheering that went up—while the women wept for anxiety—as the loyalist forces with their two cannon set off on their way up Yonge Street towards Gallows Hill.

"What did Uncle Joe say when I did not come back?" I asked, at the first opportunity.

She laughed a little.

"Why," she said, "he ramped and tore about a bit, and declared he'd always known you were a mischief-maker and a fraud, and then at the next breath he 'hoped to the Lord' nothing would happen you."

"I don't suppose he'll be very glad to see me back here," I remarked, rather ruefully, "but there were some things in connection with the business that I simply had to go over with him."

"Oh," she said, smiling again, "as soon as he knows you're safe and sound he'll likely condemn you to all the depths, but don't let that worry you. Now then," and she held up a reproachful finger at me, "it's scandalously late. For

shame! Off to bed with you, and don't get up until I call you."

With that she flitted over to me like a butterfly and planted a kiss fair on my forehead, fluttering off again before I could collect my wits. But as she opened the door, there stood Kate, very beautiful in some sort of a blue dressing-gown.

"I'm sorry I was so rude, Alan," she said. "But you frightened me so. I wanted to come long ago, but mother couldn't sleep and I've been sitting with her. We thought it might be better not to—to disturb her tonight."

"Not to disturb me tonight!" come my Aunt's voice from the hall. "Not to tell me our boy was here!"—And then there was Aunt Octavia herself, laughing and crying, and hugging me and scolding the girls all in a breath. "Why, you foolish children, didn't you know most of my worry was for fear he might be hurt?"

It was quite two of the clock before we went to bed, and still Uncle Joe had not come in.

He was standing before the grate when I went down to breakfast next morning. They had not told him, and when I went in he stared at me for a moment as though he were seeing an apparition. Then he was across the floor at a bound, shaking me and punching me, and telling me how glad he was to see me back, although I "well deserved to have a bullet through my gizzard."

All through breakfast he beamed and joked, and tried to make me eat enough for three lumber-jacks. It was while we smoked together afterwards that his choler rose, and that all of my own fault, perhaps.

I had made a clean breast of the whole story, as I had to Nora, he listening with intense interest. Then it seemed incumbent upon me to say something about my regret that the movement had failed, considering the justice of the cause.

He grew red to the very top of his bald head.

"What, sir! What!" he exclaimed, jumping to his feet and throwing his pipe on the hearth; "you're still one of 'em!"

With that I did not improve matters—I should have known better—by attempting to justify my position, for he went from bad to worse, ending by ordering me off the place.

“One of that herd still!” he exclaimed, using plenty of adjectives by way of emphasis; “and you dared to come back to my house! Gad, sir, do you take me for a low-down cur, sir, that’ll be spit upon and then let it be rubbed in? Out of my house, sir, bag and baggage! I’ll have you know I harbor no treason in my house, no, nor no traitor! Pack, sir! Do you hear me? Pack, I say!”

Which forthwith I did.

While I was upstairs putting my things in my traveling-bags and wondering mightily whether I should find more difficulty in getting out of the city than I had in getting back into it, I could hear the voices of the women, downstairs, evidently expostulating with my excited uncle, and his in return, angrily refusing compromise. Then they came up to me—my Aunt and the girls—and my Aunt cried a little and the girls hung about me.

When at last we went down, I put the bags in the hall and went to him. He was standing at a window looking out, and he did not turn around.

“I’m going down to the shop to put the books in shape, uncle,” I said; “I’ll write down everything else necessary and leave it sealed on the desk. Won’t you shake hands?”

But he neither turned nor spoke.

I kissed the rest of them and limped down the steps. “So that’s the end of another chapter,” I said to myself, sorrowfully enough. “I wonder what next?”

But I do not think I had gone ten rods along the flags when I heard his voice calling, “Alan! Alan!”

I turned and went back. He had come down the steps and was waiting for me, a bit apologetically, I thought.

“Go upstairs and take the things out of those fool bags, and take care of your foot, sir,” he said. Then when we had got into the hall: “Alan, lad, I’m a hot-headed old idiot. But you’ve got to put up with me, lad,—you’ve got to put

up with me." And then we gripped hands and he followed me to my room.

"Tear an' ages, lad, didn't you know I never meant you to go like that?" he said. "Why, lad, you're the only son I've got."

"But I didn't mean to stay, Uncle Joe," I returned. "I—I *can't* stay. It might compromise you for me to be here. I just came back to finish the work at the books and to get some things."

He would not listen to that at all. I must just keep on where I was, he said. It was not necessary for us to tell all the world I had been at Montgomery's. I was only a young fool anyhow, carried off my balance for a while. I would know better later, and be one of the Queen's most loyal subjects, God bless her!

So here I am still, writing in my own little muslin-curtained room.

There is a reward of £1,000 out for Mackenzie, and £500 for Lount, Gibson, Jesse Lloyd and others. Matthews was taken, on the Saturday night after the fight, in a house in Markham township, and is now in jail, as is also good old Van Egmond, who could not keep up in the flight and was discovered in a farmhouse out north near the Golden Lion Inn. From about Bradford the other day, fifty prisoners were brought in, and paraded, fastened to a rope, down Yonge Street, amid the hoots and jeers of the crowds that gathered to look on.

In the midst of all this I feel like a hypocrite. Yet—who knows?—I may find it possible, eventually, to do more for our people here than were I to fly and probably be captured and brought back like the rest of them. In the meantime I shall lie low.

But I fear we have fallen on evil times indeed, and that, as my father said, we have but put it into the hands of the Powers in this country to put on the screws tighter than ever.

I wonder where Barry is this night. Glad am I that she was safely away from all this turmoil and danger.

CHAPTER XXVIII

AN INTERLUDE

COULD you sit over a bit, Alan Machree, until I put the dinner on? It's liking the old stone fire-place you are, I believe, as well as the fine grates in the city."

"And better, Mother of Mine," as I drew aside for my little mother. "This old fireside has—peculiar associations, you see. Why, it calls up pictures of spankings, and——" but she playfully covered my mouth with her hand.

"But it's grand," she said, sitting down in her rush rocker, and fanning her pink cheeks, all lighted up with the glow of the blazing logs, "it's grand, laddie, that we're all here together. It's been a happy Christmas for us, after all the worry." Then, with a shadow passing over her face, "It's strange, Alan, that one can be happy when others are not; we're selfish, I fear, over our own. But one's heart does ache, too, at times. . . . I wonder where they all are, this day."

"Yes,—I wonder," said I. I knew she was thinking, most of all, of Hank, and The Schoolmaster, and Red Jock, and Jimmy Scott, and poor old Dickie Jones—such a lad he is, younger even than Hank.

"It doesn't seem fair, mother," I added, "that I should be living on the cream of the land, when they are—wherever they are."

"Well, it would not help them—nor anything—if you were suffering, too," she said.

"Perhaps not. Yet sometimes I cannot help feeling like a churl. Sometimes I almost think it would have been a relief if I had been caught. Yet I can think of no benefit to be gained, now, for anyone, by giving myself up."

"No, no. You must not think of that."

She stooped to rake out the fire better, then seated herself in her low rocker again.

"Surely everything must come out right in the end," she went on. "The whole story must come out, and then, surely the sentences will be moderated. They're excited yet—those men who are passing judgment."

I nodded, rather gloomily, but said nothing. Whatever be the end, I knew better than my mother, of the present sufferings of the refugees in their winter flight, and of those others, still more wretched, in the prisons.

So we sat in silence for a little, while the potatoes bubbled over the ruddy coals, and the bacon in the pan began to sizzle, sending forth tempting odors.

Presently my mother sprang up, as though to drive off unpleasant reverie.

"It's a charming day," she said, drawing back the white knitted curtain.

Through the window, as though it were a framed picture, I could see the snowy sunlit fields, and, in the distance, the purplish-brown background of the Golden-Winged Woods. As she stood there, a little "snow-bird" came to the sill and began pecking.

"He's becoming quite tame," said she. "He comes every day for his crumbs."

For a few moments we watched him, then my mother fastened the curtains back. "Pity that such a view should be shut out," she said. "After all, winter has its own beauty, fearsome as it sometimes seems in the bush."

"It's very beautiful," I said, but I fear there was not much life in the words, for as I looked at the trees beyond I was thinking, not only of the refugees but also of Barry—Barry with her red sash and the little green vine in her hair, a glowing spirit of the green sun-washed woods of a happy May-time now long months past. I wondered, too, if it were right for me to think of her now; yet this day, looking out upon her old haunts, I could not put her away from me. Sometimes I had been able to do so,—but the effort had left me even physically weary.

Perhaps my mother, in some dim fashion, divined my thought.—Strange it is how so often, and especially with those we love, thought seems to course from one to another, as though some mysterious invisible current were carrying it!—At all events she came to me and began smoothing my hair back in the way that is so sweet to me.

“Laddie Machree,” she said, “we did not speak of it yesterday, when Father gave you the deed, but I want to tell you that, when we bought the place, we hoped Barry would share it with you.”

She was speaking of Big Bill’s farm, up the south branch of the river, which they had bought and given me for a Christmas surprise, a little unexpected fortune that had come to my father having been expended in that way. Proud they had been to do that for me, and I could have wept for tenderness over the sweetness of their gift. But it had been hard for me to hide altogether that, since all my visions of having land of my own had centered about Barry, it had brought me as much pain as joy.

I drew my mother very close to me, hoping her mother eyes were not too keen.

“Of course,” I said. “But I love that farm. There’s not better land hereabouts. I think we’ll have to call it ‘Riverdale,’ mother.—And, you know, it was all my fault,—your not knowing about Barry, I mean. I—I think I was leaving that until I came home.”

She smiled, but very tenderly.

“You’re like your father in some things, Alan,—reticent. It’s a never-ending marvel to me how characteristics reappear, sometimes in the children, sometimes in the grandchildren, and how the traits of both parents or grandparents—and perhaps further back than that—may enter into one little babe and grow up with him.”

“Yes,” I replied, “Barry spoke of that one day. She said she was quite sure she herself was ‘two people.’”

I was not sure at first that she heard me, for she looked lost in meditation.

“It’s a great responsibility to be a parent, Alan,” she

remarked, presently, and then my words, apparently, came back to her.

"Barry was an unusual girl—a most unusual girl," she said. "Often I wonder about her, and how she came to be with the Deverils."

"I am glad," I said, "that you learned to love her in spite of that. Do you remember the day you told me about picking up the white wake-robin from the mud?"

She smiled assent. "I called Barry 'our wake-robin,' did I not?"

"Yes. I loved you for that."

"Well," she continued, "she is our wake-robin still, Alan. There is this about a perfect friendship,—that the memory of it is always white and sweet, like a lily. One would not have missed it. It lives forever."

Silently I took her hand and pressed it to my cheek.

"I am not sure," she went on again, still smoothing my hair, "that if we had known—about Barry, I mean—we might not have given you the money instead, to go to the Upper Canada College. But, dear, you can sell the place, if you like, you know."

"I don't want to sell the place," I said. "There'll be another way for me to go to the College if I take that into my head, Mother. But perhaps I'll not care to go now. I'm finding out that, with the books, and seeing enough of life, and having enough application, a man can get somewhere even by himself. I'm a bit old now to think of starting to the College."

She kissed me on the forehead, and stepped away to set the table. Was it the strange, invisible current of understanding between us that told me she was hoping that perhaps, after a while, someone else would come to fill my heart and help me to make a home on the farm by the river?

I watched her as she went to the cupboard and took down, in my honor, some of the treasured, blue-patterned dishes that had been her mother's mother's. How pretty she was, with the little ringlets escaping from beneath her

white cap! And how housewifely the way in which she handled the quaint old heirlooms!

"Do you think," she asked presently,—and I could have smiled at the transparency of her,—“that Nora will be sure to visit us next summer?”

"I think so," I answered, "She says she 'adores' the bush, and she is an all-round good comrade, ready for anything."

—Indeed the idea must have remained with her all day, for at the dinner-hour she remarked to my father, quite casually, that Mary Lathrop, her dear girlhood friend, had married a cousin and was very happy.

A little while ago I stopped writing because of a tap at the door.

When my mother opened it there stood Hannah, who, since Jimmy went away to Montgomery's, has been back with her aunt.

"I heerd ye was home, Alan," she said, "but I wus comin' over anyways. I wanted to tell yer mother the news—an' yer father, too. He'll be good an' glad to hear it, knowin' all that's goin' on."

"Why, what's the news?" we asked, simultaneously.

"I got a letter!" she said, triumphantly, sitting down by the fire and throwing back her shawl. "It came yister-day—Christmas, sure enough. Jimmy's got to the States all right."

"And what about——" I began, eagerly.

"Oh, Hank an' Dick's with him."

"Thank the Lord!" I exclaimed, and never had I uttered more fervently pious thanksgiving.

"They had a divil of a time gittin' there," continued Hannah placidly. "Jimmy says it's too long to write, but enyhow I'm to go too in the spring. They're all workin'. Mebbe ye'll like to see the letter."

Quite proudly she handed it to me. It was a marvel of spelling and composition, but Jimmy's warm heart throbbed between the lines. Something in this wise was it:

"Dere Hannah

i now take my pen in hand to rite you hopping this will find you well as it leves me at present we had a divvle of a time gitin hear but were hear all rite you bet ile tell you all about it wen i see you its to long to rite we nere starved an hid in haystaks an slep wonn nite over a pig stye an got over in a bote in the middel of a storm me an dick rowed an hank steared the bote we stole the bote but hopped it ud drift back so the man wudnt loose it hanks a dam fine fellow sos dick were all workin now dick an me piling frate an hanks in a stoar hes ritin to nite we jist started work hear to days ago we see lots of rebbles from hoam, that is Canada but none from the korners were loansome you bet but i gess weve got to git over that as sune as it gits fit to travell in spring Hannah ile send you monie to come hear i kin hardly wate mebbe youd better sell the cow an pig an oxen but if you cud kepe a fue of the hens we cud kep them hear an it ud be more like hoam. give my love to everybodie an be shure to kepe pleanty of it fer yerself Hannah you kin rite me to rochester an plese rite sune im as loansome as the divvle

yure lovin husband

JAS. R. SCOTT.

"So they're in Rochester, Hannah," I said, as I handed her back the letter. "Well that's the best news I've heard in a long time. I'll write to them all right away, too."

"They'll be jist bustin' to hear from ye," returned Hannah. "Now finish yer writin' an' I'll help yer mother with the evenin' work. I'm quite to home here now."

So she bustled about, while I finished my "writin'."

Tomorrow, weather and roads permitting, I start back for the City. It has been a precious holiday. Yet, somehow, I have felt so old, through it all. Never, I suppose, shall I feel really young again. We have all lived much since we last sat together in the dear old home. Things have changed. Never again can they be what they were in my boyhood days.

And yet, perchance, such change is but one of the growing pains that we must all go through. My mother says this, and no doubt, as usual, she is right. Sometimes I marvel at her patience. Patience, I fear, is one of the lessons I have yet to learn. No doubt good will be the end of all this suffering, for so many, yet that end seems still too far off to be seen. I would hurry the months if I could.

In the meantime, Mackenzie is at Navy Island, in the Niagara River, about three miles above the Falls,—but of that later.

CHAPTER XXIX

BIG BILL'S REPENTANCE

I DO not know what date it is, for I have utterly lost track of the days and have forgotten to ask.

"Tempus is fugitin'" Hank used to say, laughingly, in the good old days, but indeed, when events pile upon events, as in these perilous days, and when tragedy and comedy, swift doing and deadly do-nothingness crowd upon one as upon me of late, one begins to wonder whether Time flies at all, or whether it but revolves about on itself in an unceasing hurly-burly.

—And now something of the days that have passed since my last writing of the things that have been transpiring in Toronto.

I cannot remember the day—but that does not matter in the least.—At any rate I was in the apothecary shop. Nora had come in and was talking with two richly dressed ladies who had come for some trifling articles. Oddly enough I remember that one of the articles was rosemary soap and another attar of roses, which is in much favor with a few of our *grande dames*, notwithstanding its cost.

I had returned to the desk, and was sitting there trying to absorb myself in some formulæ, and none too happily—for I had just seen another batch of prisoners brought in in sleighs, with a posse of armed men on horseback, behind and before,—when my name was spoken in a gruff whisper by someone who had entered the shop.

There was something in the whispered voice, as well as in the unaccustomed "Alan" that was of the old home, and almost I sprang from the chair.

Between me and the light of the window loomed the

huge form of Big Bill, but so changed that I hardly knew him. His face was haggard, a sickly yellow, beneath the thatch of unkempt hair shoved down by his cap; his mouth was half open, as if in fear, and even his bushy beard could not conceal the trembling of his lips.

"Alan," he said again, as I stood staring at him, but he shuffled his feet like a man ill at ease.

"Well, Bill, old fellow!" I said. "How are you?"

He did not seem to notice my proffered hand, but came close to me, looking this way and that, at the door, at the window, and at the two ladies and Nora.

"Isn't there a place where I kin talk to ye alone?" he asked.

"Why," I said, "I suppose we can go into the clockshop. It's been empty, of people at least, ever since Clinkenbocker went off to the rebellion."

And so, with Nora's eyes following curiously, and even a bit anxiously, we went out at the back and into the deserted workroom of the clockmaker, where, among the soundless clocks, short and tall, we sat down.

Again I held out my hand.

He looked at it, then away again without touching it.

"Why, what's the matter, Bill?" I asked. "Won't you shake hands with me?"

And then he broke down and blubbered like a child.

I could not imagine what could be the matter with him; but I had to wait until he had gained control of himself and had scrubbed his eyes with a red and yellow handkerchief.

"What's the matter, Bill?" I repeated, then, "Can I help you?"

"Help me!" he exclaimed, excitedly. "Help me? It's fer shootin' me ye'll be, Alan, when ye know what I've done! An' I'll be the last one to blame ye if ye do.—Wait a minit an' I'll tell ye,—*I'll* tell ye!"

"Well, go ahead, then," I said, sitting down beside him.

He blew his nose stentoriously, as though by way of fortification, and then braced himself.

"I want to tell ye," he said.—"I was alwus greedy fer the pounds and shillin's, Alan,—ye know that,—though I only wanted to spend it wild, mebbe. An' it's been the ruin of me. I've heerd the minister tell of Judas, an' how he felt when he went out an' hanged hisself. I *know*, now."

He stopped, and I waited in silence,—a silence that seemed uncanny, with all the clocks standing about still, as though they were holding their breath to listen.

"I never thought nohow they'd be put to't so hard," he went on. "I thought it 'ud be a year or so in jail, mebbe, an' that 'ud be the end on't. An' I was keen fer the money. Ye see I'd thought first o' buyin' the tavern, an' then, when yer father paid me cash down fer the farm I wanted somethin' bigger'n the tavern, an' there was a chance o' buyin' another one in Buffalo—my wife's brother wrote to me about it—wanted me to go in with him buyin' it. . . . About that time folks said they were payin' so much a head fer informin' on the rebels, an'——"

Again he paused and moved his feet, and I became suddenly suspicious of impending evil.

"Go on," I said.

"Well," desperately,—*"They're arrested."*

"Arrested?—Who?"

"All o' them—all o' them at home that was left that was Reformers,—yer father too."

"My father? Never my father!"

He stood up and reached his two hands towards me.

"'Fore the Lord, Alan," he said, thickly "I never thought it 'ud be much,—an' now they're sayin' it's all to be hangin' an' sendin' to somewheres over the sea.—Mebbe ye kin do somethin', Alan. 'Fore the Lord, I never meant to do much harm! If I could take it all back I'd tear the tongue out o' me head!"

"Where is my father?" I demanded, shaking him as a terrier might shake a rat.

"In the jail, mebbe, by this time. They was brought in this afternoon in sleighs.—'Fore the Lord, Alan——"

But his further excuse did not reach me, and his voice

died away in a far-off rumbling of gruff noise in which words were lost.—So deaf do our ears become when the mind is wrenched from the body. . . . My father, then, had been one of those taken past an hour ago, and I had not known, nor had he been able to make sign!

Like a man in a daze I must have stood there, yet I doubt not I was glaring like a tiger at Big Bill, since I felt rather than saw that he seemed to cringe and shrink in his chair. When the consciousness of reasoning returned to me my first impulse was to set upon him and fight all the fury in me out with him. . . . Then, the piteousness of him came to me. . . . And then, quite inexplicably—for who can explain the forces that govern these strange natures of ours?—a picture flashed before me, soft and far-away yet clear in every detail,—a peaceful scene of a harvest-field, with men following the last load into a little barn, and Big Bill, with his fork over his shoulder, walking last of all with The Schoolmaster. . . . The picture was of that day upon which I had returned, hopeless, after my long searching for Barry.

It passed . . . and I saw that Big Bill was still looking up at me with the piteousness of a hunted animal.

"I never got the money," he went on, catching again my attention, "I never even tried to git it—if 'twas to be got. When I heerd really how things was, I tried to head off the p'lice er whoever they was, but they'd got ahead o' me. An' so I follyed them all the way here—an' missed 'em.—But mebbe *you* kin do somethin', Alan. I'll go with ye to swear to it all, wherever it's needin' to go. I'll go,—sure's death I will."

He was for starting off at once, but still I did not speak, but sat looking at him. I was wondering if taking him before the Chief Justice was the only means of securing immediate freedom for my father. . . . Was not this man before me a criminal before the law?—Or was his self-confession sufficient to secure him a ready pardon? . . . True, I had no great love for Big Bill, yet I hated to land him into the jail. I remembered his wife and little Janie,

and, besides, Big Bill was not all bad. With all his faults his wife loved him, and little Janie adored him. There was a new glimmering of manhood in him, too, as he sat there, after his hard ride, trying to undo the wrong he had done. . . . Upon the other hand, was not the law *The Law*—a machine that would brook no compromise? And was not I myself culpable if I failed to deliver this offender into the hands of judgment? . . . —Upon all this I was not very clear. Truly I knew more of poetry and music and such like than of these hard-and-fast legal “yeas” and “nays,” ignorance of which was now standing me in such poor stead.—If I could only consult with Uncle Joe——

Presently a way seemed to open itself.

“See here, Bill,” I said. “You’re in dead earnest about this?”

“’Fore the Lord, Alan,——”

But he did not need to explain. He was as ready as a frightened child to do anything I demanded of him.

“Will you do this, then?” I asked. “Will you go up to my uncle’s—and stay there—until I come home?”

“I’ll do anything ye say, Alan.”

Even as he spoke I was scribbling a note with a pencil.

“Unless the Doctor is there, don’t say a word about all this to any of them. Just give them this—and wait.”

“I’ll do that, Alan,” eagerly,—“if ye’ll tell me how to git there.”

Carefully I explained the way—there was no chance of missing it—then took him back through the apothecary shop.

“Now, off with you,” I said, and forthwith bundled him out on to the street.

The ladies had gone, and Nora was alone.

“Lucky you were here, Nora,” I said. “Will you keep the shop for a while?” And then I told her, very briefly, what had happened.

“Where are you going now?” she asked.

“To the jail first, and then to the Chief Justice. Where’s Uncle Joe?”

"Away out the Kingston Road somewhere. I don't think he'll be home before dark."

Without a word further she began to take off her cap and cloak, and I jerked on my greatcoat and was off on a run. Already too much time had been wasted. I arrived at the jail in no time. The snow all about it was trampled with the marks of many feet.

There was a wait before I could see the jailer, but little further trouble. Evidently I was still looked upon as a good loyalist. Indeed the turnkey did not even so much as remain very near after he had taken me to my father, but stood at a little distance while I talked through the small grated opening. Neither he nor the jailer had the slightest idea that it was my father whom I sought to see; indeed both of them had called me by my Uncle Joe's surname, a thing that, for some reason, has been often done since my coming to the city.

There were four of them huddled together in the place,—father, Mickey Feeley and two others from beyond the Village; and glad, in a way, was I to see Mickey there, for I knew he would be like a fresh breeze to them all.

Breeze enough did they need, for the place was cold and damp, and even now seemed breathed out, the air heavy and ill-smelling, with no light except from one little barred window which could not be opened at all, and no air except what could creep through under the door, and, when it chanced to be opened, the little patch of grating opening on the corridor.

My father made very light of it. They would likely be soon brought to trial, he thought, and there was not the ghost of a chance of a conviction. They'd be home before long, he said. But he looked worried, and I felt that the brave words were for me. He knew, better than I, the slowness with which the red tape of the law must be unrolled.

As for Mickey, "Shure it's the fine gintlemen we'll be," he said, "wid niver a t'ing to do but twiddle our t'umbs, an'

our vittles brought to us reglar as the clock sthrikes. Shure an' it's not delft we'll be continted to ate of whin we go back, at all, at all. It's the tin *plate* we'll be callin' fer."

I stayed just long enough to learn all the particulars, then took my departure. My mind was now clear as to what I should do.

"Write to your mother, lad," were my father's parting words. "Tell her not to worry, and to be sure to get Jim's Hannah to stay with her."

From the jail I went straight to the office of the Chief Justice, but he was not there, and would not be back for some little time. . . . From there to the Government House, reaching there sometime near the dinner hour when His Excellency was fairly likely to be home.

But evidently an eager young man, with neither cards nor credentials, could not break through the walls of ceremony that guarded the Lieutenant-Governor, for, after some further delay, I was informed that Sir Francis could not give me audience then.

Outside, on the snowy sidewalk I stood for a moment considering what I should do.

"I'll make another try for the Chief Justice," I said to myself. "He'll be at home now." And off I went again.

Beverley House is low and elegant rather than grand and imposing, and when I reached it I wondered if the family were away, for it appeared to be quite in darkness. Closer, however, a ray of light could be seen at one or two of the windows, and then it appeared that the heavy curtains had been drawn across to prevent anyone from seeing from the outside, evidently a precaution in these perilous days, for usually the windows of the Chief Justice's home are quite unguarded, with the curtains left carelessly open, so that passers-by can see, if they will, the cosy interior, with its many candles and sconces and candelabra.

Almost instantly my knock was answered, and I stepped into a broad low hall, in which a fire was burning at the

farther end. Everywhere the coloring was softer and more harmonious than I had yet seen. There were tall plants, and, springing as it were from the midst of them, from the top of a pedestal, a gleaming statue of a slender and beautiful youth, poised on one toe, in the act of running.

"Surely it is Mercury, messenger of the gods," I said to myself—for only the night before I had read a description of this fair youth in a book of mythology—and, being left alone for a moment, I leaned forward to see if there were wings on the heels of the figure, being much gratified to perceive that they were there. I would have examined more closely had not the maid who admitted me returned, saying, somewhat to my surprise, that His Honor was ready to receive me. I had apprehended more difficulty.

Forthwith she ushered me into a small room, in which was the Chief Justice himself. He was standing by the fireplace reading a letter, but glanced up as I entered, giving me a keen look that seemed to probe me through and through. Then he motioned to me to be seated, and, for a few moments, went on with his reading.

—I think I have before remarked that he is one of the handsomest men I have ever seen, and one of the most aristocratic in appearance, tall, and dignified in bearing, with a keen clear-cut face.

Finally, when he had ended, he put the letter very carefully in a leather wallet, and placed the wallet in a desk. Observing him closely as he moved, it seemed to me that here was a man who would do whatever he did deliberately, swayed neither by emotion nor impulse, as great a contrast from Uncle Joe as could well be imagined.—Something of the idealist, too, as might be judged from the height of his brow and the delicacy of his hands.

After that he sat down, turned towards me, put his long white fingers together, and asked,

"Well, young man, what can I do for you?"

"It's about my father," I said. "He's been arrested. That was all a mistake, sir. He had nothing to do with

the rebellion from start to finish. On the contrary, he thought it ill-advised."

"Your father?" he repeated, raising his eye-brows a little, so that I wondered if any hint in regard to my connection with Uncle Joe had connected itself with me in his mind.

"Yes, my father," I said. "He's in the jail now." Then I proceeded to tell him the story of Big Bill.

He listened with interest, keeping his scrutinizing gaze on my face.

When I had ended he stood up, paced the room two or three times, then sat down again, closer to me, which seemed to me a good augury.

"Where is this—this Big Bill?" he asked.

"Why, he's at——" I began, and then stopped in confusion, for fear of compromising my uncle in any way because of my own relationship to him.—"He's at—I'll bring him to you, sir."

Instantly I had a feeling that, in some way, I had quenched his growing interest in me.

He smiled, rather coldly.

"Well, well, it's the old story," he said. "I've been interviewed already in regard to a few scores of people who have had 'nothing to do with the rebellion.' The fact remains that they have been arrested and that those who have made the arrests sometimes have another story to tell. I'm afraid, my dear young man, that you will have to wait. Inquiry will be made into all these cases with as great despatch as possible. In the meantime let us see this—this Big Bill."

"But my father can't stand the jail even for a short time," I exclaimed. "It's cold and damp, and he takes the rheumatism."

Again he smiled.

"I find that the rheumatism is a very common disease," he said, which exasperated me somewhat, so that I felt my Irish blood rising, and my Scots stubbornness, too; but I managed to keep my temper in leash, and to say, civilly enough,

"I may as well tell you, sir, that the only—rebel—in our house was myself. My father had absolutely nothing to do with it."

"*You* a rebel?" he said, flashing his penetrating glance upon me.

"Yes, sir," I replied. "I was at Montgomery's with the rebels.—Now, sir, will you let me go to the jail and let my father go home? My mother is in great distress, sir."

He arose and walked up and down the room again, hands behind his back, gaze bent on the floor as though in study, but whether of my own case or of something quite foreign I could not in the least conjecture. Then he sat down again.

"Will you be good enough to tell me the whole story?" he said, "—Or at least as much of it as is pertinent."

"With pleasure, sir," I said, and thereupon told him as much as concerned my father and me, and others who, I knew, had been unjustly arrested.

To it all he listened very intently.—I have observed that men who achieve in anything whatever invariably have this faculty of intense concentration.—Then, when I had concluded, he remained quite motionless, regarding me with his steady, penetrating look.

So long did his scrutiny last that it was fast becoming embarrassing, if not positively painful, and I was casting about for something to say to break it, when there came a terrific thumping at the outer door; and immediately the excited voice of Uncle Joe, loudly demanding to see His Honor.

Instantly a smile passed over the Chief Justice's countenance, irradiating it as a burst of sunshine may irradiate a stern November sky.

"Ah, the Doctor," he said, arising and going to the door of the room.

But Uncle Joe was at it already, with his hat in one hand and his walking-stick in the other, red to the top of his precious bald head. . . . —And behind him, in the hall,

like a grim Caliban crept into all the beauty of it, lurched the hulking form of Big Bill.

"I've come to see you, Robinson," began my uncle, "about my brother-in-law, my sister Mary's husband. He's been arrested. A damn shame, sir! A damn shame! He had about as much to do with the rebellion as I had. Not a whit more, sir! Not a whit more! And there he is in the jail, just as if he had been one of Mackenzie's own pack!—I tell you it's damnable, sir! It's damnable!—This fellow 'll tell you about it! This fellow——" turning towards the hall——

With that he espied me, and stopped short.

"Good Lord, Alan," he exclaimed. "Have you been here ever since? Nora told me you left the shop three hours ago."

The Chief Justice was smiling at us quite genially, and here finding an opening in which to speak, drew forth a chair.

"Sit down, Doctor; sit down," he said, reseating himself as Uncle Joe complied, Big Bill, meanwhile, partly submerging himself by collapsing upon a chair, much too small for him, in the hall.

"This young man—your nephew, is he?" went on the Chief Justice,—"has just been telling me all about it. He insists that he alone is the rebel, and that he be sent to the jail in his father's place."

"What!" exclaimed Uncle Joe, sitting up very straight.

"He insists," repeated the Chief Justice, "that he alone is the rebel and that he be sent to jail in his father's place."

Gradually the light of a great understanding spread over my uncle's countenance, and then instantly his excitement left him. Upon him settled the indescribable dignity and tenderness that I have seen come to him once or twice in great crises of life and death, when a man's life,—or maybe a child's—hung in the balance. Slowly he turned towards me, looking at me so long and earnestly that I wondered what he would say, the Chief Justice, meanwhile, waiting as did I. . . . Then a misty wave of tenderness came into the

brave Irish gray eyes—so like the eyes of my mother and now more than ever—and at last, still slowly, he turned back to Mr. Robinson.

"He has told you that?" he said. "He has told you the whole story?"

"All that is necessary, I believe."

"And it's all true, worse luck!" said my uncle, "and I suppose I'm a culpable old criminal"—smiling—"for not having handed him over to the law. Well, that's neither here nor there. I'm willing to take my punishment.—But I couldn't altogether blame the lad.—Honest before God, I couldn't! He's at the *age*, Robinson—you know that. You know what I mean. He's at the age when a William Lyon Mackenzie can be a William Tell, or a Kossuth, or a Mazzini. *You* know that. And we'll not say it's all to the lad's discredit either.—All his life he's been in an atmosphere where he's seen the other side; he can talk, and with good argument too, when he's put to it. Why, sir, the thing's got to be *principle* with him to stand on what he *thinks* is the side of the people. I'm not so sure there's anything so intrinsically wrong about that, Robinson; only a bit of misguiding, perhaps, as to the way in which the people are to be best served. And I'll be blowed if I don't think myself, sometimes, that maybe they haven't had a fair deal. . . . As for his father, I'll stake my honor that there isn't a man in all Upper Canada that stands more firmly for all that's highest in what the British Empire stands for."

To all this the Chief Justice listened with courteous deference.

"That may be," he replied, when my uncle paused. "The fact remains that, according to his own admission——"

"—According to his own voluntary declaration, you mean," corrected my uncle.

"Well, then,—according to his own voluntary declaration—he has borne arms with a mob gathered in rebellion against Her Majesty's Government."

The Chief Justice turned to me.

"—Against the existing Government," I made bold to say.

The Chief Justice smiled, and Uncle Joe looked worried.

"However," resumed the Chief Justice, "that is a matter for later sifting. . . . And now, young man," addressing me again, "what do you propose to do?"

"Stay right on the steps of the jail, if need be," I replied, "until my father is liberated."

He frowned slightly.

"Indeed?" he said.

Evidently I was a white elephant on the Chief Justice's hands, and this probably Uncle Joe divined, for he came to the assistance of the dignitary of the law.

"The lad's word is as good as your word or mine, or your bond or mine, for that matter," he said. "You may take it from me, Robinson, if he says he'll stay, he'll stay."

The Chief Justice bowed, and, at once, I arose.

At that moment it was that Big Bill came into evidence.

Forgetting the overpoweringness of the Chief Justice's presence, and the unwonted and beautiful surroundings, he thrust himself into the midst of us.

"Ye're not goin' to the jail, Alan?"

"It's the only thing to do, Bill," I replied.

"Not goin' to give yerself up, all alone?"

"There's nothing else for it, Bill."

"Then I'm goin' with you," he said. "Mister Lawyer," addressing the Chief Justice, "if he kin do it, I kin. I knowed all along I did a thing I'd be jailed fer, an' I've been waitin' fer ye to put the handcuffs on. But if Alan kin go to the jail without no magistrate ner nothin' I guess I kin."

So Big Bill and I went out of the house together, and I honored the Chief Justice for this pledge of his insight into even a rough man's soul. His keen eyes had perceived that the poor blundering giant had put upon himself fetters more binding than any the forge could make or the locksmith devise.

As we went down the steps, too, I had a distinct feeling

that he was relieved that no less artistic action had been necessary to get rid of us. Officers of the law, with shackles, would have been a sad blur in that spot of beauty, with its plants, and soft lights, and the young messenger of the gods, winged-heeled.—But perhaps the sense of his relief was all in my own soul.

Well, I am writing this in the jail, glad enough for so long a story to while away something of its tedium. Of my experiences here I care not to write, although I have reason to believe I fare better than the most of the others.—It is the atmosphere of the place that I detest, and the knowing that all about me, behind these walls, grim tragedy holds revel.

My father has gone home, for the Chief Justice was as good as his word and secured immediate release for him; but my dear mother is here, and comes to see me every day. Also Uncle Joe and Nora come every day, and Aunt Octavia and Kate very often, and even Anne's dainty feet have found way to my door.

In ordinary times I might have been let out on trust, until the time of my trial, but in these troublous days there is nothing of that.

—My trial? How strange that sounds! Yet am I glad that Hank and The Schoolmaster, and Jimmy and Dick are safe out of it, and well across the border. . . . And—whatever may come to me—I am thankful that my father, anxious though he may be over me, has escaped these cells and the strain of the court proceedings. But once did I set foot in a courtroom, and even yet the memory of it is a nightmare to me,—all the more, perhaps, since I am so soon to face it again, and with a more intimate interest. It was a few days before my coming here, and, of course, some of the rebels were up for trial. Even yet I can *feel* it, as it comes back to me: the sea of heads (for the courtrooms are packed, these days, at every trial); the heavy air; the faces upon faces, some merely frankly curious, some anxious, yet many hard and sneering—for the rebels are in

poor repute; the counsel and jury in their places, and the one man seated on high to judge (it was not the Chief Justice that day) as though he were the Lord Almighty and could see into the recesses of the hearts of men.—And yet I do know—that so long as there is crime and blundering in the world such tribunals must be. At least, no better plan has yet been devised. . . . Sorriest of all was the prisoner's bench. There was a man of about my father's age "up" that day. He was bent a little from hard work; his face was white already from the foul air of his cell and the lack of exercise; his locks of iron-gray hair were a little rough, despite his evident attempts at proper grooming. . . . I did not wait to hear the verdict.

Uncle Joe tells me every time he comes that my turn will not be long delayed, and that I shall be sure to be acquitted. It is not as if I had been in it since the beginning.

Well, we shall see what we shall see.

This afternoon he stayed to the very last second permitted him.

In reply to my question as to how the sentences were going, he was somewhat evasive, I thought. Perhaps he did not wish to worry me, for he has a great idea of the influence of the state of the mind upon the health of the body.

"After all, you can't blame the judges if they have to be a bit severe on some of them," he said. "They're only instruments of the Law,—and there has to be Law for the good of society. Now, there's Robinson, for instance—a high and loyal gentleman. There's not another man in Upper Canada in whose hands the administration of the law would be safer.—And in this matter of the rebellion, of course, there's precedent.—There's always precedent. If the Law has to act harshly at this time, with the ring-leaders, why it's inevitable. We can't let this country turn into a nest of disloyalty and anarchy."

He spoke wearily, and, despite himself, sadly; yet as one who sees but one way out.

—So there it is, I thought,—the one point of view and the other, the one cast of mind and the other. And what can be done about it?

“As for you, Alan,” he concluded, smiling and trying to be facetious, “you’ll be soon out of this. You young spalpeen, you know you’re not even *half* a rebel!”

Of that, I think, he is trying to persuade himself.

This evening a turnkey, also, talked with me, and told me some things that I have not heretofore heard. He, too, I believe, thinks me less than half a rebel, and so is disposed to be over lenient. Our prison, he says, is far too greatly overcrowded, as are also the jails at London, Hamilton, Simcoe and elsewhere, so much so, that the men have to be herded together in the cells like cattle. The trials seem to come slowly, and already the men are beginning to while away the tedium of the time by whittling little trinkets, whenever they can obtain the necessary material, making little wooden boxes and other articles. All of their talk is of the folk at home, and whether the sentence is likely to be death, or banishment for life, for those who shall be deemed most culpable in the rebellion. There is great excitement, too, whenever new prisoners are brought in, some of whom tell harrowing tales of the miseries encountered in their ineffectual efforts to escape.—And yet these last, because of having been out in the pure fresh open, are not usually in such sorry case as those in the cells, who, because of the cold and dampness, and the fetid air, and the lack of opportunities for cleanliness, suffer much misery, so that many of them are becoming seriously ill.

Most pitiful of all, perhaps, are the cases of Peter Matthews and that fine old gentleman, Colonel Van Egmond, Matthews having been placed in solitary confinement, fettered with irons, in the most wretched dungeon of all, while the aged Colonel has become so ill that it may be necessary to have him removed to the hospital. . . . Matthews, the turnkey says, sometimes talks through the cracks under the door, to his fellow prisoners near by, tell-

ing them to be of good cheer, he himself being solicitous chiefly for the escape of Lount and others among his friends.

In the cell in which I am confined there are two other lads.

They, too, have been writing letters—which must be read by alien eyes before they set forth in the mail-bags.

One of them has just finished his.

“Do you know what day tomorrow is?” he asks, turning to me.

“No.”

“Neither do I. Heigh-ho!” with a yawn, “I wish the time would go a bit faster. It’s confoundedly slow.”

CHAPTER XXX

THE AFTERMATH

THIS is Sunday night, but I am in no mood for sleep, hence will spend some time with my Journal.

It is the 28th of January, and perhaps eleven of the clock, and I have just come in from taking Anne to her home, finding, on my return, Pinky and Arthur Rusholme (Nora's latest admirer) on the point of leaving.

All the evening the three have been here, and the rest of us have been much entertained by the tales of the two young men (who are both in the militia) of their exploits along the Niagara River, where they have been, of late, with Colonel MacNab's forces.

So far as I myself was concerned, there was something ludicrous in the situation. For here was I, who bore my rifle with "rebel" Mackenzie's men at Montgomery's but some seven weeks ago, and even spent some time in prison for it, sitting there in a loyalist's house, quite comfortably and somewhat diverted, listening to stories told by two other staunch loyalists of the final discomfiture of my former leader in the miserable fiasco at Navy Island!

Nevertheless, in this I feel quite conscience-clear. I have no sympathy whatever with Mackenzie's present efforts against Canada, and no will at all to join myself with the rabble of filibusters who, of late, have allied themselves with him. My quarrel—that of the majority of the "patriots" who met at Montgomery's—was not against Great Britain, but wholly against the abuses that have been allowed to accumulate (whatever may be said to the contrary) in this country. We did not want to break loose from Great Britain; we did not want independence; we

wanted removal of grievances,—that and nothing more. Indeed, I do think that Mackenzie himself wanted no more than that at the beginning, and that his present course is altogether through desperation; for I yet believe him to be a serious-minded man, all for the people and not at all out for fame, as these Tories would have one believe.

However that may be, since his escape to the United States he has declared himself openly enough as seeking a breakage of this country from British connection, and, through equal desperation with his own, a number of Canadian refugees have again rallied about him. I doubt, however,—while it must be admitted that a few high-minded men have of late joined with him—whether his recent adherents number many of the best of those who came together at Montgomery's that week in December, or, indeed, many of the best of our neighbors over the border. The majority of those who flocked to his standard at Navy Island and have since made one issue with him, is made up, it appears, of that riff-raff of men who may be found in any place, and who are all for excitement, caring little how or where it may be obtained. A number, too, may have been dazzled by the glowing promises of reward offered by Mackenzie in case Canada should be captured.

The marvelous thing to me is that our former leader should have moved with such celerity. The affair at Montgomery's took place on December the seventh. On the evening of December the twelfth he and Van Rensselaer (his United States colleague) went in a scow to Navy Island; and before we in Toronto knew what was happening, armed men were swarming on the Island and on the United States mainland, and he had gone so far as to name a "Provisional Government" and set a two-starred flag flying above the pine shanty which was to serve as its headquarters *pro tem*!

"The whole thing struck me as *comedy*," laughed Arthur Rusholme, in speaking of the *dénouement*, this afternoon; and, now that the first scene is all over, I fear it strikes me in the same light. But at the time there was excitement

enough here in Toronto, with reports running wild so that one might have thought half the United States marching in arms on Canada, and the militia hurrying off, with numbers of the Reformers with them at that,—for since MacKenzie has shown this last card most of his old supporters have turned quite against him, and some have even gone over to the Government. . . . All this, however, is due, I think, to the excitement of the time, for as yet the abuses for which we took up arms have *not* been righted. There *was* a “cause”—and it is yet with us.

All that, however, is neither here nor there at this time, and it remains here to record that, so expeditious were the preparations here and elsewhere that very soon at Chippewa, just opposite the Island, there were assembled, under Colonel MacNab, twenty-five hundred men, with more coming in every day.

“By Jove, yes! *Wasn't* it a comedy?” laughed Pinky, in reply to Rusholme’s remark. Then, turning to us, “There we were, like two curs yapping at each other from the one shore to the other. Here were we on our shore with *our* cannon, parading every day to show how strong we were; and there were they over on the Island, felling trees and building up barricades, with *their* few little cannon down at the water’s edge spitting across at us two or three times a day, and our fellows running after the balls as if they had been foot-balls at Rugby. By Jove, it was rare sport!”

“The river seemed the only tragic thing about it,” said Rusholme. “I hadn’t seen it, up there, before” (he has but recently come out from England), “and it always looked to me—sinister,—sort of oily on top, you know, as though it wanted to lie about the depths and currents underneath.”

“I thought it looked tragic enough the night the *Caroline* went over,” added Pinky, “and yet—well that had a fine stage effect, too,” and he laughed again, twirling his mustache and looking unutterable things at Kate.

“That was the one thing I’m sorry I missed,” responded Rusholme. “I’d have given my ears to have been one of the men in those picked boat-loads that went over with Drew

to cut her loose.—I could have done it, too,” he added enthusiastically. “At least I think I could. I didn’t pull an oar at the Cambridge regattas for nothing.”

—And then, between them, followed a description, too long to be put down here in detail, of how the five little boats on that night set out from Whisky Point, pushing silently into the darkness over the treacherous water, Drew’s boat leading with a port-fire over the stern; of how the plucky venturers made an attack, with musket and cutlass, at Fort Schlosser, finally cutting the vessel loose; and of how, somewhere about midnight, MacNab’s men, watching eagerly from the Chippewa shore, saw her float slowly out, all ablaze, towards the center of the stream, where she swung about and drifted on, faster and faster, towards the great, thundering Cataract below.

“It was worth seeing,” said Rusholme, “and yet there seemed something horribly cold-blooded about standing there watching. We thought then that she might be crowded with men. Some of our fellows even imagined they could see them moving about.”

After that the story went on of how the daring boatmen came back, with shots rattling after them, finally pulling in again out of the darkness, greeted by the cheers of the loyalists on the shore.

All these events took place on the night of December the twenty-ninth. Subsequently, Sir John Colborne sent artillery to Chippewa, which opened such vigorous fire on the Island that it was speedily vacated, not, however, before three of the militia had been killed by shots from the “little cannon down by the water” on the shore of the Island.

Since that, I may remark, nothing of great importance has occurred, although the Province is kept in continual ferment because of threatened invasions at this or that point along the frontier. The fact that the *Caroline*—a United States vessel in United States waters—was destroyed by our militia, has, it is true, caused vexatious international disagreement between this country and the country over the border, which still hangs fire; but more immediate trouble

may be threatened by various societies known as "Hunters' Lodges," which are being formed along the border, whose great end and object is the taking of Canada, with rich prizes to all the so-called "Friends of Liberty" who take part.

Evidently it behooves us to be on the alert.

In the meantime the trials go on tediously, as though they would never end.

Poor Lount, I may add, is now in the Toronto jail.

After leaving Montgomery's on that tragic December day, he and one Edward Kennedy made away together, hoping to reach the United States. For days they traveled through the swamps and forests, their clothes torn, their shoes worn from their feet, half-starved, sleeping in haystacks and straw-stacks, hounded ever from one place to another by eager pursuers. At last they reached the Lake Erie shore, and, engaging a man and a boy to take them over, set off across the lake in a small boat. . . . For two days and two nights they buffeted against angry waves, their clothing wet, suffering extremely from cold and exhaustion; then, at last, the friendly southern shore was in sight and liberty seemed at hand. . . . But the very elements appeared to be against the poor fugitives, for an off-shore wind speedily arose, which drove the boat back to Canada, where, almost immediately, they were arrested as smugglers, being afterwards identified and sent on to prison by zealous loyalists.

Lount, they say, is now in like case with Captain Matthews, being heavily ironed and kept in a cell by himself, but, like him, keeps up his indomitable spirit, and even attempts to cheer the other prisoners whenever he finds opportunity to call a few words to them.

I could not but think of all these men this evening while we sat so comfortably in Aunt Octavia's drawing-room, with its many lights, and bright fires, and luxurious furnishings.

Nor was the last crowning touch to civilization wanting,

for fairer flowers than my two cousins and Anne were never seen in any garden of women. Kate, to be sure, is always the beauty; but the more piquant Nora was, as usual, the center of merriment, and roguish enough did she look this night in her blue, low-cut gown, with her hair in a shower of ringlets about her shoulders.

Anne, too, is very beautiful. Tonight she wore something green as an ocean-wave, above which her reddish hair, drawn high in puffs and bound with pearls, shone with the tints of rich hazel.

Perhaps some day such beauty and sweetness may make appeal to my heart, should my circumstances, indeed, permit me to afford myself such daring, but at present I think I know why some men, and more women, choose to be forever celibate.

I fear that some day I shall sell the holding of land by the river.—Yet it has a grip on me, too.

Well, we shall see what the morrow will bring forth.

CHAPTER XXXI

TOMORROW?

A GAIN this city is in a state of great excitement. Tomorrow morning, the 11th of April, 1838, our leaders, Captain Samuel Lount and Captain Peter Matthews, are to be hanged in the jail yard at this place.—Our leaders?—Yes, they are still “our leaders” to all of us who shouldered arms to declare for our rights that day.

Surely the bitter sentence must even yet be commuted! Surely banishment for life might well serve the demands of the Law! From all over the Province have come up petitions, signed by thousands of people—Tories as well as Reformers—begging for clemency. Even Indians from the Northern Lakes have come down to ask that Lount, their dear friend, might be permitted to live. A petition signed by five thousand people was presented by his wife to our new Lieutenant-Governor, and it is said she fell on her knees, weeping, as she begged for mercy. But to no avail. Perhaps the life of Sir George Arthur in Van Dieman’s Land has made him obdurate. I could wish this day that Sir Francis Bond Head were back among us; he, at least, knew us better.

Tomorrow,—yet still we hope;

—I can see them yet, the two men, with their honest, eager, serious faces, as we saw them that day at Montgomery’s.

—I am sick at heart.

CHAPTER XXXII

A BLOT ON HIS SCUTCHEON

IT is over.

At eight o'clock this morning the dire deed was accomplished.

They say the two men met their death with the utmost courage,—that their last words to their comrades of whom they took leave in the prison were words of cheer, bidding them never to be ashamed for what they had done, but to keep up a high heart, knowing that all the suffering was in a good cause. They say, too, that Lount's last act was to look affectionately towards the windows of the jail, where could be seen the heart-broken faces of the prisoners in the cells.

All this day I have kept indoors, trying to shut out the sounds and sights of the street. Impossible it is to me to understand the impulse which this day drove crowds of men to witness the last scene in the yard on Newgate Street. Would I could shut away my memory and my burning sense of wrong also, for a time, if I might gain a respite from this misery.

I am writing this in the apothecary shop. It is almost night.

CHAPTER XXXIII

A VISITOR IN THE GOLDEN-WINGED WOODS

I AM sitting on a log that is quite overgrown with emerald moss. Everywhere I look, about, above, are sun-drenched leaves, between which may be seen, here and there, the dark bole of a tree or the tracery of gray branches. In my ears is the ripple of falling water, and as I raise my eyes to look at the amber clearness of the stream my gaze passes over a tangle of fern and odorous mint, and tall meadow-rue white as a summer cloud. But in vain do I listen for the call of the white-throat, for the birds do not sing much at midsummer, being now busied with domestic affairs of their own.

It is the old spot by the waterfall, but I have my Journal with me, for, for the first time since that dreadful day in April, I have felt impelled to take it down and write in it.

This day there is a great gladness in my heart and many are happy in this Province. Just two days ago, on the 29th day of June of this year of grace, 1838, the prison doors were opened, and scores of the "rebels" walked forth once more to the sunlight and the joys of home,—this coming to pass on the day of the coronation of our gracious young Queen, Victoria, and by order of Lord Durham who, towards the end of May, reached this country in the capacity of High Commissioner, sent out to inquire into the causes of the Rebellion. Indeed, it seems that at last the Home Government has grasped the idea that there is need for some radical reform in this country, and we hope for great things as the result of His Lordship's investigations.

Just now, however, the most immediate cause of joy to me is the possibility that Hank may soon be back to us.

Jimmy and Hannah, for the present, appear to have settled down quite comfortably in Rochester. Dickie Jones is still a-roving on the other side, but of The Schoolmaster we have heard no news at all, and I much fear he may be among those ringleaders and others to whom the amnesty granted by Lord Durham was not extended. . . . Yes, there are gaps in the chain of friendship which once bound us together here that shall never be replaced, and yet I am glad to work again in the old fields and to wander once more about the old haunts in the Golden-Winged Woods with Blucher at my heels. I have a strange and inexplicable presentiment that some day Barry will come to me here. Again and again I have seen her come to me in dreams—and always I have been here by the waterfall, and the woods have been swimming in the golden light of the summer, and always Blucher has been with me, as in the days that are beginning to seem now so far away.

Just now he is barking vociferously at something at some little distance away. I wonder what he has found,—a groundhog, maybe, escaped to its hole in the ground.

Perhaps an hour ago I was stopped from my writing by the sound of footsteps, and, looking up, was surprised to see Old Meg slowly approaching, leaning heavily on her stick as she walked, with Blucher trotting along amiably at her side. She had taken off her wide-brimmed hat, and again I was struck by the something about her face which, when she throws off her mask of levity or sarcasm, appears much above the ordinary in these parts. As she came on, framed in by the green depths of the forest, her skin looked brown as a butternut, and her wavy hair black as a black-bird's wing; her bright, steady eyes seemed looking for me, and, despite her limping, there was about her the unconscious dignity that I have seen in her at times before.

"Why, Meg," I said, arising. "This is an unexpected pleasure. I'm glad to see Blucher has made friends with you. I thought he was barking at a groundhog."

"Oh, the animals are never afraid of me," she said. "It's

only the humans who are that, finding my plain-speaking, at times, too much for their liking."

She sat down on the log and threw off her little black silk shawl, so that it fell on the undergrowth at her feet.

"Hi-ho!" she said, with a sigh of relief. "It's weary walking through the woods when one's old and lame, the stick sinks into the soft soil. It was made for the young and strong like you, Alan, not for such as me.—I thought you'd be here, Alan."

"Why did you think so?" I asked.

She laughed.

"Oh, by the power that's in me," she said. "When all else fails I'll proclaim myself a fortune-teller.—Do you know, I bent the crown of my hat to a peak the other day, and put on my shawl, and looked in the mirror, leaning on my stick. You'll guess what a fine witch I made."

"You mustn't do that," I laughed, responding to her merry mood. "They'll be burning you for the next murrain on the cattle."

She took up a little twig and snapped it.

"Oh," she said. "There are more ways than one of being burned at the stake, and I've been through a fire or two already. They burned some of the nonsense out of me, and for a while, I thought, the milk of human sympathy too.—But then *she* came and I found I still had a heart."

"She?" I inquired, but I knew already what she would say.

"It's not needing to tell you 'who' it'll be," she replied. "Well you know the only one who ever came here who could resurrect the heart of Old Meg. . . . I see her here everywhere, Alan"—circling her hand towards the green shades. "As I came in I saw her dancing among the trees with her little sash of red. She belongs here, Alan."

"I know it," I muttered, "but *she* did not think so."

"I want to tell you, Alan," went on Meg, disregarding the words, "that I saw the two of you here one day such as this. I didn't mean to. I came on you unawares, and neither of you saw or heard me. You sat here, on this

very log. She sat there, closer to the water, and the two of you were looking into each other's faces and talking. 'Bless their hearts!' I said to myself. 'There they sit with the wall of their own innocence between them, but the day will come when the draw of the Universe will drive the wall away like the mists of the morning, and the lips will meet that——'

"Why go on with all this?" I interrupted, savagely enough. "Can you find no better work to do today than come here to twit me?"

If she had laughed in her tantalizing way I should have wanted to throw her into the creek, but she did not. Instead, she looked at me with a great seriousness and continued almost as though I had not spoken.

"After all," she said, following on with her thought, "there's nothing more sacred in all this world than when two who are made for each other meet so,—nor nothing more tragic than when two become bound together who never should have crossed the same threshold, and that happens sometimes, too."

After that she seemed to become conscious of what I had said, for a smile passed over her face, and so great a tenderness came into her eyes as I have seldom seen.

"And why should I not come to you, machree," she said, using my mother's own term of endearment, "for, boy, take this from me, some day what I have said will come to pass. Some day you two will meet again in this place.—It is written," and she laughed, lightly but not mockingly.

I was not sure that I wanted my heart-history thus discussed, and yet the woman fascinated me, so that I could not leave off.

"But how can that be, Meg?" I said. "Don't you know——"

"Yes. I know everything about Barry," she replied, quickly, "and I know, too, that one day she will come back to you in these woods."

"But *how* do you know?" I insisted. "Have you heard from her?"

"Perhaps I have, perhaps I haven't," she replied, bringing her air of levity back to her. "Can't you take me for the diviner that I may be, Alan?—Or would you if I wore my hat in a peak?"

After that she turned to me very suddenly, and began searching my face, evidently considering what she should say.

"Don't ask me how or why I know," she said presently, "but let me tell you this, that Barry is discovering that her marriage was no true marriage. She is learning what I learned long ago, that it takes more than a few words uttered by a parson to join two souls. She is learning that it takes more than a strange ceremony in a forest, as the dusk falls, to join two souls. She is learning that true marriage does not come of the infatuation of a day, or a month, or a year, yet, moreover, that there is a soul's union that transcends space, and time, and is unto Eternity itself. Those who are so united *know*; no one can tell them. —And," breaking into a laugh that had something of bitterness in it, "—those who have not been so united, but have been bound together by a foolish attraction and the words of a parson, also know; no one can tell them. Of course, the parson isn't to blame. But, Alan, Nature sometimes plays strange pranks with us mortals."

"And yet——" I began.

She caught me up.

"I know," she said. "You want to tell me that the law is as unalterable as the laws of the Medes and Persians.—Perhaps it is well that it is so. I don't pretend to arbitrate for such a mottled and tangled world.—But, Alan, I just want to leave this one word with you,—*Wait*. It's a sore word for hot-headed Youth, I know.—But, *wait*. What is coming to you will come to you."

It seemed to me that her insight was borne upon me. As in a flash of light it came to me that she knew whereof she spoke, and for a moment the forest drifted away from me to give way to a land of dream. Then I came to myself again and saw her sitting there, very quietly,—Old Meg,

with her brown face, and her blue-black hair, and her rusty black shawl lying on the green moss beside her.

"I just wanted to tell you this," she said, presently. "*I have known your loneliness, Alan.* You are one of the world's constant ones, and few enough they are, and fewest of all among men.—Now," arising and taking up her stick and shawl, "I must go, machree, and I hope I've put a more golden edge on the sunlight for you this day."

In a burst of gratitude I took her brown hand and pressed the warmth of my heart into it.

"No, don't come," she said. "I don't want you. Sit down and go on with your writing."

—And so I watched her as she went off through the woods, still carrying her broad hat, with Blucher chivalrously trotting along at her side.—A strange weird woman, —one of the many who have come to this land bearing with them a history that will never be told.

And then I sat down and went over every word that she had said. What did she mean by "the strange ceremony in the forest as the dusk fell?" Did she speak, then, of Barry?—I can see nothing, understand nothing.

Nevertheless, Old Meg has left me in a fever of anticipation and bewildered happiness. I must wait—but while hope shines I can wait. In the meantime I shall say nothing of all this—not even to my mother. The secret shall be between me and the mysterious lame woman who lives among her looms in the little house at the outermost fringe of the Corners.

CHAPTER XXXIV

STARTLING TIDINGS

ONCE more I am sitting by the waterfall in the Golden-Winged Woods. Indeed, the spot has come to be my sanctuary, so that it is not strange that I should bring my Journal here to write in it.

Through the canopy of thick green of the mid-autumn, a bough reaches out, here and there in flaming red, and beyond the rivulet there is a maple that has turned to pale gold. Closer to the floor of the forest the berries of the papoose-root are becoming misted with blue, and the drops of the bittersweet are turned to coral.

But it is not of this I would write today, for the wonderful thing has happened for me.

It was when we were in the very thick of the harvest, when the wheat was standing heavy about my father and me, with just a few bays cut into it with the sickle.

"It's a fine crop," said my father, standing to whet his blade. "We must hurry with it, for the oats are beginning to whiten."

"Yes, we mustn't lose an ear of it if we can avoid it," I said. "One can't trust to the weather these days. There were sun-dogs last night."

With that I stood up to straighten my back for a moment, and saw Tom Thomson making way to us, with his horse tied at the road. He had gone down to the Corners two or more hours since.

"It's a letter," he shouted, waving a bit of white above his head; and when he came near he tossed it to me and stopped to talk with father.

Carelessly I broke open the seal, not recognizing the

handwriting of the address; then the throb of a great and joyous surprise, albeit mingled with anxiety, came to me.

The note was from none other than Red Jock's Elizabeth!

"Will you come as soon as you can to Toronto?" it said. "Barry is here, ill in bed."

Tom was already taking his departure, and I handed the note to my father.

"It's too bad I have to leave just now," I said. "There's less help since the Rebellion."

"You'll not let that worry you," he replied. "The lassie's more ill than it says, I doubt, or Mistress McPherson wouldn't have sent for you.—Don't worry; I'll find someone from the Village to keep on with the harvest."—My father was game, as he always is.

And so I lost no time in getting Billy and starting off on the journey.

"She came here a week syne," said Elizabeth, as she ushered me into the little living-room. "The Doctor says she'll be all right, wi' care. She didn't ask me to send for you, but I well know she's fair sore for the sight of a kent face. I've not told her you were expected. We'll just pretend ye dropped in. It'll do her more good, I'm thinking, than all the doctor's bottles.—Now I'll go and tell her you're here."

Hitherto I had scarcely given a thought to Selwyn, but had been all taken up with the anxiety about reaching my girl, but now—probably because I had learned that Barry was not yet at death's door—he came vividly enough to me.

Perhaps it was that that made me stand quite still for a moment when I had entered the little room,—a question from the depths of me that demanded had I the right? Or perhaps it was only a dazedness that came of seeing that little wan face on the pillow. . . . The afternoon sun was just beginning to creep along the bed, and the reflection of it from the white counterpane lighted up with a glow the two spots of red burning on my dear's cheeks, and the

fires of fever blazing in her dark eyes, and all the sweetness of her from the ebon black of her hair to the point of her little chin.

At all events there I stood, and we looked into each other's faces, and then, at last, her hand moved a little towards me and a smile came into her eyes.

"Barry!"

"Alan!"

I sat down beside her and held her little hot hand, and after a while she began to talk.

"You mustn't think I've been—wicked, Alan," she said. "It was all a mistake.—There were so many mistakes. But that's all past. Of course, Elizabeth has told you."

Elizabeth had not told me—she had thought of nothing but hurrying me to Barry—but I inclined my head in assent, fearing to worry her with too much explaining.

"It seems years and years," she continued, satisfied that I understood, "and England seemed so—so foreign, somehow. It's a beautiful country, but I'm glad to be home again, Alan. Now I know that it's not my country—over there."

"No; it's not your country," I repeated lamely, trying to get hold of the threads.

"I'll never leave the woods again, Alan," she went on, smiling. "There'll be no need for me to go back to those big cities again. Little Toronto is so different.—Oh, I see them, waking sometimes, and sleeping always,—the houses and houses, and the hurrying people and traffic, and no one caring."

"But you'll never have to go there again," I repeated.

"No need at all," she said, after me. "Two graves need not call one, need they?—Not even a little, little grave?"

"No, no," I echoed, startled. And yet I need not have been startled.—When I looked back at her her eyes were misty with tears, but she did not weep. Barry seldom wept.

"A grave does not keep a soul near it, does it, Alan?" she asked, looking at me piteously.

"No; oh, no," I said, wishing I understood all these mysteries that I might explain to her.

She gave the little, quick nod that I know so well.

"I know it," she said. "Long ago I thought that out for myself."

Again she relapsed into silence, looking away towards the window, and picking with her fingers, in the way that sick people sometimes do, along the ridge of sunshine on the counterpane, while the glow deepened and brightened on her face, glorifying it.

What was the whole story? Was Selwyn dead? And what of the "little, little grave"? What was it that had been "all a mistake"?—Her marriage?

After a while she turned her face towards me and smiled, and when I would have left her, fearing that more talk might increase her feverishness, she laid her hand on mine and held me.

"It's so good to be back, Alan," she said; and then she asked about my mother and all, and was interested to hear the part our neighborhood had taken in the Rebellion.—I kept talking more than I wished, knowing that it was easier for her to listen than to talk.

Afterwards, when she had fallen asleep and Elizabeth and I were seated in the living-room, in the very chairs in which Barry and I had sat upon that night of the ball, I heard the whole story, or, at least, as much of it as Elizabeth knew; and the very listening to it made my blood boil with indignation against—the dead.

"She had a very bad time, poor lamb!" said Elizabeth. "But don't you ever say a word against Selwyn. She knows now that he was never the one for her. Yet, well it's queer, Mister Alan, how one human being can bewitch another so it seems 'tis all love that's doing it. She doesna blame herself—I'm glad o' that. And she aye says there was much that was lovable about him. But there'll be no hurt in her heart soon, poor lassie,—just a faraway sadness, maybe, like a sad song one heard long ago. She's no bitter at all, poor lassie, but so sweet and gentle as never was."

Little by little the story was unfolded, in Elizabeth's gentle voice, with her pretty speech, all interwoven with the Scots words here and there.

Selwyn had left her in New York, with a purse of money, making excuse that he must go to England for a few weeks. Then his letters failed to come. . . . A day came when, for the sake of the child that was to be, she followed him, and found him in his fine country-home. He had advised her to come back to Canada, telling her that her marriage could not count, and had offered her money. (Elizabeth was not very clear about that.)—There was another woman there, she said, a very great beauty whom he had married; Barry had met her just inside the gate. . . . Then the babe had come, and had died.—Someone had been very kind to her. . . . And when she was able she had sailed for home. It had been a weary voyage. Only a fortnight afterwards she had learned from an English paper that Selwyn had been killed during a foxhunt.

That was all, but between the lines what bitter tragedy! I strode the floor as I thought of that frail child buffeting her way about, "among the houses and houses," homeless and suffering.—And then I remembered a day many moons past, and I saw my dear one sitting amidst the shades of the forest, her body swaying to and fro, while her voice, so low that almost it was one with the murmuring of the leaves, sang the plaint of the Ojibway girl:

*Moo goo shah, ween e goo,
Ke bish quah, bem ah de,
Che wah nain, ne mah de
We yà, yà hah hà!
We yà, yà hah hà!"*

—"He will not sigh for her long; as soon as he is out of sight he will forget her."

Surely, that day, the burden of the days to come had been upon her.

I sat down again, and a question was on my tongue, but

I did not utter it. In a moment Elizabeth answered without bidding.

"I don't know who married them," she said, "but I doubt it was some sort of Nonconformist that her husband didna really recognize.—But for her 'twas all right, poor lassie."

"Well, Elizabeth," I said, at last, "we'll hope the sadness is all over for her—and the hardship. If only I knew—but, you know, she drove me away over and over,—ever so gently, Elizabeth, you know that, but ever so decidedly, too."

"As to that I canna say," replied Elizabeth, "but remember, Mister Alan, 'Faint heart never won fair lady.'"

It was impossible, because of the harvest, for me to stay more than a few days, which I spent right royally at Uncle Joe's, going over to Elizabeth's every afternoon and evening: but before I left the doubt was all cleared away.

Barry had seemed more than ever kind and tender that day. I do not remember just how it came, but I found myself telling her once more how I had hoped for so long, and how she had ever and ever pushed me away. Perhaps I should not have permitted myself to speak so then, but it seemed to come of itself, quite naturally.

At first Barry lay there quite still, her eyes fixed on a swaying vine at the window, then she began to speak, very slowly and quietly, telling a story that appeared, for a time, utterly foreign to the thing that I hoped she would say.

"I want to tell you something, Alan," she began. "You will remember what you always called the 'Indian streak' in me?—Well, it is there, Alan. I have often wondered whether there is a story about me in the little porcupine-quilled moccasin. You remember it?—I have never let it go from me, Alan,—that nor the silhouette. Some day, perhaps, I shall know."

She paused, and I waited, looking at her wonderful, speaking face, with its traces of anguish, framed in by the blackness of her hair on the white pillow.

"Do you remember the Indian boy—that night in the forest, when you camped by the spring?" she asked, after a moment.

"Yes," I said. "Afterwards I found out he was you, Barry."

"You did?"—raising her eyebrows in surprise. "I thought I loved—*him*, then, Alan. I lived, moved, breathed, worked, only for him. Then he did not know—about me, I mean. He thought I was just Nahneetis, the Indian lad. . . . It was just after that that he found out. I think perhaps your coming—the association—brought it to him. One day he remembered, suddenly, and then—*everything* seemed to happen. He wanted me to marry him."

"Yes," I said.—"Barry, don't tell me this now if it is too much for you."

"But I *want* to tell you," she replied.—"Alan, I wonder if you will understand. Remember, my whole soul seemed to be in his keeping. He was an angel of goodness in my sight.—And he seemed to know all the things that appealed to me. One day I told him about an Indian wedding. I had seen it when I went off to Wabadick's, to buy the clothes from Joe.—I wore them, you know, and made my face brown with juice from the butternut husks.—Shall I tell you? . . . We were sitting in front of the wigwams by the river—Wabadick, and his squaw, and Joe and the little ones,—when a canoe passed with a young squaw and a young Indian in it, and *she was paddling the canoe*. They neither looked at us nor spoke, and when they had gone out of sight Wabadick said they were being married. That was their ceremony—going to their home with the squaw paddling the canoe. Wabadick and his squaw had been married that way too. Before that there had been this pledge: he had gone to her, placing two fingers before her face, bringing them together to look like one. She had smiled, which meant 'yes.' After that there had been a feast, perhaps, and now they were completing the ceremony by this silent voyage in the dusk, to their wigwam down by the Great Rock of the Rushing Water. They would be

true to each other, Wabadick told me, in his own way. . . . Alan, perhaps I was over romantic, although it seemed to me, rather, some urge in me that I cannot explain,—but I wish I could tell you how that simple uniting for life appealed to me. It seemed that the very hush of the evening along the banks was a prayer, and the ripple of the water a wedding-hymn, and that the Great Munedoo smiled approval in the smiling of the sunset.”

Again she paused, and what could I do but wait?

“I wonder if you can understand, Alan,” she continued, pleadingly. “When Howard knew that I was not Nahneetis, he told me that this ceremony was just as sacred as any solemnized by any parson.—I believed him as I would have believed an angel from heaven, Alan.—We—we were married just like that. To me it was all wholly sacred and right. I never dreamed he could think it otherwise until I went to England. He told me there that our marriage could not be recognized as legal. He had married another woman, in the big cathedral. She was wonderfully beautiful, Alan. No wonder he wanted to send me back to the forests.”

“You poor child!” I muttered. “You poor, poor child!”

“That was a dreadful time, Alan,” she went on, her voice dropping almost to a whisper. “For a few days I thought I should die, and wished it. But to me our marriage still held fast, Alan. As the days and weeks went on I realized that my love for him had been—fascination—not true love. Yet there had been the solemnizing of our vows in the forest, and I could not feel myself free until I heard he was—dead.”

She stopped abruptly, then turned to me. “Now,” she said, “you *know*. Do you think me very wicked, Alan?”

“I understand you, Barry,” was all I could say, over and over. “Nothing matters.—I understand you, Barry.”

For long minutes she looked at me, while I pressed her hot hands between mine, then suddenly she raised herself from the pillow. There was a little bundle of splints by

the grate, which Elizabeth had left there for helping the fire, and she asked for them.

I gave them to her, wondering what she meant to do, and at once she began to place them on the counterpane, beginning as far down as she could reach.

In a moment I saw that she was trying to build, from me to her,—a little pateran.

"Barry! Barry!" I said, and I took her in my arms, and poured the loving words into her ears, which I had been crowding back because of fear of her illness. I fear that everything was forgotten then, but the great light had come with knowing that she cared for me.

Perhaps we talked over-long that evening, but it brought no harm to her, and when I called next morning—it was the day on which I was to leave the city—she greeted me very brightly.

"I want to be married before you leave, Alan," she said.

"And then I'll hurry away to get things fixed up at 'Riverdale,'" I added.

So it was that our wedding took place at the bedside, with Elizabeth's minister officiating, and no witnesses there but Elizabeth and Nora.—A sweet sacred ceremony it was, with festivity enough, too, for Nora had come with her arms filled with flowers, and Elizabeth had provided a wedding breakfast dainty enough for a Queen.—As for me, my only contribution more than the plain gold ring was the little vine of squawberry that my girl wore in her hair. I had ridden far out the old Humber trail before I found it—far beyond the curiously bent old tree past which Hank and I had run that wild, sad day in December.

Immediately after the breakfast, which was spread at the bedside also, I left for home, hoping to cover the journey as far as the first stopping-place before midnight. They stood in the street to see me off,—Nora and Elizabeth, aye and Uncle Joe and the rest of the family, too, who had come up in the old family coach,—but my last look was up to the window of my girl's room, on which the sinking sun

shone in a glare of gold. It was, I knew, glorifying her happy face.

And so I on home, where once again I found the lads helping in with the harvest, having given a day's work to catch up with it. But this time it was not The Schoolmaster and Hank and Dickie, but Tom Thomson and Ned Burns and Mickey Feeley.

"Yes, we thought we might as well give a hand," said Tom, looking off to the woods and trying to stifle my thanks with an embarrassed indifference. "We was pretty well through with our own, ye see."

But Mickey was more self-congratulatory. "Shure, an' it's not an Irishman 'll be behindhand whin there's a girl in the wind," said he. "An' it's hopin' ye'd hev' her home wid ye, we've been."

Since then I have been very busy, both with the work at home and at "Riverdale," trying to make it fit for my Wild Rose Woman,—for the place was in sad need of repair and the touch of Big Bill none too artistic.

But the days have been filled with sunshine, and as often as may be there has come a letter that has made that day, as Old Meg said, "still more golden."

My mother, however, says we must not wait for the completion of the improvements at Riverdale, but that just as soon as Barry is able for the journey we must bring her here; and so I await the momentous letter that will name the day.

Before closing, I may add that Elizabeth has heard from Red Jock. He is roaming about through the border towns and has gone over completely to the Republicans, allying himself still with Mackenzie, who is even yet doing his utmost to stir up such measures as may lead to the subversion of the Government in this country, and, no doubt, its inclusion among the States of the Union. The Schoolmaster, Hank writes, is doing likewise, and often speaks at the meetings, with such effect that he is cheered to the echo. Of course Hank is again with The Schoolmaster,

and sometimes I fear for them both, the latest news of them being that they have joined themselves to one of the "Hunters' Lodges," of which we hear strange tales, and whose existence, we may conclude, bodes no peaceful future for Canada.

These things, I confess, are very perturbing, and most of all to those of us who, while still holding to Reform principles, are averse to separation from the Empire. . . . Indeed, we have now greater reason than ever, since the Rebellion, to hope that, within a reasonable time, our wrongs shall be righted, for our rebellion has failed only in seeming. About the end of May, Lord Durham, Britain's Commissioner, arrived here, and since then he has been laboring among us, studying the conditions of the country from every angle, and it is hoped that his efforts will not be for nothing.

All this, however, passes for little, it appears, among the agitators along the frontier in the United States, who, having set Liberty as their goal—as, indeed, have we all—now seem to see but one way in which it can be obtained. Knowing The Schoolmaster and Hank as I do, I can well see their state of mind, and well do I know the unselfishness and nobility of their purpose; but often I fear for them, and wish they had not taken absolute sides with the most radical faction of our party.

Already during the year there have occurred some raids, with casualties,—of which I have not heretofore written in these pages—along the southwestern borders of this Province, at Amherstburg and Pelee Island; and the things that have there taken place may occur again, at any time, and at any place along our frontier.

Truly we live from day to day, not knowing what an hour may bring forth.

CHAPTER XXXV

THE JOURNEY

THE letter came about a week after my last writing: "I think I am ready for the journey, Alan, if you can take me on pillows, very slowly, in a wagon. I want to see the Golden-Winged Woods before the snow falls."

So it was that I set off with the only spring-wagon in the neighborhood, Tom Thomson's.

Indeed the whole Settlement was aroused over my going, and everyone wanted to contribute something. Tom provided, besides the wagon and a horse to go with Billy, a little tent that has often stood him in good stead in trips through the forest. My mother had fixed up a feather bed to go under it, and at the last moment Mistress Jones came bustling along with stone jugs "fer her feet," to be filled with hot water in case it should turn cold.—And so I set off very fully equipped.

. . . But when we were about ready to leave the city, Uncle Joe arrived with his family coach, and came more than half of the way home with us, insisting that I ride in the coach with Barry while he followed behind in the wagon.

"It'll be a change for her to move from the one to the other," he explained. "She'll not be so tired."

Thus it was that we traveled off in fine style, with our private physician, and often enough we looked back, to wave a hand to him or call to him, as he followed, sitting very erectly on the seat, with his hat off and the sun shining on his bald head, happy as a robin in April, and smiling at us as he touched Billy and Nell along to keep up with his own more spirited bays in our coach.

"Tear an' ages!" he would exclaim, rattling up as we

waited. "How do you expect an old fellow like me to keep up with that gait? I'll warrant you weren't so spry in the courting days."

Before we separated, somewhere past the Half-way House, he let me first build a bed of boughs—deep and springy, and odorous—in the bottom of the wagon, and then he arranged the feather bed on that and I put the little tent over it and laid my girl down, propped up with pillows so that she might miss nothing of the scenes for which she had longed as we passed by.

"It's the darling girl she is!" he said, kissing her roundly on the mouth, "and it's the lucky dog you are, Alan, ye spalpeen! Well, give my love to your mother and father.—Nora and I'll be down at New Year's, if we have to come on snow-shoes."

At the Village the Doctor and his wife and daughter—and some of the others, too—came out to bid us welcome; but at the Corners not a soul appeared, except Hank's father, who came bustling out of his store with his quiet smile.

"Where's everybody?" I asked, somewhat puzzled. "The place seems to be deserted."

"Why, they're all off on a picnic," he replied.

But when we had gone up the road a bit, there were they all—all that were left of them. They came out from the trees, and stood in the road, and waved their hands to us.

"Why, there are Jimmy and Hannah!" I exclaimed, as we drew nearer.

For there the two dear souls were, smiling from ear to ear; and there were father and mother, and Tom Thomson and his wife, and Mistress Jones and her "toppler," and Dimple, and Ned Burns, and Mickey Feeley, and all the other boys and girls, big and little, of the whole neighborhood. . . . At the very last moment someone sprang out from the undergrowth, and there was Dicky boy himself, proudly beamed upon by his mother, and anxious to have a talk with me to tell me all the "noos."

"How is Meg?" asked Barry, when she could get in a word between the laughing and the chaffing.

"Oh, she's fine," volunteered Mistress Jones. "She's up at the house waitin'. The supper's all spread out o' doors, an' someone had to stay to keep the cat off an' shoo the hens out o' the yard.—We're jist goin' to eat an' run, Barry. We know ye'll be wantin' to rest, darlin', but we couldn't let the day go by without celebratin' a little. It isn't every day a bride comes to us from furrin parts. We've been sittin' on pins an' needles fer fear it 'ud rain, but ye'd think the weather had been made on purpose."

"And how is it that you're here, Jimmy?" I asked.

"I got a chanst o' buyin' a bit o' land behind the tavern," he explained, "an' we're goin' to turn the tavern into a dwellin' house. Ye see I made good money over'n the States, an' got a start, enough to pay down a payment or two, yes, siree!—No goin' back behind The Block any more fer Hannah!—Now then, boys!" turning away from us and holding up his hand to the others, exactly as I have seen him do many a time at a "raising" before he began to yell "Yo-Heave!"

But with that he himself picked up my mother as if she had been a bird, and placed her, laughing at his daring, beside Barry, while the lads set upon the horses and took them out of the wagon, and my father led them off. Then the lads fell along on each side of the tongue and behind the wagon, and so pulled and pushed us the rest of the way home, in the midst of such laughing and halloing as had seldom before been heard along the old road.

I looked at Barry, and she was smiling through tears. "How dear they are! How very dear they are!" she said.

—And so we turned in at the gate, and went on to the house, where, indeed, was Old Meg standing guard over the tables laid out in gala array in the evening sunshine before the door, with bright autumn leaves festooned about and above them, and great bunches of Michaelmas daisies and purple wild grapes in jars along the center.

It was a gay and glad scene, but even in the midst of it

the sense of a great blank came to me, for Hank was not there, nor The Schoolmaster, nor Red Jock.

As the dusk came on they all left but Dicky, who waited to have a little talk.

When I had come out of the house after seeing that Barry was resting, we sat down on the bench by the door, and Dicky handed me a parcel neatly tied in brown paper, but it was not to be added to the pile of gifts left on the living-room table, he said.

"It seemed sort o' sad like to give ye today," he explained, "but the Master told me to give it to ye."

Curiously I took off the wrapper, and there was a little walnut box, such as the prisoners had been making, and about it had been painted, with The Schoolmaster's own painstaking perfection of lettering, these verses:

"When Lount and Matthews met their doom,
It seemed that Freedom died;
But not the sword of Death can stay
The Powers that onward ride.

"For Right shall triumph over Wrong;
The body, only, dies;
And they who died ere long shall see
Their shining goal arise."

Not very good poetry, perhaps, but filled, to those who could read between the lines, with The Schoolmaster's philosophy of life,—that not one effort for liberty or right, even though apparently defeated, can be lost, and that the soul that strives shall know and be satisfied.

"He was in the jail in Hamilton when he made it," said Dick, indicating the box. "He got away somehow, an' made a bee-line fer the States. Him an' Hank's together again, thick as bugs in a rug. I seen them often fer a while, an' they were alwus talkin' about gittin' Canada's liberty goin', an' The Schoolmaster was alwus makin' speeches. They sort o' fired me up too fer a while, but I guess I got home-

sick. There jist didn't seem anything worth while but the old swimmin' hole; an' so I cut it an' run, an' here I am."

"Do you think there'll be a real invasion of Canada, Dick?" I asked.

"The Lord only knows," he replied.

Three days have passed since then, and very gently my mother is nursing my girl back to strength there in the little "spare room," which has been given over to her, making her sleep early and late and feeding her on the best of the land, which, indeed, is easy enough to do, for every day someone comes with some tid-bit,—a speckled trout from the creek, or a partridge cooked to a turn on a spit, or a mug of jelly of the wild grape or cranberry.

This evening Barry sat for the space of two hours by the fireplace, with mother and father as proud to see her there as was I. Very soon, if there come a fine day, I must carry her to the Golden-Winged Woods.

CHAPTER XXXVI

THE HOME GOING

SO we are here together, just as Old Meg said we should be," I remarked to Barry, looking beyond her, as she sat on a rug near me, to the little waterfall, which was now brawling merrily because of the fall increase in flood; and then I told her the story of the old weaver's visit to me at this spot.

"After all, her prophecy is easily explained," returned Barry. "She was the only one I wrote to."

"I suspected as much," I said.

Barry settled herself back against the mossy log and crossed her little feet, which she had chosen this day to encase in moccasins embroidered with stained quills of the porcupine.

I drew my mother's Paisley shawl about her and stooped from my perch on the log to twine a bit of green vine about her head. "There," I said. "Now you are Pochontas again."

She smiled, but her thoughts were still with Old Meg.

"I think I wrote to her," she continued, "in the hope of hearing something about you, Alan, although I wouldn't let myself think that, then. Now I know I was beginning to discover what you had been to me from the first, dear. You had always been my haven and my rest. I was very homesick when I wrote to Meg. Oh, Alan, you don't know! I just told her everything."

"Meg knows how to hold her tongue," I said.

"I know that," replied Barry. "She's really superior to—to many women, in spite of her oddness."

"Yes," I assented. "What strange people drift to this new country, Barry."

She looked up at me and smiled.

"And what a *beautiful* country it is!" she said, slipping her hand into mine.

And then together we looked all about, and listened to the sound of nuts dropping and squirrels leaping from branch to branch. Everywhere the trees were bare save for a few shreds of yellow and red hanging like banners among the branches, and, here and there, the deep, dark green of the pines; but the ground below was covered with a rustling carpet of golden and crimson leaves, which had settled about the clumps of green fern and "burning bush" all drooping with scarlet berries.

"Yes, it's beautiful," she repeated. "Alan, I've quite lost all my longing for palaces and mirrored walls and silken dresses. Do you remember?"

"I remember."

"What a child I was!" she laughed, snapping a little twig between her shapely fingers. Then, after a moment, "We'll never leave these woods, shall we, unless we go up to visit Elizabeth, and Nora, and Uncle Joe and the rest. I love them all."

"And they love you," I added. "Barry, when do you think you'll be able to go to Riverdale?"

"Why, very soon, I hope," she replied. "I want to go before the ice forms on the river."

"But we can go in the spring wagon," I said, looking down at her, "or in the sleigh, if the snow's here then."

"No," she said, quite determinedly, "I want to go by the *river*. You're sure you'll buy Hank's canoe, Alan?"

"Cross my heart," I said, willing to humor her whim.

For a little she said nothing, but kept gazing into the waterfall, and then she crept towards me and I slipped down on the rug beside her and took her in my arms.

"Riverdale is *down* the river, Alan?" she remarked, with inquiry in her soft voice, although she must have remembered quite well.

"Yes, down the river."

"I could paddle along it quite well, then, even if I weren't very strong," she continued.

"Yes, at this time of the year it would carry the canoe almost of itself," I said.

And then I stopped, wondering, and drew her very close to me, and knew that the thought-force of a hundred generations was working through her.

"You want to paddle me home, Barry?" I said, very close to the little pink shell of her ear.

"Yes," she whispered, then looked into my eyes with all the sweet frankness of her and smiled.

Dear child, I knew then that to her the real day of our marriage must be sanctified by this ceremony of the tribe. Only thus, to her, could the Great Munedoo come, placing the seal of a sacred rite on our union.

"I'm very foolish, Alan," she said, presently, with a little laugh of apology. "I can't explain this wish, but it is there."

"It shall be as you wish, Barry," I replied. "It will be a very sweet home-going."

And then, almost as the last words left my lips, there warbled, from the top of a tree near us, a faint and sleepy, yet clear, call.



"The white-throat!" we exclaimed simultaneously, almost startled, and then we looked at each other and smiled.

"He's on his way south," I said.

"And he seems very tired," she added.

"But he'll come next spring."

"Yes, we'll be here together again with the white-throats," she said.

.

I am writing this in my little room beneath the roof—perhaps I shall never write in it again, but sometimes I shall come into it, for the two homes will be almost one.

Just a few days ago Barry and I sat by the waterfall. In just a few moments, we shall set out for Riverdale. The last load has been taken, Barry is tying on her bonnet downstairs.

Another day has almost passed. Outside great snowflakes are falling. It turned cold in the night.

Barry is lying asleep on the couch that I made, with so much loving thought of her;—like a little child she drops asleep anywhere and at any time, but it is bringing back to her, little by little, the strength of the old Barry,—my *Oogenebahgooquay*, my tired Rose Woman—whose springing step used to carry her through the Golden-Winged Woods. . . . Near us the fireplace is filled with blazing logs, and on the drawn-out coals the kettle is beginning to sing. . . . Looking out of the window, with its blue and white curtains drawn back so far that they do not cover it at all, I can see the river. It is very gray and leaden this evening, and the great white snowflakes, coming down like flowers, disappear instantly when they fall upon it.

Last night it was all crimson, and amber, and gold—for, as Mistress Jones says, “the weather has held off” wonderfully.

They came with us as far as the river—mother and father—the four of us riding in the spring-wagon, then, when we had come to the little cove where the canoe lay, on the bank, they kissed Barry and went back.

We watched them until they had gone over the hill, and the last rattle of the wagon had died away on the still evening air. Then Barry and I were folded in each other’s arms.

In a moment or so, I pushed the canoe down into the water. When I turned to her there she stood, in her dress of buckskin color, with the red sash about her waist, and a little sprig of squawberry in her hair, which hung straight about her shoulders. On her feet were the little moccasins embroidered with porcupine quills. Smiling, she stood, and the light of the sunset shone on her white

face and into the depths of her great dark eyes. But her lips were very red, and into her cheeks a glow had come that was not altogether of returning health.

Beside her, on the bank, were her bonnet and the long cloak she had worn.

Almost breathless I stood, but when I would have spoken she placed her fingers on my lips.

"Come!" she said, and stepped into the canoe.

Silently I followed her and took my place, pushing my hand against a spur of rock to send the light craft out towards the current.

Already she was kneeling in her place, beginning to wield the paddle, and so, with her body swaying with the stroke, and her long hair blowing on the light breeze, we passed out upon the water, all checkered with the sunset and the deep shade of the trees along the shore.

Thus they went their way to the Wigwam in the Penah-queewene Keezis, the moon of the falling leaf, and she paddled the canoe.

THE END

